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Laura
Farrington
Scrapbook

Presented to the Library by
Laura Farrington
Auburn, Indiana
November 19, 1906

Laura Farrington lived in Richmond Township, DeKalb County, Ill.

Laura Farrington Scrapbook

Loaned by Cindy Rottger

Laura Farrington lived in Richland Township, DeKalb County, IN

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Copied with permission from Kay Albright Brennen and Cindy Rottger. Kay owns two of the journals and the scrapbook. All other information is from Cindy Rottger. This scrapbook belonged to Laura Farrington of Richland Township, DeKalb County Indiana. She never married. She kept a scrapbook, quite a few journals and collected a lot of family information including photographs. Cindy has collected some information also from family members. All will be copied and put into local libraries. This will be a great resource for DeKalb Historians and Genealogists. It gives you a peek into a time period that is long gone. The photos are from 1870 on. The journals are from 1900-1918 with a few years missing (other years may be showing up).

About the scrapbook

Cindy says "Isn't it amazing to find so much information in one book? I thought it was interesting how they wrote the articles and how important they must have been to those reading it. The people lived in a hard time but still cared for neighbors. They were strong in religion and patriotic to their country. Something we need more of now."

ANDREWS.

William Andrews, at Scotland, S. D., on May 17, 1885, after a severe illness. He was born in Seneca County, N. Y., in 1818. He moved to Kendallville, Ind., where he resided for thirty-seven years. In 1883 he moved to Olivet, S. D., where he identified himself with the Christian Church, of which he was an earnest, faithful member until the summons came. He became a Christian in early life. He leaves a companion and three sons to mourn his death. The writer assisted in the funeral services.

N. E. BALDWIN.

ANDREWS.—In Akron, O., Sunday November 27, from liver and heart disease, Urvine Andrews, aged 55 years, 3 months and 28 days, of 508 1/2 West Chestnut street. Services from the residence, Tuesday, November 29, at 9 a. m. Burial at Springfield Center.

OBITUARY.

Mr. Jacob Metzger was born in Rheinsburg, Rheinish Bavaria, Germany, March 31, 1815 and died at the home of his son, Mr. Henry Metzger, of Gratiot county, Mich., March 3, 1895, aged 79 years, 11 months and 2 days.

In 1846 he emigrated to America, locating in the state of Ohio.

In 1856 he removed to DeKalb county, where he spent the greater part of his remaining days.

In 1846 he was married to Elizabeth Parr, who died April 10, 1857.

This union was blessed with six children, three boys and three girls who, with the exception of one son, survive to mourn the loss of a kind and loving father.

In 1857 he was again married to Mrs. Barbara Miller, who died Aug. 11, 1891.

In 1850 he united with the German Methodist Episcopal church, of which he remained a faithful member to the time of his death.

Besides his children and near relatives he leaves many friends to mourn his loss.

The funeral services were held in the Lutheran church of Fairfield Center, March 7, 1895 and the remains were interred in the adjoining cemetery, Carl B. Koch, of Auburn, assisted by Rev. S. P. Klotz, of Waterloo, officiating.

Funeral services for Joseph Fogle, 85, who died Monday of heart trouble at the DeKalb county infirmary, were held Wednesday afternoon at the William H. Loy funeral home. Rev. Joseph Ferguson officiated and interment followed in Woodlawn cemetery.

ANDREWS.—Died, at Olivet, D. T., Jan. 9, 1887, Sister Mary E., wife of Irvin Andrews, aged 38 years, 1 month and 14 days.

She was born in Noble county, Indiana, Nov. 23, 1849. Her maiden name was Herrick. Was married to Irvin Andrews April 7, 1865. Was immersed by Bro. Noah Walker in the winter of 1866, and united with the church of Christ at Kendallville, Ind., and lived there a number of years, but on account of ill health she came to Olivet one year ago last Thanksgiving, to make it her home. On June 6, 1886, she renewed her covenant with Christ and united with the church of Christ at Olivet, and lived a devoted and happy Christian life until her death. The writer had been very near death's door, and on account of wife's poor health Sister Andrews came and cared for him through those weary hours of suffering, and re-

BIOGRAPHY.

A short sketch of Mrs. Nancy Farrington, written before her death by herself:

I was born at Covert, Seneca county, N. Y., in 1829, and in 1831 my parents moved to Huron county, Ohio, and in 1834 I was left an orphan. I then went to live with one of my brothers, staying four years, and in 1838 was bound out to strangers in Richland county, O., and in 1872 I returned to Huron county to live with my cousin. There I staid until I was married to Ephraim Farrington, Aug. 28, 1848; I had joined the Baptist church in Peru, Huron county, in 1847. In 1850 we lost our first born, and in 1851 we moved to DeKalb county, Ind., and in 1852 our little family was again visited by death; the same year we united with the Christian church at Lisbon, and in a few years it broke up. In 1868 we united with the church at Kendallville, James Hadsell as pastor. I united with a full determination of trying to live a christian the rest of my life, and try to brave the storms as they come along. I would like to go to church every Lord's day if I could, but we lived so far away we could not get there very often, but my mind was there. I long to see the day when a church will be organized in our neighborhood. Jan. 1st, 1869 I commenced to read a portion of Scripture every day of my life and have missed only a few days each year. I make calculation on reading as much as I do on eating and sleeping. The more I read the more I want to read. I find a great deal of good instruction and many encouraging words to press onward and upward. "He that endures unto the end shall be saved." When I read of Moses, who for one sin was not permitted to enter the promised land, I think how can I expect to win the prize when I have done so many wrongs. But I have had a desire to go to that happy place above ever since I was a small child. My parents died when I was but five years old, and I often felt as if I must see them again, and a good woman told me when I was small that I could if I lived right and died a good girl. I think I have parents there, and also children and brothers and sisters, and a great many friends I hope to see there, and my treasures are there.

Farewell, dear wife, I'm going home;
My work on earth is done;
I've fought the fight, I've kept the faith,
The victory I have won.

I know that my Redeemer lives,
And he will guide me through
The night of death, and you, dear wife,
He'll help and comfort, too.

He's blessed us in the years gone by,
And now he will not cease
To give the blessings we most need,
And fill our hearts with peace.

I'll meet the friends on earth no more,
But tell them, wife, for me,
That we shall not be parted long—
They soon will follow me.

Yes, tell them I am going home,
Where all is fair and true;
And that I'll watch and wait for them,
And, wife, I'll watch for you.

And now farewell, I bid adieu,
'Till in that happy land
We all shall meet to part no more.
One happy, happy band.

Funeral services for Mrs. Fannie Fogle, 84, wife of Joseph Fogle, were held Friday afternoon at the Forrest D. Zimmerman funeral home in Garrett, with interment following in Woodlawn cemetery, Auburn. Mrs. Fogle, an inmate of the DeKalb county infirmary for ten years, died Wednesday of senility.

A few years more and we will be numbered, as I hope, with those that have gone to the rest that remains for the people of God. I love to read the deaths of all good people; it makes me think what can be said of me when I am gone. I feel as if I had never done much good in the world, but hope I may yet. I do not get to meeting very often, but I have strong hopes of a happy meeting some day. I feel as if our life was far spent and we ought to go to meeting when we can. I have often thought if all the wicked people were to live together here on earth who would like to associate with them for a few years, and then think of the never ending punishment in the world to come. I for one want to shun such a place. My mind is above the world for I find that everything on earth must die and vanish away. We want something lasting, we have no abiding city here. "When we have been there ten thousand years, bright shining as the sun, we have no less years to sing God's praise than when we first begun." Who would not like to go to that land of rest? Heb. 4, 9th Verse I have selected for my funeral discourse; also to read the last six verses of Chapter 4 of the Thessalonians, and sing "Asleep in Jesus." Blessed sleep. But I am thankful that the Lord knows my heart. Whoever reads this I want to forgive all mistakes. If I can so live as to gain that spotless robe I shall be well paid for all troubles and trials I have had in this world. May the good Lord help us all to live right and have good and honest hearts, for we may deceive men, but we cannot deceive God, for he knows every thought and intention, for which I am thankful.

The subject of this sketch died Dec. 18, 1892, and was buried the 20th, at Richland Center. She leaves a husband, two sons and three grand children to mourn their loss, with many relatives and near friends.

RESOLUTIONS.

HOOSIER LODGE, No. 2003, RICHLAND CENTER.

WHEREAS, it has pleased the Supreme Ruler of the universe, to remove from our midst a faithful member, our beloved sister, Mrs. Nancy Farrington.

Whereas, while bowing in humble submission, knowing He doeth all things well, we deeply deplore the death of our sister be it

RESOLVED, That in her death, this lodge has lost a faithful member and we extend to the bereaved husband and children in this hour of their sad bereavement, our heart-felt sympathy.

Resolved that these resolutions be inscribed upon a page of our record, also a copy be sent to the husband and children of our deceased sister, and a copy be sent to the county press or publication.

Holy ye were, and good and true.
No change can cloud our thoughts of you.
Guide us like you, to live and die,
And reach our Father's home on high.

COM. { MRS. W. M. SWANDER,
MRS. ELLA TREESH,
MRS. DANIEL KAGEY.

FARRINGTON.

"Asleep in Jesus." Wellington Farrington, of Waterloo, Ind., died Dec. 7, 1899; born Dec. 10, 1822. Married Sept. 13, 1845, to Eliza A. Andrews. They came to DeKalb County, Ind., the same year. The aged companion, two children and several grandchildren mourn his departure, but not as those who have no hope. About forty-five years ago Bro. Farrington obeyed the gospel, and all these years has lived a consistent Christian life. One of the pioneers in the Christian Church of this county, he goes to his reward respected by all. May the God of all grace comfort the bereaved in their hours of loneliness.

J. N. WILSON.

OBITUARY.

John W. Farrington was born in Smithfield township, Sept. 5, 1851, and died at his home in Fairfield township, Friday evening, Jan. 22, 1892, aged 40 years, 4 months and 17 days.

The deceased was a son of Mr. and Mrs. Wellington Farrington, of this place and a very worthy citizen. He leaves a wife and five children, aged from 3 to 14 years, to mourn his loss. He was a hard worker and very much devoted to his family. By hard work he had accumulated sufficient to build a fine dwelling on his farm about a year ago, but his enjoyment, with his family, of the new home was too soon to be severed. The funeral occurred at the late residence, on Sunday at one o'clock p. m., and was attended by an immense concourse of people who assembled to show their appreciation of a valued citizen. Elder Silas Moot, of the Christian church, preached the funeral and his remains were placed to rest in the Cedar Lake cemetery. The subject of this sketch was an earnest adherent to the doctrines of the Christian church and his friends mourn not as those who have no hope.

John Farrington's funeral on Sunday was attended by a large circle of friends.

Mrs. J. W. Farrington and children desire to express their sincere appreciation for the help and sympathy bestowed during the illness, death and burial of their beloved husband and father.

On the morning of December 8, 1886, Herman Titus Andrews was found dead in his bed, none of his family knowing at what hour he died or what was the immediate cause of his death, as he appeared to be as well as usual on retiring. Deceased was born at Stillwater, Saratoga county, New York, on Feb. 20, 1809, hence he was 77 years, 9 months and 18 days old. He, with his parents, moved to Seneca county, N. Y., in 1818, where they remained until 1830, when he, with his father, came to Huron county, Ohio, the family following in May, 1831. On May 26, 1836, he was married to Miss Mariah Spencer, of Greenfield township, Huron county, O. In 1848, he moved, with his father-in-law, Mr. Samuel Spencer, to Jefferson township, Noble county, Indiana, where he remained up to the time of his death. He was a kind husband, an affectionate father, a good citizen and an honest and upright man. He always had high sense for all that was right and honorable, and a profound contempt for all that was low and mean. He has left us all this admonition, "Be ye also ready!"



MR. AND MRS. BETZ IN JAPAN

SEES SIGHTS WHILE RIDING IN
A JINRICKSHAS

LITTLE JAPS FOR HORSES

Visits Imperial Palace in Tokyo--
Partook of Japanese Dinner
In Jap Hotel

YOKAHAMA, JAPAN, Oct. 21, 1911

Dear Friends:

It is now our privilege to be enjoying the sights of far away Japan. Today has been full of experiences novel in the extreme. After ten days of steady traveling on the open Pacific from the time we left Honolulu, we were glad to be on shore again, and then to be in old Japan only made it doubly interesting. We reached Yokohama early this morning but decided not to remain there long for we wanted to spend most of our time in Japan's capital, Tokyo, which is about twenty miles distant from Yokohama.

There were seven in our party. Each got in one of the odd little carriages called jinrickshas pulled by Japs and rode delightfully through the city to the railway station. To those who had never ridden in jinrickshas before, it was certainly a funny experience, for one feels very strange indeed to be pulled by a little man much smaller than himself. The little two wheeled carriages are well balanced and light, and the human horse trots right along at a very good pace. Naturally his muscles are remarkably well developed.

At the station we secured our tickets and boarded an odd little train pulled by an odd little engine. It was so much smaller than our "twentieth century" that it seemed more like a toy train than a real one.

The last of October happens to be the harvest time for rice in Japan and we took great interest in watching the harvesters at work along the way. All of the rice is cut by hand, tied in small bundles, then hung on the trees to dry. It looked odd to see the trees hung full of drying rice.

Indeed everything was odd to us. The tile roofed houses with their graceful curves and peaks, the strikingly artistic trees that grow as if each one is an individual pride in making beautiful Japan still more beautiful, and the people dressed in their bright kimono and wooden shoes all unite with many other things to make Japan what it is.

The one piece of wearing apparel that attracted our attention most was their wooden shoes. I fear that a mere description would prove inadequate so I take pleasure in sending a pair to the Press office where they will be on exhibition for all to see. The strap over the top fits between the great toe and the second toe. The extra rubber piece is not always worn. It is used only when it rains. Their shoes look very uncomfortable but they really are not. I speak from actual experience. Their stockings are made like mittens in that they have a separate compartment for the great toe to accommodate the strap which goes between the toes. In cold weather they get their warmth from the stockings and not from their shoes.

Tokyo we saw the imperial palace surrounded by three moats and three walls. The stones were laid to without mortar but still the perfect as well as beautiful.

meeting to sit on. We sat on our feet as we saw them do although before the lengthy meal was finished we found it necessary to stretch them occasionally to relieve the aches.

We had no table. Every thing was brought to us on trays and set on the floor before us. They first served tea in little bowls. A little later they brought apples and Japanese persimmons. Then later still they brought us trays containing numerous things to eat. I can never tell you all that we had for it will always remain a mystery to me. A few of them were raw fish, pickled radish, chestnuts, a peculiar soup and an abundance of rice, besides numerous other things. The funny part was that we were not provided with knives and forks but ate with chop sticks in typical Japanese style. The two Japanese girls who were waiting on us enjoyed the situation with us and often covered their faces with their roomy kimono sleeves and laughed heartily. We tried everything they brought, made many wry faces, but after all made a good meal of it. It is polite for Japanese to feel their belts and belch repeatedly near the close of a meal to assure the host and hostess that they have provided well. When we left, all of the servants from the greatest to the least with the host and hostess came to the door to bow us away. It is another of their customs. The Japanese keep bowing so much that it seems second nature to them.

We still have a few more days in Japan which we expect to enjoy as much as we did this one. In fact, our whole trip so far has been very pleasant. We expect to reach our destination about the twelfth of November where Mr. Betz and I will resume our educational work and mother the household supervision.

Very respectfully,
Mrs. Geo. W. Betz.

We were not interested in the modern buildings and conveniences so much as we were in the typical Japanese street scenes and other things purely Japanese.

In all of the large Japanese cities many of the important street signs and advertisements are written in both Japanese and English. They often have some very laughable ones posted. At one place there was a vacant piece of ground to rent and the sign read, "The earth to let." At another place was the sign, "Htab." The word was simply spelled backward. At still another place where there should have been the sign "Match Factory," it read, "To manufacture a match."

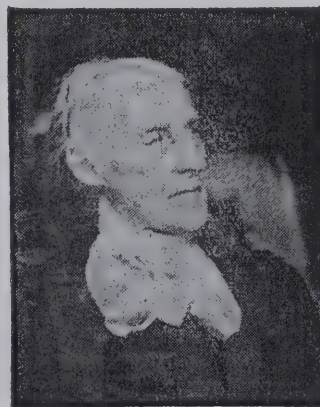
We visited a few temples, parks and stores which were extremely interesting but the most unique experience we have yet had in all our travels was a Japanese dinner in Japanese style in a Japanese hotel. At noon, just for the fun of it, we went to a Japanese hotel for dinner. We were fortunate in having a gentleman in our party who speaks the Japanese language and understands the Japanese customs, so we got along admirably. We were not allowed to enter the house with our shoes on so we left them at the door and went in our stocking feet. Japan is the place where you check your shoes instead of your umbrellas and parcels.

The room into which we were ushered was practically bare although it was beautiful and satisfied a delicate sense of art. It was finished partly with polished wood and partly with wood roughly finished. There were only three pictures, all very beautiful and very well chosen. The floor was covered with soft matting and with these few exceptions the room was empty. We were provided with cushions made of

MRS. HINE'S BIRTHDAY PARTY

Was a Huge Success Despite the
Efforts of the Weather Man
to Prevent It.

"He is a fool who thinks by force or will to turn the current of a woman's will," was amply illustrated Wednesday when fifteen ladies willed to defy the weather man and his heavy downpour of rain and started in closed carriages for the home of Mrs. Jane L. Hine in Sedan whither they had been invited to participate in the celebration of the eighty-second birthday anniversary of this highly respected lady. The invitation had been extended to the Ladies' Literary club, of which Mrs. Hine is an honorary member, and Mrs. W. H. McIntyre, a near friend, by Mrs. Hine's estimable daughter, Mrs. Nellie Benson, who well knew the great pleasure it would afford her



MRS. JANE L. HINE

mother and the guests to spend the day together. The devotion of this mother and daughter is beautiful to reflect upon.

The dinner was also in charge of the daughter, who was ably assisted in serving by Mrs. Ed Wherly, and such a dinner as it was—a real-for-sure country dinner—with everything good to eat that you can think of and then some more good things. Mrs. Hine occupied the place of honor at the head of the table and, at the proper time, a mammoth birthday cake with eighty-two lighted candles upon it was brought in and placed before her, a present from the L. L. C. How much she appreciated the remembrance can only be realized by those who witnessed her reception of it. The cake was placed upon a large, snow-white plaque and twined with smilax and daffodils, yellow and green, the club colors. The candles were also green and yellow. After the cake had been cut and all had disposed of a generous piece, the president of the club was called upon who asked the ladies to drink with her to the good health of the hostess of the clear, pure sparkling water, illustrating the life and character of the one whom they were pleased to honor on that day, at the same giving the following toast, published by request because it expresses the universal regard of everyone for Mrs. Hine:

"Here's to our beloved hostess, our own Mrs. Hine;
Here's to her good health, her happiness divine;
Here's to her birthday, her fourscore and two;
Here's to her long life, so noble and true;
Here's to her great fame, her fortune untold;
Here's to her knowledge, priceless as gold;
Here's to her redbreast, her robin and tree;
Here's to her whole big bird family;
Here's to her future, long may she live and be
A loved, cherished member of the L. L. C.

Mrs. Hine then presented the club with a valuable relic, a piece of Burr Oak taken from a beaver dam on the Hine farm in 1883, the piece being one made by the beavers in constructing their dam, three of which were on the Hine farm. She requested that it be placed in the library curio room. A unanimous vote of thanks was given her for this valuable piece of wood.

The afternoon resolved itself into a general good time, music by Mrs. Dennison and Miss Davis, readings by Mrs. Emanuel and Mrs. Bengnot, round table reminiscences conducted by Miss McTighe, pen drawings by Mrs. Willis, song by entire company and—readers may guess the rest for this paper dares not tell all of the entertainment provided and by whom. In the round table talks it was found that eleven ladies who were present had visited Mrs. Hine in June eleven years ago.

The closing climax of the day was one of Mrs. Hine's entertaining and instructive reviews of our harbingers of spring—the robin—and before she had finished everyone had a question mark on her sleeve, all of which were ably answered by our famous bird woman.

A vote of thanks was extended to Mrs. Benson and family for making possible this pleasant day and at four o'clock the carriages were ready for the return home all too soon for everybody.

Mrs. W. H. Crane of Sedan, was also an invited guest.

(Continued from first page.)

The death of Miss Rempis recalls the fact that about ten years ago, her brother, Mr. Charles Olcott, the only son of Mrs. Henry Rempis, was drowned in Cedar Creek by the railroad bridge, east of Waterloo. He was very nearly the same age at his death as was his sister at her death, and the similarity of their untimely calls brings back the memories of the past with renewed sorrow.

Mr. Lorenzo Taylor, president of the Steuben County Electric Telephone line, which has a line from Judge Roby's cottage at Crooked Lake to Angola and Auburn, with connections at Waterloo, gave the free use of the lines for all messages relating to the sad affair of the drowning, which was a great benefit and comfort in sending and receiving news, and all join with us in extending him sincere thanks.

The chair of Miss Lena Rempis, in the U. B. Sunday-school was nicely draped on Sunday, showing the feeling of the school in their great loss.

LEONARD ROBY'S OBITUARY.

Leonard Eugene Roby was born January 21, 1878, and died August 12, 1898, aged 20 years, 6 months and 23 days.

The manner of his sudden death is fresh in all our minds. An overloaded boat filled with joyous and thoughtful youth, shipped water and was capsized a few rods from shore. One girl another cried, "Leonard, save your mother lost one." He was a good swimmer; he had safe support, but he responded, as he always did, and went to a watery grave, with one he tried to save. Thus died Leonard Roby, hero and king. Hero, because he risked his life for another; because he was master of himself in the high and noble sense. He never known to do a rude thing. Sometimes suffered from the thoughtlessness of others, but he never minded any man. He was always a gentleman, the instinct and habit courtesy was his. He was polite, courteous. Possessed of plenty of self-control, and was a good natured and pleasant. Generous he was, every friend can here was never a tinge of selfishness in his soul. What he had he gave to his young life. In the home he was dutiful, affectionate and kind. There will never be a harsh word recalled that he spoke to anyone of the home circle, for he spoke gently. A loving, faithful son, innocent and confiding, and a loyal brother. At the age of three years he suffered from an attack of spinal meningitis, and for a long time, life hung in a wavering balance. When the issue was decided, it left him helpless in his limbs and unable to articulate. Little by little and year by year he out-grew the effect of this disease, but an awkwardness in his hands and a slowness in the use of his hands was still noticeable. He was a diligent and extensive reader. There are few young men of his age who have not a collegiate education, and a larger fund of information than he possessed. He read upon the grave questions of life, death and immortality and he gave his heart to the loving God. At two years ago he firmly believed in the Christian life and the great worth of living and working in the work of

He testify to that. It was a short life. The limitations and the things that belong to this earthly life are perished and solved. Who will dare to say that he has not entered on the better life beyond? That he is not to-day in Paradise with the Savior whom he trusted and loved? Who will doubt the meeting and recognition of those who have loved and not lost? **

THE ROBY FUNERAL.

Brief but very appropriate services were held at the Roby cottage at 10:30 a. m. on Saturday, conducted by Rev. Smith of the Congregational church of Angola, which were attended by many sympathizing friends. The minister gave a touching tribute to the young man's excellence of character and unselfishness of life. In reference to the sad misfortune, he said that God is love and rules the universe with love and with him there are no accidents. In drawing lessons from the scripture he said, God chooses, this one was taken and the other ones left. The cortege was then driven to Angola, and by the afternoon train to Auburn, where the funeral service was held Sunday afternoon at their home and was attended by their most intimate friends.

LENA REMPIS' OBITUARY.

Helena Amelia Rempis was born in Smithfield township, DeKalb county, Indiana, September 27, 1876, and died August 12, 1898, aged 21 years, 10 months and 16 days.

The subject of this sketch was born in the present homestead, two miles north-west of Waterloo, and for nearly twenty-two years, living so near town and her active social standing in Waterloo, with her kind motives and excellent qualities, has numbered her among the most popular young people of Waterloo.

She was the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Rempis. This birth placed a loved one in their home who has given them much pleasure, joy and comfort. To them she always sought to do their desires. It was by her loving heart, her tender sympathy to father and mother, her ambitious spirit to do good in whatever way she could, to be obedient in little things, from childhood up she aimed to please her parents, and with a Christian spirit which she has possessed since a mere child, she has been to her parents a beloved daughter.

Her life has been a useful one, full of pure motives. At the age of 17 years she confessed faith in Christ and was baptized by Rev. S. O. Fink, who also received her into the United Brethren church of Waterloo. She has been an earnest worker in the church. In the Sabbath-school she was a favorite teacher of a class of little boys. Her presence in the young people's meetings was always of much help to the members, and in all church work she was a leader, ever doing God's will.

In her thirteenth year she entered the Grammar department of the Waterloo schools, going back and forth from home each day, until she graduated from the High-school with the class of '95. She was an ambitious student and accomplished all that the school afforded at that time.

While she retained her membership and kept up her work in the U. B. church, she was always a willing helper in any church or public gathering where she could do good. During the past year she has been a member of the Presbyterian church choir, always singing with an inspiration from her soul, and today she is singing with the angels from on high. She has also been an active member of the

MEMORIAL TRIBUTE OF THE Y. P. C. U., OF THE UNITED BRETHREN CHURCH.

With hearts burdened with grief we bring a loving tribute to the memory of our cherished and beloved sister, Lena A. Rempis, who has been so recently removed from our midst in the bloom of her maidenhood. While we shall miss her cheerful presence and ever ready help, we are greatly comforted by the knowledge that she has obtained her reward and entered into rest. With thankfulness we feel the power of a loving Heavenly Father to comfort and console in every trial and we extend our deepest sympathy to the bereaved family and would in our prayers remember them to a gracious Savior, who alone can heal and bind up the broken heart. We also realize the uncertainty of life and the importance of living close to Jesus, that we, too, may be found ready when He calls us.

We desire that a copy of this memorial be sent to the family, a copy be recorded in the minutes of the society and one sent to THE WATERLOO PRESS for publication.

OLLIE ARTHUR }
FLORA SPEER-LOLLEAR } Committee.
KATIE SWARTZ }

In behalf of the family of Mr. Henry Rempis, as well as our own family, we wish to express sincere gratitude to everyone who in any manner gave assistance in the search for the bodies or in help to provide for the wants of those in sorrow, as well as those who expressed, by word or act, sympathy for the sorrow-stricken families. The spirit of heart to heart sympathy was overwhelming and can only be appreciated by such as have come in contact with deep afflictions.

MAUDE SHANOWER SATISFIED WITH \$200

Sues for \$5,000, But Accepts Terms of Defendant.

Just as the attorneys for the defense were about to accept a jury to try the \$5,000 damage case of Maude Shanower vs. Edgar Steele for alleged breach of promise, Hon. Charles F. Drummond, an attorney for the plaintiff, approached the attorneys for the defense, Will G. Crabill and Hon. Samuel Parker and accepted an offer of compromise made two weeks ago for \$200. The court costs of the case were assessed against the defendant. The action attracted considerable interest and many people were in the circuit court room at the time the trial began and remained until settlement was reached. Women predominated. They watched the proceedings with curious interest. The case was called Wednesday afternoon and a settlement was reached about 5 o'clock.

and became identified with the Congregational church at Angola. Since leaving he has retained his interest and been increasingly firm in his conviction. His influence was always cast upon the right side of moral issues and it was done without hesitation and without embarrassment. He has lived an honest, wholesome life on earth, this modest, manly boy and the quality of his manhood was manifest throughout his life and to the very end. His life was a successful life, judged by the highest standards. The tears and regrets that followed him

OVER THE RIVER.

Over the river they beckon to me—
Loved ones who've passed to the farther side;
The gleam of their snowy robes I see,
But their voices are drowned in the rushing tide.
There's one with ringlets of sunny gold,
And eyes the reflection of heaven's own blue;
He crossed in the twilight gray and cold,
And the pale mist hid him from mortal view;
We saw not the angels who met him there,
The gates of the city we could not see—
Over the river, over the river,
My brother stands waiting to welcome me!

Over the river the boatman's pale
Glimpse of his snowy robes I see;
Her brown curls waved in the gentle gale—
Darling Minnie! I see her yet.
She crossed on her bosom her dimpled hands,
And fearlessly entered the phantom bark;
We watched it glide from the silver sands,
And all our sunshine grew strangely dark;
We know she is safe on the farther side,
Where all the ransomed and angels be—
Over the river, the mystic river,
My childhood's idol is waiting for me.

For none return from those quiet shores,
Who cross with the boatman cold and pale;
We hear the dip of the golden oars,
And catch a gleam of the snowy sail;
And lo! they have passed from our yearning heart;
They cross the stream and are gone for aye;
We may not sunder the veil apart
That hides from our vision the gates of day;
We only know that their barks no more
May sail with us o'er life's stormy sea—
Yet, somewhere, I know, on the unseen shore,
They watch, and beckon, and wait for me.

And I sit and think, when the sunset's gold
Is flushing river and hill, and shore,
I shall one day stand by the water cold
And list for the sound of the boatman's oar;
I shall watch for a gleam of the flapping sail
I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand;
I shall pass from sight, with the boatman pale,
To the better shore of the spirit land.
I shall know the loved who have gone before,
And joyfully sweet will the meeting be,
When over the river, the peaceful river,
The Angel of Death shall carry me.
—Nancy Priest Wakefield.

Christian Endeavor Society.

Miss Lena had been chosen as the favorite one to become the bride of Edward D. Willis, of Waterloo, now a corporal in Co. I, 157th Indiana Volunteers. Their prospects could not have been brighter, and while Corporal Willis has been away from his chosen one since the mobilization of the National Guards, the sincerity of the couple has grown dearer, and no doubt the union of the couple for a life's voyage would have occurred soon after the completion of Mr. Willis' university course in medicine, which requires two years yet.

The manner of the death of the deceased was one of the saddest degree, the circumstances of which are related in today's Press.

August 1, 1897, she began an engagement as clerk in the dry goods store of J. C. Boyer & Co., and soon became one of the most competent clerks in their employ, and has won for herself many friends in that capacity.

Besides the stricken father and mother, there are two sisters, a lover and a host of relatives and sincere friends who are left to grieve over this sad ending of one whose life was so full of promise, whose friends were without number and who was everybody's friend.

ACCIDENTAL SHOT PROVED FATAL!

HUGH, FOURTEEN-YEAR-OLD SON OF
MR. AND MRS. MILO J. THOMAS,
KILLED BY A COMPANION.

SADDEST ACCIDENT EVER IN CORUNNA

PROMISING AND BRIGHT YOUNG
LIFE SNUFFED OUT

BY A MERE PLAYFUL PRANK

The Whole County Mourns with the
Grief Stricken Parents--Fun-
eral Held Tuesday at
10 o'clock a.m.

Special Correspondence Waterloo Press
CORUNNA, Feb. 28.—One of the
most appalling accidents ever occurring
in this county was that which took place
in the telephone exchange in the Thomas
hardware store in Corunna at eight
o'clock Sunday morning, resulting in
the death of Hugh Allen, the youngest
son of Mr. and Mrs. Milo J. Thomas.
Hugh, a promising lad of fourteen,
has been acting as relief operator for
the Corunna telephone exchange, and
Saturday night he went on duty for the
night in the place of the regular night

the accident, and after questioning them
he made his verdict read that Hugh had
met his death in the manner above
stated, as being purely accidental.
The accident casts a gloom over the
entire town and vicinity and many
people have thronged to the Thomas
home since leaving words of sympathy
and lending such assistance as might
cheer the grief stricken parents and
brothers and sisters.
Mr. and Mrs. Thomas have been
blessed with five children and this is
the first death in the family circle which
comes with a blow that is hard to over-
come. All day Sunday Mrs. Thomas
was under the care of physicians and it
was necessary to administer opiates that
she might survive the shock of the acci-
dent.
This was not the first time that Hugh
had stayed at the telephone exchange
all night, having done so many times,
as he had served as relief operator for
the past two years. Unlike many boys
he showed a desire to learn all the de-
tails of his father's business, and he
was much interested in helping at the
store and while a young boy, he had
many customers on his list and was al-
ways eager to make sales. To give him
encouragement his father had been pay-
ing him a commission on all his sales,
and this stimulated a desire to increase
the business.
He was of a cheerful nature, always
ready to work, and at the same time
ready to enjoy any fun. His com-

MRS. HINE WINS DISTINCTION

Her Contribution to State on
Bird Life Will be Deposited
Corner Stone.

George W. Miles, commissioner of
fisheries and game, has received from
the state printer an advance copy of
the annual report of the commis-
sioner. It will be deposited in the
corner stone of the DeKalb County
Court House, being erected at Au-
burn. Mrs. Jane L. Hine, an 80-year-
old resident of DeKalb County, has
contributed to the book more than
140 stories of bird life in Indiana,
written from personal observation,
and for this reason it will be a part of
the relics which go into the corner
stone.
The story of Mrs. Hine's life is one
of devotion to the winged creatures
of Indiana. In a frontispiece to her
work in the forthcoming report,
which bird lovers all over Indiana
are waiting anxiously, is a poem, en-
titled "My Birds" from Mrs. Hine's
pen. Its symbolism and careful fol-
lowing of the habits of Indiana birds
is remarkable according to Mr. Miles.
Pictures of many birds, taken by
Mrs. Hine, have been reproduced by
Mr. Miles in his report in color photo-
gravures. Mrs. Hine is a graduate of
Oberlin College. She married a farm-
in DeKalb county and always has
been a student of Indiana birds.
She has contributed more than 25,000
words to the report. A picture of
the Hine homestead with a small pic-
ture of Mrs. Hine in the foreground,
is one of the features of the book.—
Indianapolis Star.

OBITUARY
E. W. Farrington was
Smithfield township, Sept.
and died at his home
township, Friday evening
1932; aged 40 years, 4
days.
The deceased was a son
Mrs. Wellington Farrington
place and a very worthy citizen.
leaves a wife and five children, ag
from 5 to 14 years, to mourn h
loss. He was a hard worker and ve
much devoted to his family. By ha
work he had accumulated sufficient
build a fine dwelling on his farm abo
a year ago, but his enjoyment, with h
family, of the new home was too soc
to be severed. The funeral occur
the late residence, on Sunday at o
o'clock p. m., and was attended by a
immense concourse of people who a
sembled to show their appreciation
a valued citizen. Elder Silas Mout,
the Christian church, preached the fu
eral and his remains were placed i
rest in the Cedar Lake cemetery. Th
subject of this sketch was an earne
adherent to the doctrines of the Chr
tian church and his friends mourn

volvers at each other snapping the
triggers.
Soon afterward Miss Bertha Thomas
telephoned to the store and told her
brother Hugh that his breakfast was
ready, and the boy answered in a most
cheerful manner that he would soon be
there. Hugh then took the revolvers
and began to place the shells back in
their chamber so that he could leave
them in the manner in which they were
found. After loading one he placed it
on the desk shelf while he was in the
act of loading the other, when young
Dellenbaugh, not knowing or thinking
that the one revolver was loaded, picked
it up and in a careless playful manner
pointed it at Hugh's head and pulled
the trigger. Hugh fell backward and
the blood flowed freely from the wound,
which was in the back of the head, the
bullet penetrating the brain.
The two companions were horror
stricken and hardly knew what to do.
Young McDonald seemed to realize the
seriousness of the accident and he at
once went to the home of Mr. Thomas
and told them of the terrible accident.
Mr. Thomas hurried to the scene and
found his son dying, and after he was
placed on a lounge in the store he soon
expired. The boy's mother also came
to the store and on learning that the ac-
cident was a fatal one she collapsed and
it was necessary to call physicians to
restore her to consciousness several
times.
The coroner was notified and the body
was removed to the home. When Cor-
ner Briggs reached Corunna he sought
an interview with the two boys who
were with the deceased at the time of

Dellenbaugh and McDonald have been
almost prostrated with grief, and the
act of young Dellenbaugh will be a
stinging blow to him for years to come.
The Funeral Largely Attended
The funeral was held from the Church
of Christ at 10:30 o'clock today, and
Elder Branham officiated. The church
was filled to its utmost and there were
many hundred people who could not
gain entrance to the church. The at-
tendance was perhaps the largest ever
held in Corunna, and the floral offerings
were elaborate.
Out of respect for the family and the
esteem in which Hugh was held by the
community, the business houses and
telephone exchange closed during the
funeral, and the public schools closed
Monday and Tuesday. The teachers and
pupils attended the funeral in a body.
Hugh Allen Thomas
Hugh Allen Thomas, the youngest son
of Milo J. and Vesta (Kline) Thomas,
was born in Corunna, Ind., July 27, 1896.
His life came to a most unhappy end,
Lord's Day morning, Feb. 26, 1911, as
the result of the unexpected discharge
of a loaded fire arm.
Hugh had been trained to love the
Bible school and its work and was a con-
stant attendant upon its meetings. He
will be missed not only from the activi-
ties of the school but of his class. On
April 12, 1908, he became obedient to
the Gospel of Jesus Christ and his life
and conversation bespeak for him an
abundant entrance into that home of
the soul.
Hugh was an earnest scholar at
the time of



FIRST BREAK IN THE THOMAS FAMILY CIRCLE
From left to right—Harry K., Bertha M., Charles A., Hugh A., Wilma

operator, C. F. Wilsey. Rather than to
stay alone he asked two boys, Harry
Dellenbaugh and Russel McDonald to
spend the night with him. This was
done in a pleasant manner and shortly
before eight o'clock the boys picked up
two revolvers which had been kept in
the store where was formerly located
the Thomas bank, to be used in case of
attempt of burglars to gain entrance to
the store. Hugh took both revolvers
and emptied the shells from them be-
fore handling them. Then it was that
the boys entered into some western

panions liked him, and he was a Chris-
tian, having been a member of the
Church of Christ for three years. He
never missed attending Sunday school
and Saturday night before going to work
he dressed and prepared for Sunday
school the next morning, and at the
time of the accident was making ready
to go home to breakfast and thence to
his Sunday school. He was a bright
boy, studious, and a member of the
Corunna schools being on the list of
graduates from his school for the
spring.

OBITUARY.

Albert P. Randle was born in Sedan, DeKalb county, Ind., March 18, 1867, and died at the home of his parents in Waterloo, Aug. 29, 1893, aged 26 years, 5 months and 11 days.

On Nov. 7, 1891, while in the employ of the Lake Shore R. R. Co., he received injuries from which he never recovered. He was a kind and affectionate son and brother, and endeared himself to all his friends by his kind ways. His last words were "Mother, going home home." An infant brother and two sisters preceded him to his home. He leaves a father and mother, four brothers and three sisters and many other relatives. The funeral services were held in the U. B. Church Aug. 31, at 3 p. m., by Rev. P. L. Browns, pastor of the Evangelical church. The choir furnished excellent music. The remains were laid to rest by the side of his sisters in the beautiful cemetery of Waterloo. Relatives from a distance in attendance were his two sisters, Mrs. Richmond, of Milwaukee, Wis., and Mrs. Myrtle, of Chicago, and Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Billman and family, of Ligonier.

"Peaceful be thy silent slumber,
Peaceful in thy grave so low;
Thou no more wilt join our number,
Thou no more our sorrows know.
Yet again we hope to meet thee,
When the day of life is fled,
And our Heaven with joy to greet thee,
Where no farewell tears are shed."

Gard of Thanks.

We desire to express our many thanks to our kind neighbors and friends who so willingly assisted us during the long suffering and final sickness, death and burial of our beloved son and brother, Albert. Also for the many beautiful floral pieces.

MR. AND MRS. RANDLE.

A Card of Thanks.

We, the widow and children of the late A. P. Benjamin, take this method of expressing our heartfelt thanks to our friends and neighbors for their kindness in our late affliction. And especially to Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Hanty, of Ellis, who took him in and did all that could be done while he lived. Also the people of that neighborhood who were untiring in their willing assistance while he lived, and in getting his remains to our desolate home.

IDA A. BENJAMIN AND CHILDREN.

OBITUARY.

Emma Mutzfelt Smith was born in DeKalb Co., March 5, 1870; died Dec. 2, 1892; aged 22 yrs., 8 mos., 27 days.

She lived with her parents until her 21st birth day, when she was united in marriage to Perry Smith. They settled near her old home, where they lived until death called her away.

To this union was born one child, Carrie Amelia, born Oct. 28, and died Dec. 2; aged 1 mo. and 4 days. Its mother preceded it to their long resting place but two hours.

Emma united with the U. B. church at the age of 14 years; since which time she has lived a christian life, and when nearing the turbid waters said to her sister, "It is well, I am ready and willing to go."

She leaves a sorrowing husband, a mother, four sisters, four brothers, and many friends to mourn the loss. Inside of one brief month death without respect to age has called from the family three of its number, viz: the aged father, daughter and granddaughter.

The funeral occurred at 1:30 Sunday p. m., in Dillon chapel, Rev. A. B. Lilly preaching the sermon. The congregation, which more than filled the church, were very much affected. The infant child was placed in her mother's arms, and the deceased being very highly respected in the community, caused many hearts to overflow with grief. The remains were placed to rest in the cemetery at Sawdust Corners.

OBITUARY.

Almeron P. Benjamin died August 17, 1893; aged 41 years, 10 months and 20 days.

The subject of the above was born and reared in DeKalb county. Became converted to Christ and united with the Christian church at Coburntown, March 27, 1871; removed to Smithfield and united with the Cedar Lake Christian church, where he held his membership at the time of his death.

The deceased was always active in all the labors for the advancement of the Sunday school and church, as to a neighbor was always ready to assist the afflicted or needy. Generous (if possible) to a fault, neglecting his own business to help others in affliction. The community will realize their loss as time passes.

The funeral services were conducted by Elder J. N. Wilson, of Auburn, from the following saying of the Apostle: "We have no abiding city here but we seek a city whose builder and maker is God. He was buried in the Cedar Lake cemetery by the G. A. R. Post of Hudson, of which he was a member. He leaves a wife and seven children, a large circle of friends to mourn loss."

We are called upon to record a very sad accident, resulting in the untimely death of Mr. A. P. Benjamin, of Smithfield township, this county. Mr. B. was employed as traveling salesman for Mr. Drake, a druggist of LaGrange. Saturday, Aug. 12, he drove his team, a span of mules, over to Scott, Steuben county, and on Sunday, Aug. 13, attended the annual meeting of the Steuben county Association of the Christian church, one of his boys accompanying him, intending to go to Angola Monday to make arrangements for the fall term of school at the college. On Sunday evening after church he went to a farm house, at which place his team was put in the barn, and a horse being hitched near, he attempted to move the horse so as not to disturb the mules, and stepping on some obstruction he slipped, and falling against the horse, caused some commotion, and the mule nearest the horse kicked with both feet, striking Mr. B. in the abdomen. He walked to the house, and thought he was not much hurt. In the morning he told his boy he thought he could ride home and the mules were hitched up, and they started but he became so sick that they were compelled to stop at the first farm house about one and a half miles distant from the accident. He was afforded a home and the kindest of treatment. He thought he could proceed, Tuesday, on his journey, but grew rapidly worse, and on Wednesday sent for his wife and family. His wife arrived on Wednesday evening, and remained at his bedside until Thursday, p. m., when death relieved him of his suffering. Inflammation had set in and the fever was high although he was conscious up to the near hour of his death. He was buried on Saturday from the Cedar Lake church, near his home, Elder J. N. Wilson officiating. The Hudson post, G. A. R. of which he was a member, performed the ritual service at his grave. The deceased was a son-in-law of Joel E. Thomson and leaves a wife and six children who are thus caused to mourn in great sorrow over so sudden affliction. He was a man of earnest impulses and wide acquaintance. He formerly lived near Newville of this county and since his marriage he has resided near Cedar Lake. His age was about 39 years.

LINES.

Written by request, upon the death of James Leroy Snyder, who died near Waterloo, Ind., Sept. 18th, 1890.

Jimmie, thou art sweetly sleeping,
In thy low and narrow bed,
And bright autumn leaves are falling
Above thy youthful head.
But oh! how lonely is our home,
All its light and joy seems fled
With our dear boy who is numbered now
With the lone and silent dead.
Our dear boy, how we mourn for thee,
Thou wast to us so dear,
Thy cheerful voice and merry laugh
No more on earth we'll hear.
And thy grandparents and brothers too,
And all who knew thee here,
Off will think of Jimmie—gone,
And drop the silent tear.
No more you'll mingle with them here
As thou hast in days gone by,
But thou art waiting for them now
In thy home above the sky.
In thy bright and happy home,
Where no cruel death will dare
To enter and mar thy perfect rest,
For only joy and peace are there.
—Mrs. A. A. Snyder, Chicago, Ohio.

PILGRIM'S SONG.

We are travelling home to Heaven,
Where the blessed angels are;
Where the streets are gold, and Jasper,
And no sorrow e'er can mar,
But where all is bright and beauty,
And the Heavenly hosts do raise
Their voices in the grandest chorus,
Singing, Christ alone we praise.
Though the way is sometimes dreary,
And the road is rough and steep,
Yet our Saviour whispers to us—
If by me you ever keep,
I will guide you home to Heaven
To my Father's house on high—
If you trust me as your Saviour,
You may dwell there, by and by.
Hark! the Saviour now is calling,
Weary one, no longer roam,
You have served your mission faithful,
Angles now conduct you home.
Oh! how sweet those words of welcome
From our Saviour's life so kind;
We will live with Him forever,
Chanting praises most divine.
—[Miss Ona Blucher, Sedan, Ind.]

Close one from us has gone,
Voice we loved is stilled;
Place is vacant in our home,
Which never can be filled.
God, in his wisdom has recalled,
The boon His love had given;
And though the body moulders here,
The soul is safe in Heaven.
There is no death! what seems so is transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call death.
So fades the lovely blooming flower,
Frail smiling solace of an hour.
So soon our transient comforts fly,
And pleasures only bloom to die.
Is there no kind no lenient art,
To heal the anguish of the heart?
Spirit of grace, be ever nigh,
Thy comforts are not made to die.
Bide, gentle, patience, smile on pain,
Till dying hope shall live again;
Hope wipes the tear from sorrow's eye,
And points upward to the sky.

When our natural life is ended,
And our earthly mission done,
We shall cross the River,
At the setting of life's sun,
And in God's celestial mansions,
Clothed in garments strangely fair,
We shall meet our little Earl,
We will know our baby.

Yes, we'll meet him in the City,
That is just across the strand,
And our hearts shall leap with joy,
When we meet our darling baby boy,
Oh, how sweet will be the meeting,
Earthly words can not declare,
We shall know the bliss of heaven,
When we meet our baby there.

Do not tell us that our loved ones,
Lose their earthly memories quite,
When they sing among the angels
In the heavenly mansions bright.
Oh, I know we shall recognize him,
Though an angel robe he wears,
When the Savior bids us come home,
We shall meet our dear little Earl.

We have lost a household treasure,
Lost a boy to us so dear;
He who filled our hearts with gladness,
Now has left this vale of tears.

He has gone, the world seems lonely,
And will never be the same;
For sad thoughts will ever linger,
Though we strive to lay no blame.

Tender mother look to Jesus,
Lean upon the arm of God;
When your trials here are ended
He will meet you in the cloud,
Cherished loved ones now remember,
Though with him you had to part,
That in heaven you'll be united
With the same dear loving heart.

TWO YEARS AT REST.

The following lines have been written
in memory of Miss Bertha E. Maurer,
who died March 29th, 1889;

Two years our daughter, you've been at rest,
The thoughts flash o'er our minds thick and fast;
To-day thou art in that land of the blest,
Now done with cares and sorrows that have passed.

Your soul back to its maker has been taken,
To mingle with the happy spirits on high,
You did from death on earth to glory awaken,
Where bright angels and Jesus are nigh.

Have you been happy in that haven of rest,
Have white-robed angels welcom'd you there?
Are you looking with tearful eyes on our sport-
ing jest,
About those realms so bright and fair?

Dearest daughter, we would not wish thee back
to this world again,
To suffer the pangs of disease and death,
But will submit all to God's own gracious plan,
Knowing that life at best is but a passing
breath.

For ages you'll enjoy the rich glories above,
While we must gaze wistfully and in vain,
To the shore where all is faith, meekness and love,
And be brought back to earth, its cares and
its pain.

Live on in those celestial realms till the great
eternal day,
When the world shall be judged for the deeds
it has done.

And we'll live on earth till we by death are
called away,
And the home circle now broken, will be re-
united forever in ONE.

By L. E. Fretz.

OLD SETTLERS' REUNION.

The 12th annual reunion of the DeKalb County Pioneer Association, was held on the court square in Auburn, on Thursday, June 30, 1889, pursuant to previous arrangement and the constitutional requirement. The day was one of the most pleasant of the season, which was taken advantage of by more people than at any previous meeting, and supposed by many to be the largest gathering ever convened in the county.

At 10:2 a. m. Gen. Blair and his assistants, preceded by the DeKalb Band seated and arranged the multitude on the north side of the court house, when order was called by the president, G. W. Gordon. Music by the band and choir having been listened to, the Rev. N. J. Myers, pastor of the Auburn Lutheran church, addressed the throne of Grace. Reports of officers were then presented. The biographer, J. E. Rose, read the biographies of the following pioneers:

NAME.	AGE.	DIED.
Elizabeth Leighty,	78.	Jan. 4, 1889.
Jeremiah Rhodes,	82.	Apr. 3, 1889.
Peter Losier,	60.	Jan. 1, 1889.
Peter Treesh,	74.	Apr. 3, 1889.
Mathew George,	73.	June 15, 1889.
Jesse Shatto,	78.	June 1, 1889.
John R. Walker,	81.	June 9, 1889.
George Freeman,	70.	May 1, 1889.
Mary McCosper,	71.	May 2, 1889.
Wm. Brand,	72.	June, 1889.

On motion of H. Willis, the chair appointed H. Willis, J. E. Rose, Wm. Henderson, Robert Culbertson, and R. G. Daniels a committee to report name of officers for the ensuing year. After another song by the choir, recess was taken till 1:3 p. m. The committee on officers reported as follows:

J. W. Leighty, president; R. G. Daniels, vice president; W. H. Dills, secretary; J. E. Rose, biographer; C. Bowman, treasurer.

Executive committee: P. Noel, Butler township; Wm. Carr, Jackson township; R. Culbertson, Concord township; S. H. Bartlett, Newville township; S. P. Wartenbee, Stafford township; J. D. Wood, Wilmington township south; A. F. Pinchin, Wilmington township north; M. B. Willis, Auburn; R. M. Crooks, Waterloo; N. Griffith, Riot township; O. C. Clark, Keyser; J. E. Chanan, Fairfield township; E. R. Shaker, Smithfield township; F. B. Oberlin, Franklin township; W. R. Emerson, Troy township. Which report was approved and the person named declared elected as set forth above. For over an hour and a half the vast numbers present were highly entertained by the learned and eloquent address by Mrs. Mary E. Ehlers, the recitations and elocutionary exercises of Miss Isa Coder and Mr. Lin. Kuhlman, and the five minute impromptu speeches by Judge Prentiss, of Atoton P. B. Nimmons, Rev. S. B. Ward, J. R. Coder, John Wyatt, and Gen. Blair by request, recited in his volition the celebrated "Man's Ride." Bened

Hiram Brand was born in Ashland county, Ohio, July 22, 1846, and died at his home in Smithfield township, DeKalb county, Ind., May 9, 1912, aged 65 years, 9 months and 17 days. He was the third son of William and Matilda Brand. Father, mother, and five brothers preceded him to the great beyond.

He was married to Barbary Ann Strow, Dec. 31, 1867, and to this union were born three children: William Alva Brand, deceased, Henry C. Brand and Cora E. Forest.

He was baptized in the winter of 1880 and united with the Cedar Lake Christian church and remained a faithful and consistent christian till his death, which occurred very suddenly. He had been plowing, and about nine o'clock in the morning he fell at the plow. His son, Henry, who was near, carried him to the house where he died shortly after noon.

He is survived by his wife, two children, five grand children, and two sisters: Mrs. Elizabeth Brechbill and Mrs. Emma Hevly, the latter of Rome City, Ind.

Those present at the funeral from a distance were Chas. Ford, of Richland county, Ohio; Peter Brand and family of Paulding county, Ohio, and Eli Williamson, of Edgerton, Ohio.

The deceased was a prosperous farmer, a kind husband and father and a

man true to his conviction of right. A life long knowledge of Christ made death to him but a change to a greater and happier life.

Funeral services were conducted from the late residence by Elder Chas. W. Mahin, of Angola, and burial in the Cedar Lake cemetery on Sunday afternoon, May 12. A large concourse of friends and neighbors were present testifying to the high esteem in which the deceased was held.

CARD OF THANKS

We desire to express our thanks to the neighbors and friends who so kindly gave us assistance and sympathy in the hours of our bereavement.

MRS. H. BRAND AND FAMILY

OBITUARY.

John Metzger, son of Jacob and Elizabeth Metzger, was born in Warrick Township, Tuscawawas County, Ohio Feb. 20, 1852, and died at his late residence in Smithfield township, June 18, 1890, aged 38 years, 4 months and 28 days.

Mr. Metzger came to this county a number of years ago, and engaged in the saw-mill business, at which he had been very successful. He was a well-qualified business man. About two weeks before his death, he met with an accident while at work in the mill, cutting a finger on the saw. The wound was dressed in the best manner by one of the town's physicians. Notwithstanding the injured hand Mr. Metzger did not loose a day, but attended to his business until the Friday evening before his death. After being in town all day, he started to drive home, when he discovered his jaws were becoming stiff. He at once returned to town, and Dr. Chamberlain did everything in his power to save him, but lock jaw set in and ended his life at the time above stated. Mr. Metzger was a kind husband and father, and leaves a wife, four children and aged parents to mourn his loss. The funeral took place at the late residence of the deceased on Friday a. m., at 10 o'clock, Rev. S. P. Klotz officiating. The remains were interred in the Cedar Lake Cemetery.

Edna Alice Benjamin, oldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Clayton Benjamin, was born at Ashley, Indiana, August 4, 1897. The first six or seven years of her life were spent at the place of her birth, and the remainder of her life was spent at North Liberty.

In 1905, in company with her parents, she attended the Assembly of Christian churches at Bethany Park, Ind. During her stay here, on Aug. 3d, she was led into the baptismal waters of the Assembly Lake, and upon a confession of her faith in Jesus Christ was immersed by that old veteran of the cross, L. L. Carpenter.

Edna was sick but a little over two weeks, having contracted a violent case of diphtheria. For a time it was thought that she had entered the highway of recovery, but the loss of blood and insufficient heart action brought about her death Monday morning, Oct. 21, 1912, leaving her aged 15 years, 2 months and 17 days.

Up until the last few minutes of her life she retained consciousness, and could talk with the loved ones at her bedside. Among her last messages were the tender and kindly words, "Give my love to all."

The nature of the case precluded any funeral, either public or private. A public "tribute service" was held at the Church of Christ at 10 a. m. Tuesday, and words of respect and sympathy were spoken by her pastor, Rev. E. L. Branham. The floral tributes were brought to the church, and in two beautiful designs given by the railroad men and the public schools, beside many other church and private offerings. After a brief service from the sidewalk near the house, the body was interred in the local cemetery at 1:30 p. m. Tuesday.

The public school has lost a cheerful student. The home has lost a beautiful and trusting child. The church has lost a faithful and earnest worker, and the community has lost a pure and honorable inhabitant. But her good life has been transplanted into the garden of our Lord, and we sorrow not as those who have no hope. E. L. B.

In Memory of Edna Benjamin (By AUNT LILLIE REMPIE)

Father and mother I must leave you,
Brother and sister I love so well,
I must hasten on my journey,
To the Home where I shall dwell.

I will be waiting for your coming
Over on that yonder shore,
Where my blessed Lord and Savior,
Will guide and guard me evermore.

Need I tell you how I loved you?
Need I thank you for your care?
I will tell you when I meet you
In that land so bright and fair.

Yes, I know how you will miss me,
I will no more need your care,
For my home is with the angels,
Will you, will you, meet me there?

Father, mother, brother, sister,
Will you meet your Edna there?
I will be waiting for my dear ones
Up above the golden stair.

OBITUARY.

Albert Edward Rowe was born in Fairfield Twp., DeKalb Co., Ind., April 15, 1880, died at his mother's home, May 27, 1900, aged 20 years, 1 month, 12 days.

He was converted and united with the U. B. church at Maple Grove, last winter, in a meeting held by Rev. Tussing. His death was very sudden, being caused by an accident on the railroad while returning home from Waterloo. How it occurred no one knows. May the Master sustain his bereaved mother. Funeral services from the Lutheran church at Fairfield, conducted by Rev. A. E. Galt, as

MRS. ELSIE FARRINGTON

Passed Away At the Home of Her Son At Corunna This Morning. 1913

Mrs. Elsie Farrington passed away at the home of her son, A. E. Farrington, near Corunna this morning at 8 o'clock. She had been in ill health for sometime, suffering from a weakness of the heart and dropsical condition. She was unable to lie down except for a few moments at a time and died while sitting in her chair.

She was one of the early pioneers of this county, coming with her husband here in 1845 and soon after located on the farm near Cedar Lake which was their home for forty years. From here they moved to Waterloo where her husband died in 1899. She remained here for about one year afterward, then went to reside with her son, which has since been her home.

She was born July 13, 1825, and if she had lived to July 13 of this year she would have been 88 years of age.

She was the mother of five children, only one of whom still lives, Almond. One son died at the age of two years, another at the age of 16 years. Another son, John, died in 1892 and the only daughter, Mrs. Laura Thomson, passed away in 1908. She was the last of a family of fourteen children.

She was a lady highly respected and honored by those whose pleasure it was to know her. In an early day when this country was a wilderness she was prominent in church work, in the work of up-building the community and lifting it to higher and loftier planes.

The funeral will be held at the Christian church in Corunna, Wednesday afternoon, leaving the house at one o'clock. Sermon by Dr. Shepherd and interment in Cedar Lake cemetery.

Grandma Farrington, aged 85 years, 11 months and 11 days, died this morning at the home of her son, A. E. Farrington. The funeral will be held in the Christian church here Wednesday afternoon at 1:30.

Our Corunna correspondent mentions the death of Mrs. Elsie Farrington, relict of W. M. Farrington, who died in Waterloo in 1899. The family were among the early pioneers, having located on a farm near Cedar Lake in 1845, and were among the sturdy yeomanry of the early settlement of this section. The deceased was nearly eighty-six years of age. She was a resident of Waterloo for a number of years, up to 1901, when she went to live with her son at Corunna, the only surviving member of the family, the other four children having preceded her in death. She was the last of a family of fourteen.

GONE TO HER REWARD

Mrs. Elizabeth Farrington, Waterloo Pioneer, is Dead Aged 71 Years.

Mrs. Elizabeth Farrington, wife of Dr. Almond F. Farrington, passed away to her long rest Saturday evening at 10:15. The cause of her death was cancer.

The deceased was born in Columbiana county, Ohio, August 31, 1840. Sixty-five years ago she came with her parents to DeKalb county and they lived on the farm now owned by her brother, David Link. She was married to Dr. Farrington October 19, 1861. Dr. Farrington, after his marriage, commenced the practice of medicine in the town of Lawrence, now known as Sedan. He and wife were devoted to each other and together they toiled and accumulated the possessions they now hold.

They exchanged a farm west of Waterloo for the Farrington home in Waterloo, and here they reared their family. Eight children were born to them and six of them survive, Ira, of Paducah, Ky., Lou, Guy, Mrs. Jennie Shull, Mrs. Harry McBride of Waterloo, Mrs. J. M. Shull of Chicago. There are twelve grandchildren. The deceased leaves a sister, Mrs. Sophia Farrington, of Corunna, three brothers, David Link of Grant township, Solomon Link of Smithfield, and Henry Link of Portland, Oregon. Deceased and her sister, Sophia, married brothers.

Mrs. Farrington was a woman of rare qualities, respected by her neighbors and friends. She sacrificed for others and gave the best of her life to the care of her family. Her husband has been an invalid for several years and has been her constant care.

The funeral will be held at the home Tuesday afternoon at 2 o'clock, conducted by Rev. Lawson of the Christian faith of which the deceased was a faithful follower.

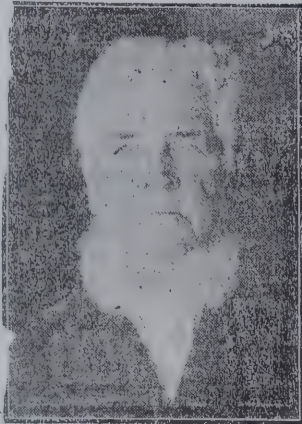
LOST RACE WITH DEATH

E. H. Armstrong Expired at Davenport, Iowa, Before His Wife Could Reach His Bedside.—Waterloo News.

E. H. Armstrong, mention of whose critical illness has appeared in this paper died at St. Luke's hospital at Davenport, Iowa, Thursday morning. His wife had hurried to his bedside, but reached Davenport too late to see her husband. The remains arrived in Waterloo Friday afternoon.

His last message was sent to his family physician, Dr. Broughton, and showed that his thoughts were about his invalid wife. The deceased has two daughters, Mrs. Clarence DeLong, residing near Churubusco, and Mrs. Lurah Betts, who has been teaching with her husband in the Philippine Islands and is now on her way home via Europe. Mr. Armstrong was a good citizen and has many friends in Waterloo. Notice of the funeral will be published Saturday.

Ephraim Farrington.



The above is a picture of Ephraim Farrington, who passed away at the home of his son, Simpson Farrington, Sunday evening April 7th. He was one of the pioneers of DeKalb county, widely known and universally respected. The following account of his life was written by himself:

I thought I would write a short sketch of my life. I am now 79 years lacking 10 days. I was born April 31, 1824. I was of a family of children. I was born in Chautauque Co. New York and lived there until I was twelve years old. My father owned a farm about 5 miles from Jamestown and our farm was about 1/2 of a mile from the lake. He worked in a sawmill in Jamestown most of the time. He finally moved to Jamestown when I was six years old. The man he worked for was paying father about \$600.00 a month. I meant more those days than it does now. Then father moved back to the farm and then all the children were able to work had to work to keep the wolf from the door. When I was ten years old father took me out of chopping 20 acres, and I worked all winter when the snow was from 2 to 3 feet deep and was the most all the time. Then father moved out when I was 12 years old, moved to Huron Co., Ohio and I worked at home until I was 20 years old, then I hired out by the month worked two years for one man, then went west and bought land in Indiana. I worked two years by the month and then married Mary Andrews, Aug. 28 1848. In 1851 we lost our first born in infancy in the woods. Not a stick of wood on my place, even the road was not underbrushed. We saw hard times for a few years, again in 1852 we lost our second child and in 1858 my wife and I both died with the Christian Church. Both worked together and cleared the farm and I still own the farm that I did before we were married. We got along first rate until Dec. 18, 1892, when my wife died down the burdens of life and left and I think she has gone to that place for those that love Him.

It has been 72 years since she died and it has been a long and sad twelve years to me, but I am now 80 years old and must soon go the way of all the earth. I tell you the saddest time in a man's life is when he loses his wife. No one can tell but those that have had a trial of it, but I think I will not be here much longer as I am now living on borrowed time. I am truly thankful for the blessings of life and health, while many of my friends and neighbors have passed away that were younger than I am. When I think of the many friends that have passed away it makes me feel sad, as nearly all the people that I used to associate with have passed away, and I too will soon be laid away to rest until the resurrection. My brothers and sisters are gone, but I have many friends yet living for which I feel truly thankful and may we truly live in peace with them the few days we have to stay.

EPHRAIM FARRINGTON.

NOBLE COUNTY PIONEER DIED SUNDAY EVENING.

KENDALLVILLE, Ind., April 8.—Ephraim Farrington, an old resident living about four miles east of Lisbon, Ind., died Sunday evening about 5:30, aged eighty-two years four months and nineteen days. Mr. Farrington had lived on the same farm for more than fifty-five years and gained a large circle of friends in this part of Noble county. During his life in this county he had been sick but very little of the time, until in the early part of the winter, when he was taken with a stroke of paralysis. About a week ago he suffered another stroke and this caused his death. The funeral will be held Tuesday morning at 10 o'clock from the church known as No. 16, the Rev. Frakes, of Corunna, officiating.

Aylene Gertrude Brand

Aylene Gertrude Brand was born at the home of her parents, Mr. Mrs. Charles Brand, May 14, 1905 and died at the home of her grand parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Metzger, Nov. 19, 1909, at the age of 4 years 6 months and 5 days.

At the age of eighteen months she was placed in the home of her grand parents where she received the best care and was loved dearly. On Aug. 17th last she was taken to the Lutheran hospital in Ft. Wayne where an operation was performed for the removal of a cancer of the kidney. Since that time she has been a great sufferer, but bore her sufferings with patience until the end came on the date above stated.

The funeral was held from the Maple Grove church and interment in the Fairfield cemetery. Rev. J. Phillips, of Antwerp, Ohio, officiating, assisted by the pastor, Rev. H. V. Clark.

THE GOLDEN STAIR

Put away the little dresses
That the darling used to wear,
She will need them on earth never,
She has climbed the golden stair.
She is with the happy angels
And I long for her sweet kiss,
Where her little feet are waiting
In the realm of perfect bliss.

CHORUS

Angels whisper that our darling
Is in lands of love so fair,
That her little feet are waiting
Up above the golden stair.

Lay aside the little playthings
Wet with many pearly tears,
How we shall miss little Aylene
All the coming weary years.
Fold the dainty little dresses
That she never more will wear,
For her little feet are waiting
Up above the golden stair.

Kiss the little curly tresses
Cut from her bright golden hair;
Do the angels kiss our darling,
In the realms so bright and fair?
Oh, we pray to meet our darling
For a long, long sweet embrace,
Where the little feet are waiting
And we meet her face to face.

BENJ. C. FARRINGTON DEAD

END CAME AFTER A BRIEF ILLNESS

THE FUNERAL HELD MONDAY

And Burial Took Place at Cedar Lake Cemetery.—A Respected Citizen at Rest.

The death of Benjamin Farrington at his farm home northwest of Waterloo, last Saturday evening, was a surprise to his many friends, as but few knew that he had been ill. He was taken ill while in Waterloo Friday



BENJAMIN C. FARRINGTON

evening; being of heart failure his death was rather sudden. The funeral was held Monday afternoon and the interment at Cedar Lake cemetery, Rev. J. N. Wilson officiating. W. H. Ettinger funeral director, in charge.

Benj. C. Farrington

Benjamin C. Farrington was born Dec. 28, 1834, in Chautauque county, N. Y., and died Nov. 28, 1903, at his home near Cedar Lake, Ind., aged 68 years and 11 months.

He was one out of a family of fourteen children, four of whom died in infancy, ten living to be men and women. Of these are left three brothers who are his senior: Ephraim B., Dr. Almond S. and Keeler, and one sister, Loretta A. Smalley.

In 1826 while but two years old they moved to Huron county, O., and from there to DeKalb county, Ind., Jan. 2, 1849. He was married to Sarah Smith Nov. 29, 1857. To them were born six children; three of whom died in infancy. There are still living—Sarah, wife of E. A. Armstrong; Elizabeth, wife of Frank Vian, and Cora, wife of John Vian.

His wife died Sept. 27, 1871, and in March 14, 1872, he was married to Sophia Link. To this marriage were born two children; one died in infancy and Arthur E., who married Carrie Shellhouse and now resides on the home farm.

He leaves a wife, four children, seven grandchildren and two great-grandchildren, three brothers, one sister and friends without number.

Due to one they had learned to love and respect. The family desire to express their thanks to the friends who rendered assistance and sympathy in the hours of their bereavement.

A FATAL PARALYSIS

Caused the Death of Wellington Farrington.

WAS AN HONORED CITIZEN.

He was Seventy-six Years Old.—His Obituary.—Funeral Last Sunday.—The M. E. Bazar.

Wellington M. Farrington was born in Jamestown, Chautauque county, N. Y., Dec. 10, 1822, and died at his home in Waterloo, Ind., Dec. 7, 1899. Aged 76 years, 11 months, 27 days.

He was a son of Keeler and Aseneth (Southwick) Farrington, of Scotch descent. His ancestors were heroes of the Revolution, and his father was a soldier in the war of 1812. When a young man, his parents moved to Peru, Huron county, Ohio, and the subject of this sketch moved to DeKalb county in 1844, just after his marriage in Huron county, to Miss Elsie Andrews, who was a faithful helpmate during all the years of toil and trial incident to pioneer days in the new home on the farm near Cedar Lake, Smithfield township.

To this union were born five children, four sons and one daughter. Almond E., a son, and Laura A. Tomson, a daughter, with the wife and mother survive to mourn their loss. Besides these there are twelve grandchildren, four brothers and one sister of the deceased yet living.

His early life in the county was spent in clearing up the farm upon



which he lived until about fifteen years ago, when he retired from farm life and purchased a home in Waterloo, his son Almond remaining on the farm. During all his life he has been known for his sterling integrity and honorable career. He was a firm believer in the scriptures, as promulgated through the teaching of the Christian church, of which he was long an active member, and supporter, and in which faith he died. In politics he adhered to the republican faith. In all his dealings in business, religious, political or social standing, those who came in contact with him, knew where to find him, the same day by day. It was not generally known, but that he enjoyed good health, and the news that he was prostrated with paralysis, on Thanksgiving day, came with a shock upon the community, and his death resulting therefrom, caused great sadness. The funeral was conducted on Sunday, Dec. 10, by Elder J. N. Wilson of Auburn. Short services being held at the home, and the obsequies proper at the Christian church in Smithfield, near his former residence. A large company of his

WENT DOWN

A Sad Drowning of Two Young People!

IN DEEP CROOKED LAKE!

Lena Rempis and Leonard Roby
the Unfortunate Ones,

AND FOUR NARROWLY ESCAPED.

Young Roby Proved Himself a Hero in Losing His
Own Life Trying to Save Others.—Nothing
More Could Be Done.

THERE IS NO BLAME PLACED ON THE ACCIDENT.

The News Shocked Two Counties.—The Funerals Largely Attended.
—The Obituaries of the Two Young People.

Leonard Eugene, adopted son of Judge F. S. Roby, of the 35th Judicial District, and Miss Lena Amelia Rempis, of Waterloo, were drowned in Crooked Lake, Steuben county, about six miles from Angola, at about 9:30 a. m. Friday, Aug. 12, 1898. Judge Roby was spending his vacation with his family at his cottage situated on his farm, which adjoins the northwest end of the lake. Miss Rempis was the guest of the family of the editor of this paper, and with them went to the lake Tuesday, Aug. 9th, and were occupying the cottage owned by Roby and Shuman near Judge Roby's place. The writer joined his family on Thursday evening.

THE ACCIDENT.

On Friday morning Leonard Roby, aged about 21 years, Frank B. Willis, aged 16 years, his two sisters Dora E. aged about 18 years and Josephine, aged 13, Miss Lena Rempis, aged 21 years and Miss Cora Chandler, who lived with the editor's family, aged about 20 years, all dressed in bathing suits, started out about 8 o'clock from the cottage to enjoy the pleasures of bathing in the limpid waters of the lake. They were a merry company of young people, full of vigor and happy as could be. The lake in front of the cottage is shallow for a quarter of a mile, and the young folks surrounded a light weight, new double bottomed boat, floating it along and enjoying themselves in the water. Owing to unfavorable soil in the bottom of the lake in this shallow place, the company climbed into their boat and rowed across the north edge of the lake to a point where the lake bottom is gravelly, and there enjoyed an hour or more, in the water. The distance was over a mile from the cottage, and at the hour they started, the lake was like a sea of glass. At about 9 o'clock they all went on board the boat and started for the cottage, young Roby at the oars. The lake at this time had be-

comes. The rest were more or less unconscious of their acts.

FOUR NARROWLY ESCAPED.

When the boat came up again, Josephine, who went down holding onto Cora's hand, the girls being intimate friends, broke loose her hold and some of the children say that Leonard had his arm under her and her face was upwards, but she floated by the splash of the boat free from all the rest, and out of reach. Dora discovering the situation, exclaimed "Josephine is gone, Leonard try and save Dick," the familiar name by which Lena was called. It is very probable that in his effort to save Josephine and Lena, that he lost his life, a martyr for others, as he was the only one in the company used to the water and who knew anything about swimming, although not an expert. The other three managed to get secure hold of the boat after it had made several revolutions in the water, and the desperate effort is proven by several bruises on each of their arms. It is believed from the manner in which Lena went down, and the condition in which she was afterward found, there being no water taken in, that she lost entire consciousness in a faint, when the boat first went over. The condition of the young man's body indicated that cramps prevented his making any considerable effort in the water.

Of course all this was done in a very few seconds of time, although it seemed long to those in peril. The three left holding to the boat commenced at once a vigorous cry for help, which the writer, who was the only man in hearing distance, heard at the cottage, about one half mile distant from the place where the accident occurred. At first it was thought the cry was only of pleasure by the happy young people who had so shortly before left in rollicking glee in the full measure of happiness. Hastily going a few steps from the cottage towards the



HELENA AMELIA REMPIS.

watching the location of the terrible calamity, hoping that one or both the drowned bodies might come to the surface, but in vain. In the meantime the alarm was sent by the telephone from Judge Roby's cottage, and rapidly boats began to arrive with people eager to help. Judge Roby was in Angola and in an almost incredible short time was on the lake, helping to search for the bodies. Thus minutely do we describe the calamity which fell upon a happy company in the midst of pleasure. The writer was unacquainted with the lake and did not realize the fact that so many had attempted to ride in the boat, only supposing they were using it in their sport in shallow water. Just why the children of the writer were saved and the two older one in the company had to be lost is beyond explanation, and it is even difficult to be thankful when the great sorrow to other families constantly rises before us. Their sorrow is ours and our heart bleeds with theirs. The only wonder is that all were not lost. Owing to the drifting of the boat with the waves, 't was some time before an intelligent location of the accident was established, but within about six hours from the moment of drowning, Mr. Harry Snyder caught a grappling hook in the clothing of Young Roby, and a few minutes later a better set of hooks used by Sol Wood of Angola, caught secure hold in his clothing and his body was rescued, but unfortunately the body of Miss Rempis was not secured until seventeen minutes of three Sunday afternoon.

THE BODY FOUND.

During all this time, from 11 o'clock a. m. Friday until the body was found with the exception of Saturday night, there were from six to thirty boats with all sorts of appliances that genius and skill could provide, manned by the best men of Angola, and from the two counties, who worked with diligence day and night, in the vain effort to secure the lost body. Divers were employed, but not having suits they could not remain under water very long. However, on Sunday morning, the waters having been still during the night, divers thought they discov-

member assisted by Rev. A. F. M. Cioe and S. O. Pink of the same church, Rev. E. Sinclair Smith of the Congregational church Angola, and Rev. R. A. Montgomery of the Presbyterian church Waterloo. The services were very impressive and appropriate. The choir composed of members of several churches, sang four selections, which were very tender and sweet, the Minerva club, of which Lena's mother is a member, attended in a body. Lena's class of nine boys from the U. B. sabbath-school, were present and, also, Mrs. Blanche Shuman, Miss Sabina Zerkle and Miss Lulu Hood, of the graduating class of '05, in which Miss R. graduated with honor. The other members of the class were Lieut. Wilson Denison and Sergt. Major C. L. Hine, of the 157th Regt. Ind. Vol., who could not be present owing to their soldierly duties. Eight young ladies composed the guard of honor, viz., Daisy Reed, Edith Powell, Mary Collins, Madge Jackman, Bertha Kiplinger, Ethel Waterman, Verna Darby and Mrs. Lena Paterson, nee Zimmerman, of Auburn, all intimate friends of the deceased. The pall bearers were Dr. J. E. Graham, R. Wes McBride, J. D. Snyder, Chas. O. Speer, Jesse Feagler and Ray E. Willis. The floral offerings were very beautiful, and many especial designs were presented. The home which had been so beautifully decorated, was redolent with their sweet perfumes, and the casket at the burial was completely covered with flowers, mostly sweet peas the favorite flower of the deceased. Quite a number of relatives and friends from Ft. Wayne, Ligonier, Auburn, Angola, Hudson and other places, besides nearly the entire community from town and country, attended the obsequies and manifested their sympathies in the loss of one they loved.

Thus passes to the great beyond a life only to be known to be loved, and although gone before, her virtues will live in the lives of all who came in contact with her in this community and elsewhere.

Immediately after the sad accident at Crooked Lake messages were sent to Mr. and Mrs. Henry Rempis, parents of the unfortunate young lady, and they arrived at the lake Friday afternoon and remained until Saturday afternoon; also a message was sent to Corporal E. D. Willis at Fernandina, Florida, and he secured a furlough of ten days, arriving home at 12:43 Monday in time for the funeral. Other friends were also advised, and many from this place went to the lake to assist in every possible manner.

CO. I, 157th, PASSES RESOLUTIONS.

CO. I, 157TH. IND. VOL. INF.,
FERNANDINA, FLA., Aug. 12, 1898.

WHEREAS, Word has reached our camp informing us that the almighty and all-wise God has seen fit to take from this world of uncertainties and trials, Miss Lena Rempis, one who was known to many of us, and one who has been especially attached to one of our number, Corporal E. D. Willis, and desiring to extend our sympathy to Corporal Willis and to the family and friends of the deceased, be it

RESOLVED, That we, as a company, hereby extend our heartfelt sympathy to the above, and earnestly pray that they may in their hour of bereavement lean hard on the arm of God remembering that He doeth all things well. And be it further

RESOLVED, That a copy of these resolutions be spread upon the records of the company, a copy to be given to Corporal Willis and a copy to the family thus bereaved.

L. L. DENISON,
Capt. Co. I, 157th Ind. Vol. Inf.
D. W. ROHRBAUGH,
1st.

come only slightly disturbed and not sufficiently rough to capsize the boat, but sufficiently rough to make rowing difficult and dangerous enough to cause the occupants of the boat to use the utmost care. When about half the distance had been compassed, water was discovered to be spurting into the boat at every pull of the oars, and noticing their danger, they sought to pull for the shore at a direct angle, the water having filled one side of the boat to a depth of four or five inches. Seeing the danger in using the oars they attempted to push the boat with their hands in the water, which proved unsuccessful, and in attempting to round towards the shore the boat being too heavy laden with six persons to which the weight of the water in the boat was added, caused the boat to submerge, and finding themselves in the water, all caught on the boat which quickly overturned with such force as to send every one of the occupants under water. Dora seemed to be the only one who preserved her presence of mind, and even with some earnestness demanded that each one should help themselves and hang to the boat, the only hope of saving their

The body of Miss Rempis, who with Leonard Roby was drowned in Crooked lake near Angola, Friday morning, was not recovered until Sunday p. m. The body was located in about twelve feet of water. The remains were taken to Waterloo and funeral services were held yesterday afternoon at the residence of Editor F. W. Willis whose son Edward, Miss Rempis was engaged to marry. The young man is a member of Co. I, 157th Regt. Ind. Vol. and arrived home from Fernandina, yesterday to attend the funeral. The funeral of Leonard Roby was held at Auburn Sunday afternoon. He was a very highly esteemed young man and went to a watery grave in his heroic but unavailing efforts to save Miss Rempis. The affair is one of the saddest we have chronicled in some time. We extend sympathy to the bereaved families and friends.—Kendalville Daily Sun.

lake the writer responded by asking if they wanted help and the motion of their hands told the story more forceful than words, as each one had been using different exclamations. The writer jumped into a boat which chanced to be at the landing, and with best effort pulled out to the vicinity of the accident, the upset boat having by this time floated a considerable distance out in the lake, but when rounding the rushes that projected into the lake between where the accident occurred and the cottage, Dora cried, "Save Josephine, for we can hang to the boat."

CRIED FOR HELP.

Up to this time we had supposed Josephine drowned, but hearing her feeble cry "help," we discovered just a portion of her face above the water and pulled with all speed to her rescue and not being able to discover her body, we reached an oar to her, which she firmly grasped and was pulled to the boat, saved. Not being able to lift her into the boat, she held to the boat and was pulled to shore. All this time she had floated, and the only explanation we can give is that it was God's providence. Leaving her at the shore, where Miss Lilly Shuman assisted her to walk to the cottage, our boat was turned to the lake to rescue those clinging to the boat, but fortunately our daughter, Mrs. Hornaday, who was at the cottage, went to Judge Roby's boat house and securing another boat, rowed with superhuman strength and reached the capsized boat and safely took the three on board before we could reach them and, our attention was devoted to

ered the body, and Messrs. Marvin, Org Cross, J. S. McDougal, of Pleasant Lake, proceeded to drag the water at the point where divers thought they discovered some light colored object, and at the second trip one hook caught around the young lady's wrist of the left hand by her bracelet. This arm was over her head as she reclined on her back in about twenty-five feet of water. It is claimed that the hook which secured the body had been successfully used in several other similar cases. In all probability the two bodies went down together, but the fact that Young Roby's body had been dragged a long distance from where it went down, before it was taken in the boat, confused the searchers and they lost the location of the drowning, and hence the long delay in rescuing the body of Miss R. Lawyers, doctors, business men and farmers left their employment and did everything that sympathetic hearts could devise to comfort and help during the trying hours. Undertaker Wm. Ettinger of Waterloo, assisted by Undertaker Weicht of Angola, took charge of the remains and arrived at Waterloo a few minutes before 9 o'clock Sunday evening. The remains were taken to the residence of F. W. Willis, where the young lady had been making her home and from which place the funeral occurred at 1:30 p. m. Monday. The ob-

A LARGE FUNERAL.

sequies were attended by more than a thousand people. The services were under the direction of Rev. S. H. Yager pastor of the U. B. church, of which Miss R., was a beloved and honored

Father Andrew's Farewell.

Ottawa Jan. 12th 1895.

The last part of the fourth verse of Heb. 11 suggests the idea of speaking after ones death and for this cause I write the following,

FAREWELL ADDRESS

To be read by my children and brothers and sisters in Christ after my death which must soon take place. And first My dear children whom I love I desire most of all that you be and remain true to yourself and to the Lord Jesus Christ while you live in this world cultivate His spirit daily. Let nothing lead you off from this, for eternal consequences depend on your faithfulness in this. Dearly beloved children make sure work for eternal life. I want to meet you all above. To the dear brethren and sisters in Christ both in Kendallville Indiana and in Ottawa Kansas I have learned to love you and have had many joyful times with you in serving God with you in His house. Dear precious ones while I may say FAREWELL for a short time yet I am comforted with the thought that soon we will all be at Home at our dear Father's house above never more to part. Bless God, Let me exhort you in all kindness and love to be faithful to the Lord Jesus Christ, to cultivate His spirit, to do his work and not man's, knowing that He is our Divine teacher and has taught us all that is essential for our salvation and christian perfection. To my two unfortunate brothers* in the flesh I must in grief for your condition say farewell. To my only living sister in the flesh and in Christ in view of all you have done for me and my dear wife it seems as though I cannot say to you Farewell, good-bye, even for this world. And now comes the worst of all to say to my dear friend Farewell forever. Oh can I say it? Must I say it? May God forbid that it shall be final. Oh sinner friend come home do not come home to our Father above, for one am perfectly satisfied with Divine teaching in all things religiously, there is nothing lacking, there was no man could supply a deficiency. Let no man attempt it

Now my friends whom I dearly love I want to meet you all above, Where death nor sorrow never come But to be forever at home.

My only sister I want you there And children and friends everywhere My poor heart goes after you all O, do be ready for the call.

The Lord desires that we be blessed And from our toils to be at rest, So let us this rich boon receive And gladly accept it and live.

All I have said is for your good To help you on your way to God, And being now not very well I say to all Farewell Farewell.

My eyes being now very poor You will expect now no more.

CHARLES ANDREWS

Charles Andrews was born April first 1815 in Stillwater Saratoga County N.Y.

Died,

In Memoriam.

Mrs. Laura Thomson of the Cedar Lake neighborhood was found dead in her bed by her son Jay, on the morning of July 4th. She was alive some time after eleven o'clock Friday night, but the indications were that she had been dead for some time when she was found. She had been seriously ill early in the spring but had recovered her health, and her passing away was a shock to her family and friends. She had been subject to convulsions for a long time and no doubt her death can be traced to that trouble

The funeral services were held at the home Monday afternoon. The Thomson and Farrington families are old families in DeKalb county and they gathered in large numbers to show their last respects for the dead.

The services were conducted by Rev. Cummings of the Christian church at Ashley who preached a very impressive discourse. Mrs. Mary Misker of Waterloo, sang. The pall-bearers were nephews of the deceased. The remains were laid away in the Cedar Lake cemetery. Undertaker Dilgard, of Auburn, had charge of the funeral arrangements.

The deceased had resided in Waterloo for many years and large numbers of her friends and neighbors went from here to the funeral.

OBITUARY.

Laura A, daughter of Wellington M., and Fesa A. Farrington, was born in Smithfield township, DeKalb county, Feb. 2, 1856, and died at her birthplace, July 4, 1908, aged 52 years, 5 months and 2 days.

She was united in marriage March 15, 1877 to Frances E. Thomson and to this union were born five sons and one daughter, Roger C., Guy S., Frances E., Jay C., Anna T., Benjamin S. All of whom survive together with her aged mother and brother, A. E. Farrington of Corunna. Three brothers preceeded her. She leaves many friends to mourn her loss. With the exception of three years at New Carlisle she resided in and near Waterloo all her life. Deceased was baptised and united with the Church of Christ at Cedar Lake Feb. 9, 1868, and lived a faithful christian life until called home to her reward.

Although her sickness was of several years duration and she suffered much pain she bore it all with christian patience and fortitude. She was kindly cared for by her children and friends. She was a devoted mother to her family and a faithful friend to all who knew her.

Farewell, dear children I'm going home.

My work on earth is done.

I've fought the fight, I've kept the faith,

The victory I have won.

I know that my Redeemer lives And he will guide me through The night of death, and you dear children,

He'll help and comfort too.

He has blessed us in years gone by, And now he will not cease

To give the blessings we most need And fill our hearts with peace,

I'll meet the friends on earth no more

But tell them, children, for me

That we shall not be parted long— They soon will follow me.

Yes, tell them I am going home, Where all is fair and true;

And that I'll watch and wait for them And children I'll watch for you.

And now farewell, I bid adieu Till in that happy land

We all shall meet to part no more, One happy, happy band.

HICKORY NUTTING.

The best time in the year for boys is when
it's hickory nuttin';
There's been a frost an' all the hulls is
openin' an' shuttin'.

An' winkin' at the squirrels that just
jump round an' chatter.
An' scoots about a mile away when
"blorp," a big nut clatters.
Us boys is glad on Saturdays—we're off
of all our studies;
I wouldn't trade my fun that day for
yours or anybody's!

You got a good two-bushel sack an' sling
it on your shoulder.
An' wear your mittens an' your scarf—ma
says it will get colder—
An' then you strike out on the pike until
you cross the river—
We use to go in swimmin' there. Ooh!
Makes a fellow shiver!
It doesn't take a minute
Until you see a shaggy tree, an' then
you're in it!

The shaggy tree's the shellbark kind;
there ain't a nut that beats it.
I don't care where you get it at, nor when
a fellow eats it.
But butternuts is purty good; it ain't so
hard to shake 'em.

So purty soon you get your sack filled
plumb up to the middle.
An' when you shake it there's a tune
that's better than a fiddle.

You don't go home the way you come;
you cut across by Tucker's,
strike a red poplomon tree, an' fill
your lips with puckers;
An' mebbe there's some dried-up grapes—
the wild kind—still a-clingin'
Upon the frost-bit vines along the river
banks a-swingin'!

But then you haf to climb a fence; that
sack sets you a-roelin';
It bumps you in the back, an' where you
have a hungry feelin'!

So you start home crost the farms, the
weeds an' stubble crackin'
You playin' you're a injun, an' that it's a
bear you're trackin'!

Afore you know how late it is: the edge o'
town you've sighted.
An' got all empty inside when you see
the street lamps lighted.
You never feel that heavy sack when you
walk home a-struttin'—
The best time in the year for boys is when
it's hickory nuttin'!

—From The Trail to Boyland. Copyright,
Bobbs-Merrill Company..

THE SEVEN SLEEPERS.

Curly-headed Baby Tom
Slept in cozy blankets warm,
In his crib.

Boss-o'-Lincoln—oh, so wise!
Goes to sleep 'neath sunny skies,
Mid the leaves.

Mr. Bruin, night and day,
Snoots all his time away,
In his cave.

Squirrel—red, with nuts—a store!
In hollow tree-trunk loves to snore,
In the wood.

Mrs. Woodchuck 'neath some knoll.

THE FISHERMAN.

The wind whistles shrill, the glass is
still falling;
The skies are dark with the unshed
snow;
Far out in the harbor the gulls are call-
ing;
Out in the bay you can hear them call-
ing;
Cast her adrift, up mainsail and go.

With the kiss of our dearest,
Our best loved and nearest
Still fresh on our lips,
We must sail, must sail,
For the fish must be caught;
We may tarry for naught,
So out and away in the teeth of the
gale.

Down past the wharves we are silently
gliding
Down past the islands and into the bay,
Down past the steamers at anchor riding,
Huge floating freighters in safety riding,
Out in the fume, the fret, and the
spray,

For when fish can be taken,
All must be forsaken,
No matter who calls,
We must sail, must sail,
Though the wife be a-sighing
And the children a-crying,
We must earn our bread in the teeth
of the gale.

Though the ropes be stiff, and the sleet
be stinging,
What matter it, if the fish bite free,
For deep in our hearts we can hear
a-singing
Yea! well-loved, voices we hear a-singing
Welcome home from the gale and the
sea.

For again to our dearest,
Best-loved and nearest,
With the wind astern
We shall sail, shall sail,
When the fish are all caught,
We shall tarry for naught,
But up and away from the teeth of the
gale.

Drowns in her bed—a hole!
Deep in earth.

Floweret bulbs nestled together,
Dose all through the wintry weather,
'Neath the snow.

In the chrysalis hard by,
Dreams the sometime butterfly,
In corner hid.

Oh, what heads! So very queer!
Yet to each one just as dear;
As yours to yot!

—From Barefoot Time.
Copyright by Adelbert F. Caldwell.

IN THE LAND OF DREAMS

Baby has gone to the land of dreams!
Hush, or you'll wake him! How still it seems
Carefully shut the bedroom door,
Noiselessly tiptoe across the floor.
See how sweet he looks as he lies,
With fringed lids shutting the dark brown eyes
One pink palm pressing the dimpled cheek
And his red lips parted as if to speak.

Yonder, in the low rocking-chair,
Is a broken plaything—he left it there;
And there in the corner beside the door
Lies a motley heap of many more—
Jack-knife, picture-book, marbles, ball,
Tail-less monkey and headless doll
And new bright pennies, his special joy,
By the father hoarded to please his boy.

There lie his shoes on the kitchen floor,
That all day long they have pattered o'er—
Battered and chabby, short and wide,
Worn at the toe and cracked at the side,
And there hangs the little dress he wore,
Scarlet flannel, and nothing more,
But there clings about it a nameless charm,
For the sleeves are creased by his dimpled arm.

Dear little feet, that are now so still,
Will you ever walk in the paths of ill?
Rosebud lips, will you ever part,
Bringing pain to a mother's heart?
Keep, O Father, that baby brow
Ever as pure from stain as now;
Lead him through life by Thy guiding hand,
Safely into the better land!

BROTHER'S TROUBLES.

Is there any place in this world,
For a boy, I'd like to know?
Place for him to use a hammer,
Place to pound and yell and throw?

I am what you'd call a baby—
Anyhow they treat me so;
But I have some thoughts and feelings
Of an older boy, you know.

People say I am not pretty,
But my sister is, of course,
I have been so very troubled
By such insults from that source.

Sister looks at pretty pictures,
I come up to try and look;
She says, "O, you naughty brother,
You will tear my pretty book."

I took up her earthen dolly;
"I'll teach you to mind," I said.
Sis, in desperation grabbed her,
"O, you'll break my dolly's head."

I picked up dear papa's hammer,
Mamma took it with an "Oh!"
"You'll knock off all the plaster
If I let you hammer so."

Sometimes when the ground is muddy,
Sister goes outside to play;
I go also, but they catch me—
"You'll take cold this rainy day."

O, I'm getting tired of living
In this quiet sort of way,
When will I grow up like sister
So you'll let me out to play?

No one thinks I'm nice but grandma,
I think I'll go to her and stay;
Then I'll yell and climb and hammer
Play with balls and run all day.
—Baby Harold Garner

CHICKIE, BIDDIE

BY NELLIE HALL

On a bright, warm day in summer,
Out in front of that old shed,
When the hens and little chickens
Gather round there to be fed,
Then a happy little maiden,
Only two or three years old,
Scampers in among the biddies,
With a dish of corn, so bold.

Happy, happy little maiden,
Innocent of any wrong!
Who could help but love her dearly?
Happy, happy all day long.
Hear her call now "Biddie, Biddie,
Chickie, Biddie, can't you hear?
Eat your breakfast, pretty Biddie,
Chickie, Biddie, Biddie dear."

Dish upset the corn is scattered,
While the biddies eat their fill,
Little miss, her bonnet hanging,
Brookes one here and there at will.
All so tame they do not fear her,
In her arms she holds one tight.
Not a flutter, not a struggle,
She is such a little mite.

Later on, from out the wood-shed
Creeps old Tabby-cat so slow,
With her kittens, four in number,
Fearing nothing, they go.
Little miss has spied the kitties,
In her apron, one, two, three.
"Yes, there's room for just another!
Pretty kitties! Come to me!"

A SONG FOR FOURTH OF JULY

Air—"Red, White and Blue."

Wake the song to the nation's defenders,
The years of prosperity glow;
The natal-day welcome that renders
The love that to valor we owe;
Wake the song where our fathers, undaunt
Proclaimed, when the nation was new,
That their ensign for Liberty planted
Should be to the Right ever true!

CHORUS:

To the Right, to the Right ever true,
To the Right, to the Right ever true,
The ensign for Liberty planted
Should be to the Right ever true.

When the Red Cross of England contended
With the Lilies of France in their might,
Our fathers arose and defended
For freedom the cause of the Right;
Then dared they the sceptre to sever;
Wake the Right, the far forest ways trod,
And templed the fair hills, wherever
Their faces were lifted to God.

CHORUS.

The banners of tyranny faded,
The Red Cross and Lilies of Gold,
And the folds no oppression had shaded—
The stars of the empire—unrolled!
And they pledged it, these heroes victorious,
As on Liberty's breeze it unfurled,
To the birthright of man, ever glorious,
And to freemen, the Kings of the world.

CHORUS.

Again at this altar that binds us,
The faith of the past we'll renew,—
Two hundred years fading behind us,
A thousand years rising to view.
And as long as the fair constellations
Shall lighten the heavens with gold,
Shall the banner of Right be the nation's
And ever for Right be unfurled!

CHORUS.



"Crown" Pianos, Organs &c.

GEORGE BENT,
Manufacturer, Chicago.

What Do These Words Signify?

EMILY S. BOUTON

"Let others frame their creeds, mine is to work;
To do my best, however far it fall
Below the keener craft of stronger hands."

—Sharlot M. Hall.

Work! Rest!

These are two most common but much abused words—abused because only a one-sided view is apt to be taken of either. At present there is a decided prejudice against work, even though it is frankly acknowledged to be a blessing and its praises are sung in varied measure. In reality, if the old saw that actions speak louder than words, be true, it is regarded as an evil to be escaped from as soon as possible. For the most part it is looked upon as one of those necessities in which is concealed no pleasure but much vexation and weariness of spirit. The brightest vision, the sweetest dream of the majority is of a time when there shall be for them no more need of work and life shall become one long, golden day of rest.

This is a false, a distorted view which it were well to be rid of. A truth was well put by a German writer recently who said: "So long as the disinclination to work is so common an evil, indeed almost a disease of modern civilization, so long as every one as soon as possible endeavors to escape from the work which he theoretically praises, there is absolutely no hope for any bettering of our social conditions."

And why not? Simply because anything looked upon as something to be escaped from if possible, is degraded. The taint of this thought pervades the social world, and gives a touch of bitterness to the lives of many people who fail to glimpse the true meaning of this test of their character.

Of course it ought not to be so. In nine cases out of ten the only difference between those who must work and those who need not, lies, not in any present intrinsic superiority of effort or character. In the one class over the other, but in what men wrongly call fate or chance. The disgrace of the work, too, seems to be in the receiving of stated wages.

All this would be ineffectually silly and not worth considering were it not for the injury it is doing, the resentment produced towards what is the safeguard of humanity. Nature sets the example. There is not a single moment when her great heart is not steadily beating in rhythm with the work she is accomplishing. Everything beautiful, majestic, sublime, useful, that man finds ready to his hand, has come from the unceasing labor of ages. What right have we then to regard work with either scorn or dislike?

We have none. Let us change our thought for in that lies the remedy. In work is happiness, if we put into it what rightfully belongs there—the desire to do well what is made our duty, and love for that duty. And we may go farther and see something beside that. It is the power that rests in each one of us of accomplishment, a power that has almost no limit, if we did not place one upon it ourselves.

"Let others frame their creeds, mine is to work;

To do my best, however far it falls
Below the keener craft of stronger hands;
To be myself, full hearted, free, and true
To what my own soul sees, below, above;
To think my own thought straight out
From the heart;
To feel and be, and never stop to ask:
Do all men so? Is it the world's highway?"

To look unflinching in the face of life
As eagles look upon the noonday sun;
To cut my own path through primeval woods;

To lay my own course by the polar star
Across the trackless plains and mountains vast;
To seek, not follow, ever to the end."

Here is the highest conception of a life given to work such as is demanded for the individual good; to work that is done boldly, bravely, with no regard to what others may say or think; to work in which there is keen desire for perfect accomplishment; to work which in men's eyes may seem humble, but over which shines the polar star of a high resolve to give

spend their days in what they deem a wearisome necessity, and then work far into the night at something in which lies a desire of creative fulfillment. The difference comes from the thought.

And here we have the whole secret. This wonderful power of thought is the master of all our experiences. It may divest our work of its drudgery; it may bring rest from what is greater activity. A man driven by necessity to work many over-hours until he threatened to break down under the strain, suddenly seemed to take on a new lease of life under the same conditions. When questioned about it, he replied:

"I found I was breaking down and needed a rest, but I couldn't take one so I made an experiment. I suppose you will laugh when I tell you what it was, but it succeeded. If I found myself getting tired I went to thinking of the old farm where I lived when a boy, of the apple orchard, and the garden in which I helped mother plant seeds, and the green grass with the sunshine on it. Sometimes I'd find myself smiling over the memory of the mischief we boys used to play, and the fun we had. In that way I managed to forget that I was working over-hours and was almost tired to death."

Somebody has said that the happiest workmen are those who absolutely lose themselves in their work. It may be added that when this is done, the need of what is called "rest" largely disappears, for work and rest become the blessed complements of each other. Too lose oneself, however, something must be put into the effort that is above and beyond the mere desire to win wages, to earn money. There must be in it some glimpse of the truth that it is a vital part of one's own character growth, an opportunity to advance along the path of humanity's highest ideal.

We are told—that all these festivals originally had to do with the sun, but when the esoteric meaning is reached, the chance that connected them with Christian observance was a happy one. The sun is the source of the light and heat that vivifies the physical world, but it is also the symbol of the Light that is eternal, in which is no shadow of change, no hint of fading. It was only ignorance and love of the material that turned the hearts of the people from the spirit to the letter. Just as, alas! today, the Christmas time is becoming the mere season of giving and taking while the thought of what it stands for, its inner meaning, is passing away.

From these old festivals, too, came the use of the green things to make the homes and places of worship beautiful. The people believed that in them lived the spirits of the woods, the power of living growth that kept them green when all else had yielded to the embrace of the ice king, and taken upon themselves the semblance, if not the reality, of death. The ancient Druids, whose places of worship were in the great forests, those wonderful natural temples, declared them peopled by sylvan spirits. These dwelt in the holly, the mistletoe, the fir, and the laurel, lovingly protecting them in the winter from the chilling frosts that so cruelly enwrapped their neighbors. Into the dwelling of the people were carried branches; in the faith that this spirit of life went with them there, and would exercise protecting care over the inmates. And so came this pretty custom that brightens our homes and churches at the Christmas season with these beautiful emblems of life and good cheer.

Both the season and the method of observance, however, mean little beside the deep inner significance of that for which they stand. This is not the life of Jesus the man, but the teachings of Jesus the Christ, and they are what matter most to humanity today. In the story of the Nazarene is shadowed forth the whole evolutionary law, the law through which we are to gain the life eternal.

Let me quote from Stanton Kirkham Davis in his thought of the World-Messias given in the current Mind:

"The simple fact as it appears to the rational consciousness was the appearance of a man gifted with a perception of the Soul; a man of heart and vision, who saw that Love was the substance of life—was life itself. The world attributes that almost fabled influence



INTO the glory of Christmas dawn.
With a lily for love and a rose for song,
We send you greeting and gladness and flowers;
We commend you to all the heavenly powers.

Keynotes of Harmony

Wednesday.

Today is your day and mine, the only day we have, the day in which we play our part. What our part may signify in the great whole, we may not understand, but we are here to play it and now is our time. This we know; it is a part of action, not of whining. It is a part of love, not cynicism.

Thursday.

Be not deceived—the significance of his world-message is to be read in the philosophy of Jesus as expressed in his life and conduct. I grant you he rose from the dead. It is that resurrection that concerns us most. Today I would rise from my dead thoughts and live a divine life.

Friday.

Surely it is not so much our concern how long we may live as how we shall live. Above all, let us live well, as becomes men, amply nourished from the abundant

source of Truth.

Saturday.

In that day that I have made friends with myself, made no apologies, thought no unkind thoughts, kept myself open to the divine influences, lived free and unfettered—in that day I shall be at peace.

Sunday.

Early in his ministry Jesus plainly and sweetly taught the tolling fisherfolk whom he had gathered about him the necessity of "living the life" day by day, free from anxious thought about tomorrow.

Monday.

If we are passing through what seems to be a wilderness let us go to work and fertilize a garden in the sand.

Tuesday.

Be not content with living other people's thoughts. Let thine own life have an individuality all its own.

Hail To the Spirit Of The Christmas Green

EMILY S. BOUTON

"And I will arise and rejoice today.
In the world's glad loving and giving.
And will sing a song in my heart all day
For the untold richness of living."

A white world without and a green world within; the mistletoe swinging low and the holly wreaths in their shining glory hanging in pretty festoons from every point of vantage; the laurel over the hearthstone and the fir tree in the corner,—all speaking of life and love and joy.

This is the picture of many homes here and over the sea, where the Christmas symbols, clothed in green, fresh, and unwithered and beautiful, tell the story of Christmas rejoicing. They speak of the hope that is undying, of a life that persists in the midst of the frosts and snows of age and pain and disappointment. They recall to the thought the story of Jesus of Nazareth; of the Man of Sorrows who led the way our feet must tread in order to reach the land of our longing. And then, withal, glad Christmas bells are ringing.

The Christian world is Christmas carols singing.

In the midst of this joy comes sometimes the thought of whether in the long past there have not been those who, before the coming of the dear Christ nineteen hundred years ago, used the symbols so vital with meaning to us, saw "the spirit of the green," and held festivals of rejoicing over the truth that there is a regenerative power which makes the spiritually dead alive again.

It does not take away from the beauty and glory of the Christmas tide to learn that long before the shepherds followed the shining star to Bethlehem, the 25th of December was significant to an imaginative people of the deeper things of life. In Persia the god of the sun or fire-worship, had his nativity at that time. The Hindu cosmology declares that Krishna, "the Illuminated One," who lived five thousand years before Christ, had his birth at that season of the year, and singular as it may seem, modern archaeology shows that this was the nativity of the "central mythologic personages of all nations." And it is no doubt true that the early Christian fathers took the holidays of the pagans and converted them to the use of the church, displacing only the objects of worship

was possible for him was possible for all, that to identify ourselves with the One is the object of existence in the body. And so we may well believe that immortality is not impossible—since he in whom the Divine Man was awakened has told us so—because of the divinity which sleeps in us all. He, the Christ, has given battle to every sin, to every sorrow, to every natural terror, and conquered.

The Christmas tide then is rightfully a season of love, of hope, of promise. Well may joy bells ring, proclaiming peace on earth, and good will to men, since, reading the world-message of the day aright, we learn of the existence of a larger, fuller life into which we may grow, in which the "wings of freedom" are unfolded, and where progress is perpetual. It depends upon ourselves, our own thinking—for thought molds the future—our own way of living.

Make the Christmas radiant with hope. Look lovingly upon the Christmas green rejoicing in the never ending growth which it symbolizes, and bring its spirit into this day and into all the days of the coming year.

One's best to its doing; to work, in short, which insures the return by each man and each woman into the world's garnered treasury as much as each takes out. Governed by this conception and there would be no ennobled idle-rich, no work-hating, rebellious poor.

Opposed to work even to that into which is put the highest and best effort of the worker, comes the idea of rest. Not that in reality there should be opposition. Nor is there only through misconception.

Rest! Bliss unspeakable to the weary, work-laden, and sorrowful!

Did you ever think how narrow is the meaning usually given to that word? Complete cessation from action comprehends the whole. And yet many have proved that rest may have an entirely different signification. It may mean even greater activity of mind and body but it "rests" because in it is a greater joy of attainment. We or

to the man, but it is to be explained only by the force of the message. * * * It was the impersonal voice of Love speaking ever to the world, as constant as the sun on the shore."

You see what he means. Jesus voiced a universal law that is eternally true. It concerns the potentiality for growth in higher conditions for each, and ever of us. It constantly admonishes

Keynotes of Harmony

WEDNESDAY.

The greater beareth, with the lesser, love:
So it may raise it unto easier heights.

THURSDAY

Not disparagement or slander kills the
spirit of the brave,
Flung a torch down, upward ever burns
the brilliant flame it gave.

FRIDAY.

We are they who will not take
From palace, priest, or code,
A meaner Law than "Brotherhood,"
A lower Law than God.

SATURDAY.

Only be ye gentle-hearted,
Beauty rich and wisdom rare.

From a gentle spirit parted,
"Earneth hate and causeth care.

SUNDAY.

When a man's duty looks like an enemy,
dragging him into the dark mountains,
he has no less to go with it than when
like a friend with loving face, it offers
to lead him along green pastures by the
river side.

MONDAY.

The joyless days of life were born
The joyful ones to bring.

TUESDAY.

A governed heart, thinking no thought
but good,
Makes crowded houses holy solitude.
—Edwin Arnold.

A Subtle Temptation and Mistaken Duty!

EMILY S. BOUTON.

"Why do you do that?"
"Because it is expected."
"Who expects it?"
"My family and all of my friends.
Should I venture to assert myself by tak-
ing a course diametrically opposed to
what they believe is best, do you know
what would be the consequence? Every-
body would think I had suddenly be-
come stubborn and wilful, perhaps un-
kind and selfish. I have always yielded
my own wishes, and imagine I shall
have to do so to the end because I really
have not the spirit to withstand the
pressure of disapproval that would re-
sult from any change in my methods."

"But this is so important. It means
so much in the way of better health and
larger opportunities. It will furnish you
with just what you have been wishing
for, and what you need. For all of
these years every energy has been given
to your home duties. You have literally
starved yourself in the way of the
things which would afford you enjoyment
or minister to your sense of the
beautiful. And now today—"

"Today I am old before my time,
shrink from society, wear old clothes
that my girls may dress in fine array,
now little because I have no part in it,
what is going on in the great world,
short, am what they call a back num-
ber. I understand it all, but it is now too
late to remedy the mistakes of the past
by beginning over again. I am too far
behind the procession, ever to be able to
catch up to those I would like to march
with."

The speaker's friend look at her with a
glint of determination in her eyes. After
a moment she said slowly:

"I was thinking while you talked, of
what you were in the old days when we
were schoolmates together. You were
one of the brightest, prettiest, merriest
girls in the whole crowd, and full of won-
derful dreams of what you were going to
make of your future. You had will
enough in those times, and courage, and
resolution. Now you seem to have none
of them left. You are not living your
own life, but the life of others. You are
not the woman that you ought to be in
any sense of the word, not the woman
you can be even yet if you will only see
the possibilities and take action. This is
plain speaking, but it is truth."

"Let me tell you what I think is the
trouble," she resumed, after a moment's
silence; "your spirit of self-sacrifice is
entirely too strong. You have been so
afraid of being in the least degree selfish,
that you have ruthlessly neglected and
destroyed some of the most beautiful po-
tentialities of your nature. In an un-
serving and loving devotion to the
thoughtless desires and exactions of
those around you, you have denied to
your intellectual and spiritual being op-
portunities for the growth necessary to
self-fulfillment. You have done
great wrong both to yourself and
to those you were trying to benefit."

right to yield the gift. To minister to the
selfishness of others is as great a sin as
self-indulgence, and even greater, because
it so often wears the garb of a virtue.
I do not mean by this that the uncomplai-
ning, self-effacing soul is masquerading,
but simply that it has accepted limitation
by its own misconception of duty.

These words are not intended to en-
courage selfishness. I only desire to arouse
a sense of responsibility in those who find
it easier to yield God's opportunities for
growth offered to them, under the delu-
sion that they are thus carrying out His
purpose, than to resist either love's pres-
sure or the expectancy of habit. There is
no more, subtle temptation in the world
than this one of mistaken duty.

"Every word you say is the truth," was
the deponent reply. "But I thought I
was doing right. I believe self-sacrifice
to be my duty. I wanted my family to
be happy whatever the cost might be to
myself. And yet, perhaps, I have made
a mistake. My children love me because
I minister to their comfort, but I often
feel indeed I know they neither re-
spect my opinions nor my presence. In
my own judgment I am a failure."

The shuttle of conversation continued
to move back and forth between the two
women whose words I have quoted. What
they said further is of importance only
because it pictures a condition not un-
common yet, though perhaps becoming
less frequent, because of the broader out-
look mothers are taking through the in-
fluence of Women's clubs.

"I hope I shall not be misunderstood
when I say that these conditions are often
the fruit of a thoughtless or ignorant mis-
apprehension of what constitutes true
self-denial, the self-denial which is a
large part of the teaching of the Great
Master. It does not mean a continual
yielding up of the hopes, the desires, the
ideals of any one individual to the spoken
or unspoken demands of others, no
matter how close and tender is the rela-
tion. It is a false conception of duty
which makes habitual a self-sacrifice that
finally becomes self-effacement. No hu-
man being has a right to thus limit and
dwarf his or her own possibilities for
growth into a larger life and greater
power for good, in order to gratify what
is often a desire for sensuous pleasures
that are frequently questionable in ef-
fect."

(Children are sometimes blamed for a
selfishness towards parents which is
really the fruit of un wisdom in their
early training. "He has never been
taught the value of a dollar," was the
remark I heard the other day regarding
the extravagance of a youth whose father
and mother were denying themselves of
all pleasures in order to supply the means
for this lavish expenditure. The day is
sure to come when these same parents
will become conscious that their self-
denial has prevented the right develop-
ment of their son into a useful life, with-
out in any way bringing to them in their
own character added worth having.)

Remember, I am not decrying self-de-
nial, nor the beauty of parental love and
devotion. It is only that excess of all
without consideration of its effect upon
others, and which is a hindrance to the
self-fulfillment of those who indulge in it,
that I am speaking of. There is little
merit in the continual yielding of the in-
dividuality because it is expected or de-
manded. The willingness to give does not
pre-suppose the right to ask, neither the

Wednesday.

There are nettles everywhere, but
smooth, green grasses are more common
still. The blue of heaven is larger than
the cloud.

Thursday.

The less of self and self-will there is in
anything we do, the better. You must
not amuse yourself with going from side
to side, when duty calls you straight on;
nor make difficulties, when the real thing
is to get over them.

Friday.

Remember that your work comes only
moment by moment, and as surely as
God calls you to work, He gives the
strength to do it.

Saturday.

He is happy whose circumstances suit
his temper; but he is more excellent who
can suit his temper to his circumstances.

Sunday.

God would never send you the dark-
ness, if He felt you could bear the light.

Monday.

The invisible hearts of flowers grow ripe
for blossoming!
And the lives that look so cold, if their
stories could be told,
Would seem cast in gentler mould, would
seem full of love and spring.

Tuesday.

Self-interest is but the revival of the
animal in us. Humanity only begins for
man with self-surrender.

In the Pleasant Land Of Make-Believe.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

"It is well to wander sometimes in the
land of Make-Believe.
Through its ever-smiling gardens, where
the heart may cease to grieve,
Where the beds are gay with roses and
the paths are paved with gold,
And our hopes like soaring songsters,
their mercurial wings unfold.
Let us all be little children for awhile
and make our way
Through the sweet and sunny meadow
land of Make-Believe today."

I know there are many people who do
not believe in wandering through these
"sweet and sunny meadow lands," lest
the contrast to the hard, stern realities
of life unfit them for their every day
duties. In truth, it does nothing of the
kind. It keeps the mind from dwelling
upon the discomforts, the trials, the per-
plexities, which beset the ordinary man
and woman day by day, and this pre-
vents their growing into a mountain of
obstruction.

If the imagination can create beautiful
surroundings out of those which are
grim and prosaic, misfortunes lose for a
time their bitterness, and Hope begins
again her song for the future. This is
far better than to let grisly Fear take
possession and point out the ugliness of
the present, whispering the while that
life has nothing better to offer. It is
false. Life has always a glorious "some-
time," if we open our eyes to see. There
is this to remember—the land of Make-
Believe may become the land of the true,
in those advancing years which are, for
aught we know, full of splendid possi-
bilities to be brought within our reach. It
is because doubt and fear are never found
in those "ever smiling gardens" that it is
well to wander there whenever the mind
can safely be released from the grip of
present duty. The glory and the beauty
of the Make-Believe brings sunshine to
the heart and builds up strength for the
hour when strength is needed.

You believe in being practical? So do
I. Only we differ in our idea of what
that consists. To get the greatest joy
out of life—and to do this every energy
must be concentrated first and foremost
to the fulfilment of duty—is in my belief
to be in the highest degree practical. It
does not demand that we shall set our
teeth and hold constantly in view all in
our lot that is hard and unpleasant. It
does not require that we shall dandle our
skeletons, if we have them, habitually
before ourselves and the public. It does
not compel us to turn away from the
radiant visions with which hope glids
the coming years. The joy of anticipa-
tion is often infinitely greater than that
which comes from realization, but even
if that be so, we have had something of
which we cannot be robbed. Nothing
can take away the pleasure of those
hours when fancy was building the image
of pleasure on its way.

Cultivate the glorious gift of imagina-
tion. Wander in the happy land of
Make-Believe, where pain and sorrow
are forgotten, whenever it is possible.
Revel in its soft airs, its golden-blue
skies, its fragrant flowers to the heart's
content. Its glory and its beauty are
what should be ours always to dwell in
instead of lingering in the grime and the
smoke and the sordid atmosphere of
what the world calls "practical things."

I do not forget that the life we see
around us is full of contradictions, of dif-

single arm, held it back; but now it rose
like the upbuilding of a colossal billow. It
towered toward, hung poised for an in-
stant, and then, with a thunder as of the
grind and crash of chaotic worlds, broke
upon him, burst through the Pit, and
raced past him, on and on to the eastward
and to the hungry nations.

To feel to the utmost the thrill of this
wonderful word-picturing one needs to
know its whole setting, and yet even here
is shown the power of the writer's imagi-
nation. And no one can doubt but he
saw, he lived, these scenes. They be-
came a part of his very life.

Realizing thus the power of this "gift
of the gods," and it is easy to see how
large a part it may be made to play in
bringing either joy or sorrow into the life.
We can dwell in the joys of a beauti-
ful "land of Make-Believe," or linger al-
ways in the shadows which ever start
out into sight if looked for.

"One saith: Look not abroad—beware!
Make fast the door with bolt and chain;
There's venom in the early air,
And sighs of dawn will turn the brain."

Another saith: I see the gold
Of a new day all up the sky;
We stifle in the murky mould,
Of this low chamber where we lie."

It comes to this—the poet's land of
Make-Believe is really the thought-at-
mosphere in which we dwell, and which
we create for ourselves. It means that
we are to persistently look for light and
beauty even in the midst of darkness, and
and by they will appear. Too often
"we will not see God's beauty in the
world," but build up troubles to hide it.
A strong exertion of will power is neces-
sary to dislodge Fear with its child
Worry, and replace them with Hope and
Courage, but it can be done, with a re-
sult to be infinitely desired. Try it and
see. Invite imagination to paint pictures
of "may-be" for you and resolve to
make them real, remembering, however,
that the only safe road to the pleasant
land of Make-Believe lies through the
duty of the present hour.

facilities, of sorrow, of suffering. I also
remember that these are opportunities
for character-growth, stepping stones to
higher things. They challenge the
strength and by testing it, bring its in-
crease. They teach the necessity of will,
of using its power to work out of un-
toward conditions. Yet in the midst of
the struggle to solve such problems,
there is always the backward glow of a
future full of promise, to give us light in
"the land of Make-Believe."

This power of imagination is the gift
of the gods and never to be despised.
We measure the genius of the poet, and
the novelist by the vividness and realism
of the pictures which they make. These
stay with us and give us pleasure or
pain, according to the character of the
land of Make-Believe through which they
have wandered. It is the first if their
feet strayed in the ever-smiling gardens,
where "the beds were gay with roses."
It is the last if they toyed continually in
the mud and the mire of human sins and
passions.

No stronger instance of this controlling
power of the imagination can be given
than that afforded in the powerful story
of The Pit, by Frank Norris. It seizes
you; it possesses you; you cannot get
away from his pictures. You see great
rivers of wheat pouring an irresistible
torrent towards The Pit, which is the
floor of the Board of Trade rooms in Chi-
cago. You watch what seems a swirling
mass of frenzied men tossed by some un-
known but giant force until it grows into
a terrible reality. Take these few sen-
tences, for instance, describing a crucial
moment that came to one who had con-
trolled the market:

And the avalanche, the undiked Ocean
of the wheat, leaping to the lash of the
hurricane, struck him fairly in the face.
He heard it now, he heard nothing else.
The wheat had broken from his control.
For months he had, by the might of his

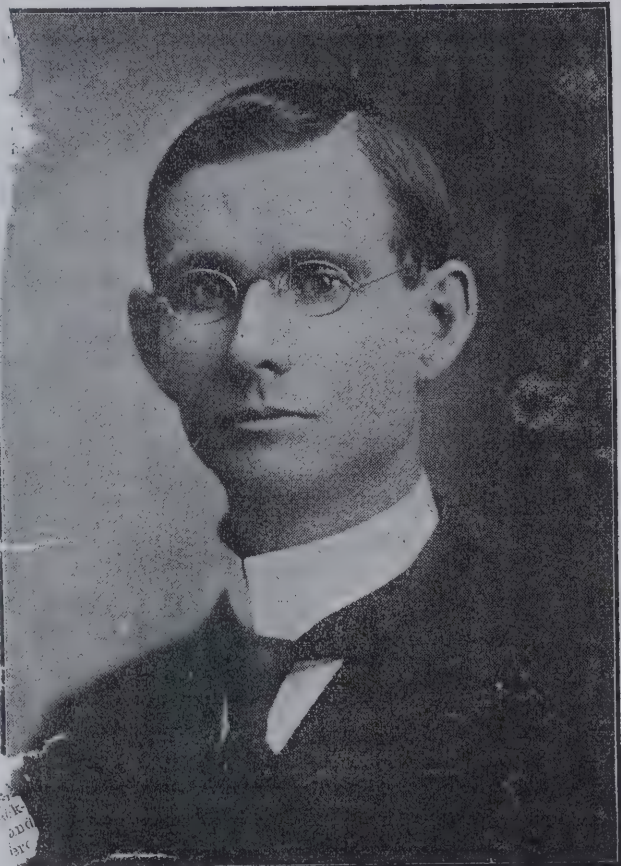


CALLA
LITTLE GEM

and the
BLACK CALLA.

LITHO BY H. M. WALL, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

ASSAULT OF J. EDGAR BUCHANAN



J. EDGAR BUCHANAN.

J. Edgar Buchanan, the man who the Auburn Dispatch and the Dispatch, figuratively, he took their feet from clay and set them upon the rock, this man lives in memory. Death visited him in the St. Francis Hospital at Evanston, Illinois, Sunday at noon and claimed him.

No attempt will be made to cover the life of the deceased at this time. The bereft family did not come home till too late today to gather an accurate biographical account of his life, hence only generalizations will be given.

Mr. Buchanan, a product of Fairfield township, DeKalb county, has lived the constructive period of his life in school teaching and to the paper business. What success he achieved we leave for those who have known him to say.

Several months ago his health began failing and he submitted to an operation for the removal of diseased glands in his groins. Treatment followed but accomplished nothing. Friends hoped he was improving, but he was really losing his grip on life despite his determined fight. Some four weeks ago he returned to Chicago for additional treatment and his physician sent him to the St. Francis hospital where his decline has been apparent. Another operation was suggested by his attending physician and Friday, he consented, but it brought him not even temporary relief, rather hastened his death. Saturday night he was very bad and at the end came.

When he went to his bedside and it was apparent that he was about to die, but

death, it was not, however, for the grim reaper garnered the sheaf even before the son was aboard his train yet he did not learn of the visitation until about 7:45 Sunday evening on the very threshold of the hospital. There Mrs. H. M. Timbrook, of this city, who was visiting her son, met the four anxious ones and apprised them that the end had come.

This very vaguely gives the facts in general. Mr. Buchanan never sought glory and no effort will be made to thrust it on him now. Mr. Buchanan was too well known to need any eulogistic words. His life has been lived in and near the scenes of his birthplace and the writer is willing for his social and business acquaintances to pass judgment.

His newspaper career here, preceded by several years at the helm of the Albion New Era, has been a remarkable one, simply because he made it so by hard work and good business judgment. At the time of his death he was the manager of the Auburn Printing company, the editor of the Auburn Dispatch and of the Evening Star, which superseded the Evening Dispatch in February of this year, and was connected with numerous other business enterprises.

His remains arrived over the B. & O. on No. 8 this afternoon, but at press time no arrangements for the funeral had been made.

In closing, the office force begs to say a word regarding the loss of one so dear to them. Like one losing a father so the entire office force feels at this time. Mr. Buchanan was more than an employer, he was a fatherly adviser and a sympathizing friend, one who would never ask another to do what he would not do himself, one who was slow to reprimand, yet one who was firm. What office force wouldn't miss a man like this? After his immediate family the force believes no one feels the loss like the fifteen or more who looked up to and honored this man. His life will ever be an incentive to us.—Chas. F. Leason.

LIFE SKETCH OF J. EDGAR BUCHANAN.

John Edgar Buchanan, son of Albert and Hannah E. (Potts) Buchanan, was born on March 25, 1868, and died on Sunday, July 27, 1913, aged 45 years, 4 months and 2 days.

More than a year ago his already impaired health began failing and he submitted to an operation for the removal of diseased glands in his groins. Treatment followed, but accomplished nothing. Friends hoped he was improving, but he was really losing his grip on life despite his determined fight. Some four weeks ago he returned to Chicago for additional treatment and his physician sent him to St. Francis hospital, where his decline has been apparent. Another operation was advised by attending physicians and Friday, he consented, but it brought him not even temporary relief, rather hastening his death. Saturday night he was very bad and at noon Sunday the end came.

He was the last member of his family, his parents and one brother, Elmer Ellsworth, having gone before.

His boyhood days were spent on the farm where he was born in Fairfield township, DeKalb county, Indiana.

At the age of 16, after receiving the common school education, he entered Hillsdale college at Hillsdale, Michigan, his parents moving there to give him this educational advantage. He remained there two years only, his health being undermined by a severe illness from which he never fully recovered. He and his parents then returned to the farm home, and after recovering sufficiently, his health being undermined of years being principal of the Waterloo High School for one year.

On June 21, 1890, he was married to Nellie D. Brechbill, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Brechbill, and to them one son, Verne Elmer, was born.

In the fall of 1890, he took up his residence in Auburn, Indiana, entering the law firm of the then J. E. Rose & Son. He remained with them in the study of law until being admitted to the bar on December 2, 1892.

Here again his hopes and ambitions met disappointment because of his already undermined health, and for two years he again followed the vocation of school teaching at Altona and Garrett, filling the positions of superintendent of the Garrett city schools during Mr. Merica's illness.

Not satisfied with school teaching as a life work, the desire came to enter the newspaper field and he began investigation of the possibilities of this work, the investigation resulting in the purchase of the Albion New Era from J. P. Prickett, taking possession of the plant in September, 1895. Under his inexperienced hand the business grew and flourished, a home was established and for a time it seemed that he would make Albion his permanent home, but when the plant of the Auburn Dispatch and Evening Dis-

FIVE MORE STEP OUT

Another Interesting Meeting at the Tabernacle Last Night--Sunday's Services.

The service at the tabernacle last evening was one of the most impressive thus far during the meetings. A large crowd assembled and the interest was intense through the entire exercises. At the invitation five men and women made their stand for Christ. All the workers in the revival are happy and very much encouraged over the results of the meeting thus far, as forty people have now made their stand in five days of invitation. Rev. Snodgrass had for his sermon last night, "An Exhortation to Which 3000 Responded."

The sermon subject for tonight will be, "The Conversion of a Cabinet Officer." A great women-only meeting will be held Sunday afternoon. The lecture subject will be, "The Serpent's Bruise." Five hundred women are expected at this service.

The sermon subject for Sunday morning will be, "The Vine and the Branches." Evangelist Snodgrass will have for his subject Sunday night, "Is There a Heaven, if so Where is it and What is it? Plenty of good music at every service. Every night service including Sunday begins at 7:30. The afternoon services begin at 8 p. m.

Bible School 9:30 A. M.

Morning Services 10:45.

Junior Endeavor 2:00.

patch was placed upon the market at receiver's sale, a longing to be near his people and old friends came and so strong was this desire that on January 1, 1903, he became the owner of the business which now stands as a monument to his memory.

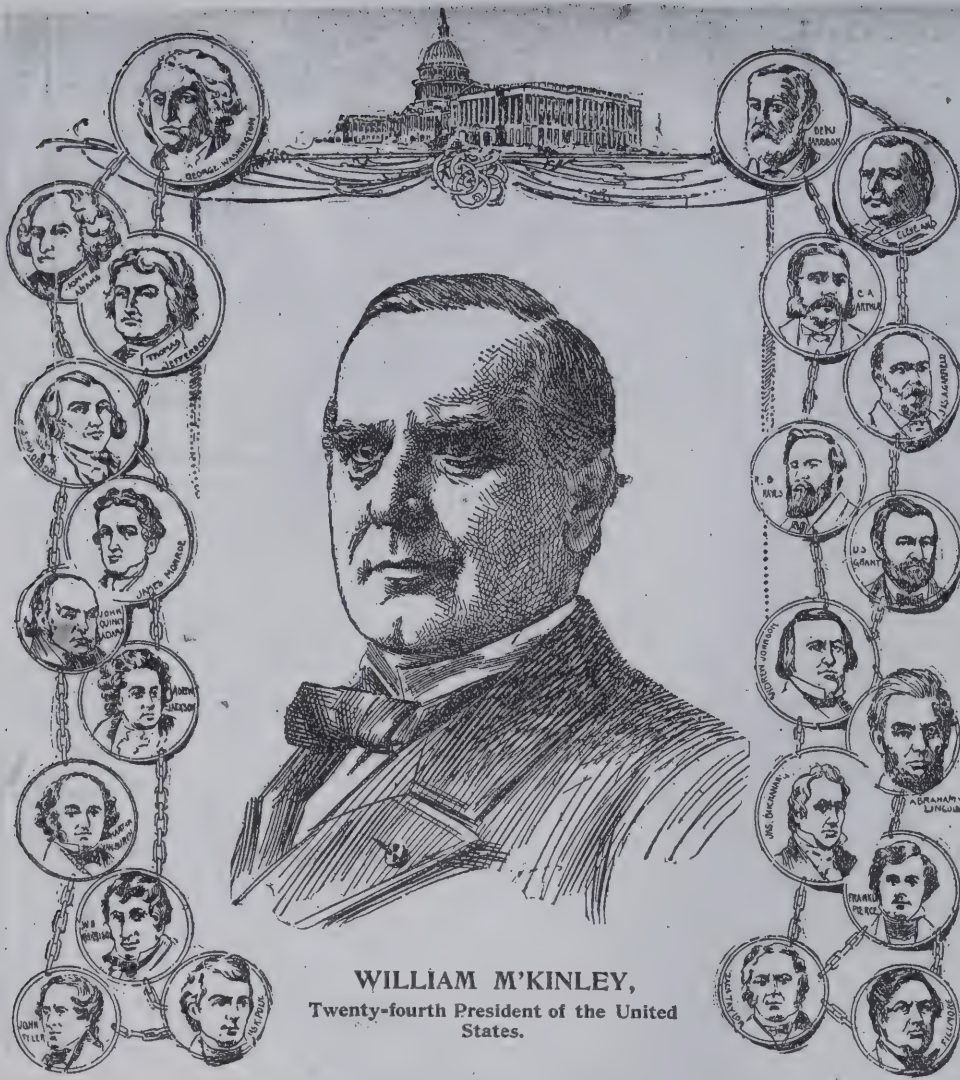
He came to Auburn immediately to take charge of the new business, his family remaining in charge of the business at Albion until it could be disposed of, removing here on April 1, following.

His whole life and soul have been given in the erection of this monument which was to provide for himself and family a moderate heritage. He loved his work and one of the greatest pleasures was to watch day by day the rewards of work well done.

the very last, and it is needless to say the shock is great.

Their son, Vern, was at home. Sunday morning about 9:45 he received a message to come at once, and accompanied by Chas. F. Leason, Henry Durst and Will Brechbill, left on what was feared to be a race with

mand, yet one who was firm. What office force wouldn't miss a man like this? After his immediate family the force believes no one feels the loss like the fifteen or more who looked up to and honored this man. His life will ever be an incentive to us.—Chas. F. Leason.



The
WOOLSON
SPICE COMPANY'S
EASTER GREETING.

AS VIEWED BY A PIONEER

Ephraim Farrington Gave Sketch of Life

HIS SADDEST MOMENT

Was When His Beloved Companion Passed Away.

No words or thoughts are so valued as the last words and thoughts of men and women who have passed through the ups and downs of life. It is by their experiences that we profit, if we take heed. For this reason the brief sketch of the life of Ephraim Farrington, a pioneer resident of DeKalb county, who died Sunday, will be read with interest, and all the more so because it was penned by his own hand at Owosso Mich, Dec. 21, 1903.

"I thought I would write a short sketch of my life" wrote Mr. Farrington. "I am now 79 years old, making 10 days. I was born in Rautauqua county, N. Y. Dec. 31, 1824, in a family of 14 children, and lived there until 12 years old. My father owned a farm about 5 miles from Jamestown, about 1/2 of a mile on the lake. Father worked in a mill most of the time and finally moved to Jamestown when I was six years old. The man he worked for died away, owing my father about \$100. That meant more those days than now. Then father moved back to the farm and all the children were able to work hard to pay the debt from the debt. When I was ten, father took a job of chopping 20 acres and I worked all winter while the snow was 2 or 3 feet deep and alone most of the time. When I was 12, father died and moved to Huron county, then I worked at home until I was 20, then hired out by the year, and 2 years for one man, then I went west and bought land in Indiana then worked two years more in the month, then married Nancy Farrington, Aug. 23, 1848. In 1850 we had our first born in infancy. In 1852 we moved to DeKalb county, in the woods, not a stick out on my side. Even the road was not underdug and we saw middling hard for a few years. Again in 1854 we lost our second child and in 1855 my wife and I both united with the Christian church.

"We both worked together and cleared up the farm. I still own the same farm that I did before we were married. We got along first rate until Dec. 18, 1892, when my wife lay down the burdens of life and left me, and I think she has gone to that rest prepared for those that love Him. It has been twelve years since she died and it has been a long and sad twelve years to me. But I am now 80 years old and must soon go the way of all earth.

"I tell you, the saddest time in a man's life is when he loses his wife. No one can tell but those that have had a trial of it. But I think I will not be here much longer as I am now living on borrowed time. I am truly thankful for the blessings of life and health, while many of my friends and neighbors have passed away that were younger than I am. When I think of the many friends that have passed away it makes me feel sad and nearly all the people that I used to associate with have passed away.

"I too, will soon be laid away to rest until the resurrection. My brothers and sisters are gone, but I have many friends yet living and I feel truly thankful. Now may we truly live in peace with them the few days we have left to stay."

It the death of Mr. Farrington we are again called upon to express our sympathy to the living, and pay a last tribute of respect to the dead. Mr. Farrington died at the home of his son in DeKalb county Sunday, April 7, aged 82 years, 3 months and 6 days. He leaves two sons Simpson and Wellington, who today are sensible of the loss of a father's council and advice. He lived during that period of our country's history in which he was subjected to all the privations of the pioneer's life.

ANOTHER VERY SAD DEATH

SON OF MR. AND MRS. CHARLES CAMPBELL

DIES IN MYSTERIOUS MANNER

Smithfield Republicans Nominate Elliott for Trustee--Burglars at Ashley

A very sad accident occurred at about five o'clock p. m., Oct. 10, in which Herman, the three year old son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Campbell lost his life. They reside on the John Campbell farm northwest of Waterloo, and Mr. Campbell had planted the fence row across from his house to potatoes and was engaged in picking them up, the family helping. Just after starting up the team a few paces, he looked back and saw his son lying on the ground and carrying him to the house the little fellow only made a few gasps and was dead. Dr. Maris was summoned by phone but could give no assistance. The death came so sudden that the family are prostrated with grief. They are unable to tell how the accident occurred but think the boy must have fallen under the wheel. There were no external bruises to solve the mystery.

AN EARLY INHABITANT

The Funeral of Mrs. S. P. Klotz Largely Attended Last Thursday

The funeral of the late Mrs. S. P. Klotz was held from the U. B. church last Thursday at 12:30 p. m., the remains having arrived on the 12:15 train from Bluffton. The services were largely attended.

In the death of Mrs. Klotz it has been suggested that she was the oldest lady resident of DeKalb county who was born in the county. She was a most estimable lady and will be missed by her many friends. To her husband, she was all that was near and dear to him, and he gives expression in the following:

Companion in Life

"Dear wife, she is dead and I am alone. It is the debt we all must pay. Yet of all the sorrow I have felt in my life I never knew grief until today, Feb. 5th, 1907, when my wife passed away at 9:15 a. m. Her spirit took its flight to the Spirit land, and left me alone with the dead.

"More than twenty-four years we walked side by side, each a staff to the other allway. But the death angel has taken my help to what can I do but pray 'Bless thou us Oh Lord in thy kingdom above whence thy grace so freely given; so long have we journeyed together on earth; receive us together in Heaven.'"

S. P. KLOTZ.

Her Life

Sarah McClure, daughter of Timothy and Olive McClure, was born in Troy township, DeKalb Co., Ind., Feb. 20, 1840; died at the home of her daughter in Bluffton, Ind., Feb. 5, 1907.

At the age of twenty years she married Hezekiah Casebeer of DeKalb county. They resided on their farm in Troy township until his death which occurred three years after their marriage.

To this union two children were born, one a daughter who died in infancy and the other a son, Eugene, who died in Sept. 1905; aged 45 years.

Married to Geo. W. Trout to which union two children were born, a son, Geo. Wilson, and a daughter, Eldora, the former residing in Chicago and the latter (the wife of Dell Looke) in Bluffton, Ind.

Subsequent to his death she was married to Rev. S. P. Klotz in 1882 who survives her, together with her son, Geo. Wilson, and daughter, Mrs. Dell Locke, and five grandchildren and her brother and sister, Mrs. J. W. Lackman and Timothy McClure.

She professed Christ by uniting

with the church at the age of fourteen years. After her marriage to Geo. W. Trout they united with the United Brethren church in Waterloo about forty-three years ago and both remained faithful until death.

Mrs. Klotz was a true embodiment of the two dearest titles on earth, wife and mother. A devout Christian she combined the gentle graces of the noblest type of womanhood, her death is bitter but the sweet memories of her life tell us that her spirit has gone unto the eternal morning to gladden and bless through all eternity.

The husband has lost a faithful and loving wife, the children, a true mother, the church, a true and faithful member, but our loss is her eternal gain.

Her funeral Feb. 7, 1907 was largely attended. The funeral was conducted by Rev. S. Snyder, pastor of the U. B. church, assisted by Rev. W. F. Parker and Rev. O. B. Wells of Butler. Her body was laid to rest in the quiet city of the dead in Waterloo.

The death of Michael Reinhoel, which occurred at Fairfield Center Sunday evening, removes another of the stalwart pioneers of the county. He came from Pennsylvania in 1856, and by hard labor, frugality and thrift, carved his road to financial success. He was eighty-six years of age, and for many years a member of the Lutheran church.



REV. S. P. KLOTZ, PASTOR U. B. C



MRS. S. P. KLOTZ

TOOK A DOSE OF CARBOLIC ACID

BUT NELLIE BENJAMIN WILL RE-
COVER TO TELL STORY

DESPONDENCY IS THE CAUSE

Family were Away from Home and
Carl Miller went to the House
and Found the Girl in
Untold Agony

Miss Nellie Benjamin, aged nineteen, who lives with her mother near Cedar Lake, attempted suicide by taking a dose of carbollic acid between two and three o'clock Tuesday afternoon. The members of the household had gone to Corinna, and the young lady made the attempt to end her life during their absence. Just where she procured the carbollic acid is unknown. For some time Mrs. Benjamin has been in poor health and the daughter took care of her and evidently had overworked, the strain causing nervous prostration, but the mother did not realize the serious condition of her daughter, who became so despondent that she thought death would be desired rather than illness and suffering. Just how long she remained alone after taking the acid is unknown. She was discovered by Carl Miller who had gone to the home to borrow a gun, when he found her suffering intensely from the effects of the acid. Her mouth and throat were badly burned. Dr. Cunningham, of Ashley, was called, and later Dr. Shepherd was telephoned for. Emetics were given, and yesterday the young lady was said to be on the way to recovery.

INJURIES WERE NOT SO BAD

Austins and Seydell's Escape very
Fortunately in Zanesville
Mishap.

Friday morning, S. A. Seydell telephoned his sister, Mrs. Sheffer, telling her more of the mishap that befell the Austin-Seydell party near Zanesville, Ohio, to Wheeling, W. Va. Fear that some of the very sensational newspaper reports would reach Auburn caused Mr. Seydell to call up and state the facts.

He says he has three fingers cut and that his wife has a sprained arm and both have bruises to remind them of their close call. Mr. Austin was bruised but Mr. Seydell did not say much about his injuries. Mrs. Austin's lower lip was badly cut. She and Mr. Austin continued their journey to Bethesda, Ohio, where a sister resided and Mr. and Mrs. Seydell decided best to come home. They stopped at Toledo to stay until Saturday evening or Sunday morning.

Particulars of the accident aside from the above were given by Mr. Seydell.

CABLEGRAM OF THREE WORDS

Sent from Waterloo to Calcutta,
by Mrs. Armstrong Cost
Nearly \$13.

E. H. Armstrong who was buried at Waterloo last week has a daughter, Mrs. Betts, who with her husband has been in the Philippines for some time and a few days ago started on the long journey homeward. It was the desire of the surviving wife and daughter here that she be informed of her father's death at once and so intercepted the homeward bound daughter at Calcutta, India. The cablegram telling the sad news consisted of but three words but cost nearly \$13 or over \$1 per word.

HEIR TO PART OF A \$128,000,000 ESTATE

Nottingham Woman May Get Fortune From Holland

Mrs. Joseph L. Pasnow of Nottingham, wife of the proprietor of the Standard galvanizing works, claims to be part heir to a claim against the government of Holland which, if it were paid in full at compound interest, would amount to \$251,230,017,920.

The claim is that of the estate of Thebaud Metzger, whose estates were seized by William of Orange in 1691. There are 122 known heirs, and the claim is acknowledged by the government of Holland. As a basis of settlement the sum of \$128,000,000 is said to have been agreed upon, this approximating the original estate of the money king of the middle ages.

THE GLOOMY FACE

Young Wax, who worked in Jimpson's store, is out of luck; his job he's lost. "We do not need you any more," said Jimpson; "you are such a frost. You're diligent, that I admit; you try to earn your wage, I know; but many patrons throw a fit when they behold your air of woe. You always look as though your dad had burned a church or robbed a train; your bearing is so glum and sad that people think you have a pain. The clang-

THE HORSE'S PRAYER.

In a country church on a winter night
There was warmth and cheer, and a brilliant light
Shone from the chandeliers in ruddy glow
On the faces bright of the crowd below.

All were warmly clad in their winter's dress,
With a carpet soft for their feet to press.
And in an absent-minded way
Asked the Father's aid and protecting care.

Fell a sacred hush—for a form divine
Seemed to hover now by that hallowed shrine.
With a thankful joy was his warm heart thrilled
As he rose and glanced o'er the house well filled.

And he offered thanks that their hearts were right,
As their presence proved on that winter night.
They had braved the blast and the stinging cold
For the sacred courts of the sheltering fold.

For his text he chose Matthew 5 and 7,
"To the merciful shall be mercy given."
And he proved on earth such would blessing gain
And the final rest of the blest obtain.

Then they sang, "Praise God whence all blessings flow,
And all creatures join in His praise below."
In the snow—outside—where the wind blew cold,
Stood a poor old horse with no sheltering fold.

Does the poor old horse thus the penance pay
For the sins of men while they praise and pray?
Through the summer's heat and the winter's chill
As he faithfully serves his master's will?
—S. J. Stevens.

BREACH OF PROMISE CASE COMING UP

Shanower Suit Against E. D. Steele
To be Heard in Circuit Court.

The celebrated Shanower breach of promise suit will come up for trial next week providing intervening cases do not throw it over until the following week. The case is filed against Edgar Dale Steele, an employe in the office of the Studebaker Bros. Manufacturing company.

The complaint alleges the defendant led the plaintiff, Miss Maude May Shanower, to believe he intended to marry her by his seeming devotion and constant attention. She alleges he kept steady company with her, that he went to see no other girl and that by these marks of esteem and affection she was led to believe the defendant's object was marriage, but that she was mistaken. The papers state that the defendant's love seemed to suddenly cool and appearances of neglect appeared to be manifest.

Miss Shanower, thinking she had been damaged in the sum of \$5,000, sued for that amount in the circuit court through her attorney, C. P. DuComb. Mr. Steele employed Anderson Parker & Crabill and prepared to contest his case. It is thought his answer will be a general denial.

Miss Shanower has been affiliated with the First Brethren church as a teacher of the Sunday school class and as organist. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. David Shanower, of 1134 South Main street. The defendant is the son of wealthy residents of North Liberty, this county, and has been employed at the Studebaker office for some time. He came to South Bend from North Liberty.

ing mart is not the place, in these glad optimistic years, for any man with long-drawn face, whose eyes are full of unshed tears. A dame comes in to buy a rug, or blow herself for silk or fur; she wants a guy with beaming mug and cheerful mien to wait on her. A gent comes here to buy a shoe, a walking stick or fancy vest, and when he sees a clerk like you, he thinks he's at a crowner's quest. I've often waited on my trade when colic harrowed my inside, and wore a smile that would not fade—a smile at least six inches wide. I've stood behind the counter here, with wreathed smile and bow and beck, when I'd an abscess in my ear, and three carbuncles on my neck. And you, who have no grief or care, just circulate around this store the living image of despair—so I won't need you any more." WALT MASON.

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LIFE'S TANGLED SKEINS.

Written for The Blade.

The skein was snarled and tangled,
And I tried and tried again,
To undo these knots and tangies,
But my efforts were in vain.

In great disgust I threw it down,
Then, picked it up again
And in an absent-minded way
Undid the tangled skein.

Our lives are just like tangled skeins,
And when we do our best
To solve its knotty problems,
We only find unrest.

For God has hidden all His plans
Away from our dim eyes
And bids us faint nor falter not,
But trust in the All-Wise.

We cannot tell the how, or why
Of the rough road that each has trod,
But we can do what each day brings,
And trust all things to God.

"HENRIETTA."

PARTING

If thou dost bid thy friend farewell,
But for one night though that farewell may be,
Press thou his hand in thine;
How can'st thou tell how far from thee
Fate or caprice may lead his steps ere that to-morrow comes?

Men have been known to lightly turn the corner
Of a street,
And days have grown to months and months to
lagging years
Ere they have looked in loving eyes again.

Parting, at best, is underlaid
With tears and pain.
Therefore, lest sudden death should come between,
Or time, or distance, clasp with pressure firm
The hand of him who goeth forth;
Unseen Fate goeth, too,
Yea, and thou always time to say some earnest
word
Between the idle talk,
Lest with these henceforth,
Night and day, regret should walk.
— Coventry Patmore.

Somebody did a golden deed;
Somebody proved a friend in need;
Somebody sang a beautiful song;
Somebody smiled the whole day long;
Somebody thought, "Tis sweet to live;"
Somebody said, "I'm glad to give;"
Somebody fought a valiant fight;
Somebody tried to shield the right;

BEAUTIFUL NEW FOUNTAIN

Soon to be Installed in the Center
of the Park West
of Library.

WILL STAND NINETEEN FEET HIGH

Base Will be Over Twenty-One in
Diameter and First Pan
Nearly Nine Feet.

Through the generosity of Chas. Eckhart, the library park is soon to have some important additions which will enhance its beauty and convenience. While in New York city Mr. Eckhart purchased a large ornamental fountain which will be erected in the center of the park. The fountain will stand nearly nineteen feet high when completed. The base will be twenty-one feet six inches in diameter, octagon in shape, built of the cement, the wall above ground will be one foot in diameter and two feet high, the basin being sunk into the ground.

Above the base the fountain will be of ornamental iron. There will be two shelves or pans, the first one eight feet eleven inches in diameter and standing eight feet five inches above the base. The second pan stands five feet six inches above the first pan and is five feet eight inches in diameter. Above this last pan stands the figures of two boys, the larger nearly four feet high. The larger is holding a duck above him which the smaller boy is trying to get. From the bill of this duck spurts the stream of water which feeds the fountain.

From the duck the water drops into the second pan and through the mouths of the heads of six animals find its way into the first pan and in a like manner to the basin. The fountain will be a magnificent one, one of the best in the country and as good as money can buy. The total cost of this fountain installed will be about \$2000.

The fountain will be shipped in about thirty days and will be installed as soon after as possible. It is expected to have it in operation before the Fall Festival.

In addition to this fountain another will be erected in the southwest corner for drinking purposes containing four sanitary drinking cups. The location of this is for the special benefit of the school children who pass here on their way to the school buildings one block west. This fountain will cost about \$200.

This little park, already beautiful, is to be made the prettiest park in the state.

COURAGE.

Not Love, with all his riot of roses,
His palmed lilies dressed for death,
His eyes joy opens and grief closes,
His cruel hands, his treacherous breath,
Lying in every word he saith.

Not Death, who promises such pleasure,
Such rest from joy, such ease from pain—
Knowing that ere they grasp his treasure
All hands from all grasp must refrain—
A mocking gift, a treasure vain!

Not this nor that is Lord of Life,
But Courage—who plucks rose or rue,
Faces the silence and the strife,
And lives, serene and steadfast, through
The worst that Love and Death can do!

AN ANSWERED PRAYER.

Written for The Blade.

"I haven't the money, Mr. Spencer," of course, that's what he'll say, but out he goes this time, and no mistake. I'm tired of fooling with a man that can't pay his rent."

A chilling December wind whistled around Mr. Spencer's hat rim, but he thrust his hands deeper into his overcoat pockets, grumbling his discontent. B. Spencer was rich, as everybody knew. He was oil king in an oil-rich valley, so why should he not be prosperous? Every flourishing well was on his land, and his land reached so far as eye could see. If the magnate had been a poor man he would have been called cranky. As it was, his riches modified the term to eccentric. He was generally disliked. Whether he suffered from injustice or not, I cannot say, but he was considered a mean, hard-hearted and selfish. This evening he was in one of his worst humors. He had just finished a heated argument with his housekeeper, a patient old soul who had never rebelled, but had borne his harshness since the death of his wife.

Ellis Finney was a tenant who had paid his rent promptly for years, until misfortune in the guise of sickness had salt him a blow, and his little family were in dire distress. For some time he had put off Mr. Spencer with promises. His sickness made him helpless, and now other month had rolled around. His landlord had decided to wait no longer. He entered his tenant's yard with the air of one who goes to battle. He was king of business and where he would likely to find another renter. He used the porch and reached for the door with his cane to give his accursed knock, when he stopped to look at scene within, revealed by an uncur-

ungrateful, how little God-fearing he was. The invalid had prayed with the perfect faith of one who knows that God hears his petition.

"If there is a God," Mr. Spencer whispered, "he heard that prayer and sent me to answer it."

When he reached the village grocery store he opened the door and went in. The proprietor, astonished to see so great a customer; hastened to take his order, and soon a huge pile of necessaries were on the counter.

"How much is the bill?" inquired Mr. Spencer.

After a few moments spent in figuring the grocer told him: "Twenty-six dollars and seventy-two cents."

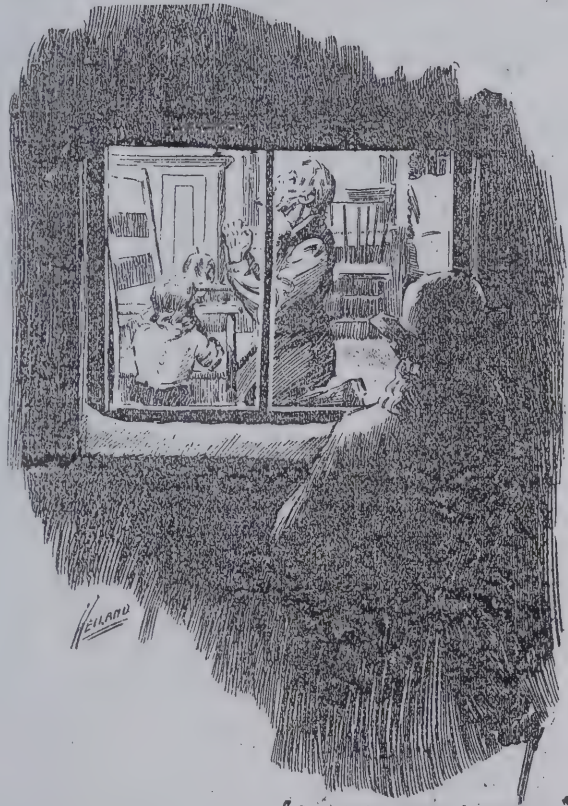
"Very well," Mr. Spencer replied, handing him a roll of bills.

He ordered the goods to be delivered the first thing in the morning to his non-paying tenant, and after talking pleasantly with the grocer, something contrary to his habit, he left the store.

The next morning on going to his office he summoned his errand boy and instructed him to deliver a letter at Mr. Finney's. It contained a receipt for six months' rent. It stated further that until he entirely recovered his health he need not trouble about the rent. That night as Mr. Spencer sat in his library, cosy and comfortable, he felt like a different man. He was different and life seemed better worth the living. He thought of those little children, their wan faces, pinched by hunger, lifted in prayer. He imagined he could see those same little faces brighten when the good, wholesome food was placed before them.

A knock sounded on his door. "Come in," he called. John, his butler, entered and handed him a letter. It read:

"Mr. James Spencer:
"Dear Sir—Notwithstanding your concealment, I have found you out. Sir, you have saved my wife and little chil-



"GLANCED THROUGH THE WINDOW."

d window. The invalid father sat in his chair, his face upturned, his hands clasped in prayer. His family knelt around him.

"Now, prayed the unfortunate man, send me bread for these empty little ones are in need. I beg, O Lord, that they may not want."

Spencer stood like one stunned, his hand raised to strike the door. He heard a hand to his throat as if to stop his breathing. Tears were in his eyes. No one in Wellsville had ever seen him there before. Hurriedly he went to the porch, and walking rapidly, he reached the street. He was ashamed. The poor man showed him how

dren from the cruel pangs of hunger and me from despair. Hope had entirely gone. Sir, I cannot thank you. I can only say, 'God bless you.'

"Your most humble servant,

"P. S.—Tomorrow will be Christmas. Come and join us in our humble home at our Christmas dinner and let us pray for you."

Mr. Spencer rose and touched the bell. "John," he said, when that worthy appeared, "tell Mary she need not prepare a dinner for me tomorrow. I shall dine with Mr. Ellis Finney. That's all."

John bowed and left the room. "Whew," he whistled when he was out of hearing. Then he added: "What's struck the Hon. James B. Spencer!"

MARIE L. BUCKMEYER,
Malta, O.



Keynotes of Harmony



WEDNESDAY.

Thoughts rule our life, our health, our happiness; And as we think, so are we, so become.

THURSDAY.

Let us be content to work, To do the things we can, and not presume To fret because it is so little.

FRIDAY.

Dare to be true. Nothing can need a lie; A fault which needs it most grows two thereby.

SATURDAY.

Keep to your orbit; scatter not your force In devious ways; each star that gems the night Moves on its separate and appointed course

Unswerved while centuries dawn and take their flight.

SUNDAY.

Your task, O man! is not to carp and cavil At God's achievements, but with purpose strong To cling to good and turn away from evil— That is the way to help the world along.

MONDAY.

Shout to the stars you are living Days that with gladness are rife, Pain that is poignant as pleasure Thrilling with wonderful life.

TUESDAY.

Oh, man, forgive thy mortal foe, Never strike him blow for blow; For all the souls on earth that live To be forgiven must forgive.

SIGHING FOR A LOFTY WORK.

ONE WHO IS SIMPLE AND SINCERE

EMILY S. BOUTON.

"If you are sighing for a lofty work. If great ambitions dominate your mind. Just watch yourself and see you do not shrink

The common little ways of being kind."

It is the easiest thing in the world to dream dreams of accomplishing some great good for humanity which will, at the same time, cover oneself with glory. Plans that are seemingly without flaw may be shaped and everything made ready to carry them into execution. Yet from the very beginning they may prove a dire failure.

And why?

Often for this reason: There are always what may be named unknown factors to deal with. They rise up with determined men to face the workers in any or every undertaking. If the possibility of their presence has not been to a certain degree counted upon, and faith in the power of good and the dominance of the will to overcome all obstacles be wanting, then to fail is inevitable. If ambition to succeed for the sake of success, and the glory it will bring, be the motive, it is almost certain that some unknown factor will find weakness where there should be strength, and the good which was to be wrought will prove only a dream, unreal and without substance.

The factors that makes for failure are sometimes not so much unknown as lost sight of in the glamour of a great work that seems to need doing. Small duties are neglected. The "common little ways of being kind" are lost sight of. In other words the possible glory of large accomplishment hides the common things of life, the little opportunities for bringing happiness to those who may, perhaps, never recognize its source in the giver. No day passes by but that some struggling soul crosses our path to be helped or hindered by our spoken or unspoken thoughts of love and kindness. We may not understand, we may not even dream of what some "common little way of being kind" means to another who is fighting to overcome or trying to "stand against" temptation. This day-by-day helping to make "wrong things right" is worth infinitely more in the building of the character to beauty and strength than some great deed done at the expense of the lesser ones.

The true way is to be content with what is manifestly ours to do, and wait until the hour strikes for the greater work. It is not wrong to be ambitious unless the element of selfish desire for glory overshadows all else. It is this effort to exploit self which makes the "unknown factors" so often overlooked and hence disregarded, which brings final failure to the life so governed, no matter how golden for a season seems the sunshine of success. A good motto is this by Mrs. Browning:

Let us be content to work To do the things we can, and not presume

To fret because it is so little. This does not mean that we are not to look for the larger opportunity and be ready to seize it when it comes, but that

we are to fulfil faithfully and cheerfully each day's duty, as it presents itself. This indeed is the only way to reach the higher places in doing the world's work.

The recent visit in Chicago of Charles Wagner, the French author of *The Simple Life*, seems to have aroused there a remarkable degree of enthusiasm. Everywhere he spoke to crowded houses. Everywhere the interest which he inspired was spontaneous and hearty.

When we stop to consider the groundwork of this enthusiasm, we are surprised to find how strong an element of hope it contains for the future. Here came a man, known to this people chiefly through an unpretentious volume that advised a sane and simple life in order to bring the highest development. He did not point to great material prosperity as a result of less complex modes of living than now obtains, but to the necessity of a simple, natural, wholesome life in order to gain the greatest content and happiness.

We are told that Mr. Wagner is in no sense an ascetic, but one who rejoices in living, and loves his fellow man. He carries with him a mental atmosphere of good cheer which makes him welcome among all classes, and gives his message greater significance.

The optimistic side of this hearty welcome to Mr. Wagner lies in the fact that its warmth was the fruit of an appreciation of his earnest plea for saner living. The eloquence and influence of his message lay in its simplicity and sincerity, but both would have failed in effect, if the people were unready to receive his expressed conviction and lay it to heart. This, in itself, is a promise of a more harmonious adjustment of the life to its true needs and necessities in the future.

Another source of the power of these little books that made the writer received as a beloved friend is that he everywhere recognizes and appeals to the Higher Self of all, which is the real self "whose life consists in loving." He is himself one of those of whom he affirms: "Yet by some inner force and without constraint, hearts are turned towards them as plants toward the sun," and those who feel this influence realize that what he urges is both practical and possible for every human being.

Thinking of Mr. Wagner's visit and what of growth the welcome he has received signifies, recalls to me some of his strong and beautiful words in the book entitled *The Better Way* which followed *The Simple Life*, and is pervaded by the same spirit. One chapter of especial force has the caption *Dare To Be*.

It is an earnest plea for individuality.

It urges every human being to follow his own conception of the truth leaving to others the same liberty. He writes:

GERTRUDE BRAND DEAD

Passed Away at the Home of Her Parents Last Thursday

The death of Miss Gertrude Brand on Thursday of last week, caused deep sorrow to her many friends and relatives. The following obituary has been furnished by the Rev. W. H. Clark:

Gertrude Brand

was born in Smithfield township, DeKalb county, Indiana, March 21, 1883, died at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Brand in Fairfield township, DeKalb county, Indiana, March 15, 1906; aged 22 years, 11 months and 24 days.

She leaves a father, mother, five sisters, four brothers and other relatives to mourn their loss, which is her eternal gain. One infant brother preceded her to the Heavenly home.

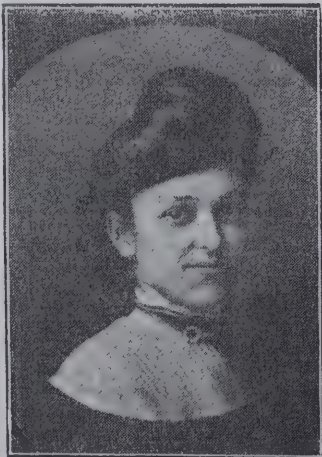
As a young lady she loved truth and hated falsehood. She made friends wherever she went.

For the last three years she was afflicted with that dread disease, consumption, but did not give up work until June, 1905, when she came home to rest and recruit her health, but instead constantly failed in health, and the last few weeks failed rapidly.

She was converted some time before her death in the home and left a bright evidence that she was going home to rest with the Blessed in Heaven. She praised her Savior much in her illness and prayed for her un-saved relatives and friends. The last words she uttered, while holding her brother's hand, were: "I am so happy and ready to go when the Master calls for me," and folded her hands across her breast and closed her eyes to this world and was gone. Home to glory to await the arrival of the loved ones left behind. May all be ready to meet her.

The writer held services in the home on Wednesday before her death and administered the ordinance of baptism to her, also to one brother and one sister whom she wanted to be baptized with her. She was truly happy on this occasion.

The funeral was conducted by the writer and Rev. I. W. Royce, of the Mennonite church, of which her parents are members. The funeral was held in the church at Fairfield Center and the interment in the Fairfield cemetery, a very beautiful place to



lay the body to rest to await the resurrection morn. A large concourse of people gathered to show their sympathy and pay their last respects for the deceased. Excellent music was rendered and the floral offerings were

Life Of Mrs. May.

Harriet Elizabeth Layman-May, daughter of Michael and Nancy Layman and beloved wife of James William May, was born at Hamilton, Ohio, January 27, 1850, and departed this life at her home in Auburn, Ind., May 31, 1914, aged 61 years, 4 months and 4 days.

Her father having died in the outbreak of cholera of that period, at 7 months of age she was brought by her mother to DeKalb county, and had been a continuous resident of this county to the time of her decease.

September 24, 1866, she was united in marriage to Mr. May, and to this union were born three sons and four daughters, of whom Franklin I. and Alva Curtis, Mrs. Samuel Miller, Mrs. George Coe and Miss Fidelis E. May are still living.

Mrs. May in early girlhood united with the M. P. church at Concord, and upon the organizing of Fairview church became a charter member there and continued faithful, helpful and consistent until summoned to that great membership above.

Mrs. May was an affectionate and helpful wife, a devoted and self-sacrificing mother and a tireless and un-failing friend. Those who knew her best loved her most and the world is the better for her having lived in it and she will be long held in grateful remembrance by those her kindness has aided and cheered.

Her departure is mourned by a sorrowing husband, her children above mentioned, six grandchildren, three brothers and two sisters; and a host of neighbors and friends who extend their love and sympathy to the stricken family.

After a short service at the home the remains were conveyed to Fairview church where the funeral services were conducted by Rev. Thornburg of Auburn, assisted by Rev. Corn of St. Joe. The interment was made at Riverside cemetery, St. Joe.

CARD OF THANKS.

Mr. James W. May and family desires to thank the many loving friends for their assistance and sympathy during the illness and burial of our beloved wife and mother, and invoke God's blessing upon each who so kindly aided and comforted us in our hours of affliction and bereavement.

MR. JAMES W. MAY
AND FAMILY.

Life of Michael Reinoehl.

Michael Reinoehl was born in Lebanon County, Pennsylvania, Feb. 5, 1828, and passed from labor to rest after a lingering illness at his late residence January 18, 1912 aged 85 years, 11 months, 23 days.

His parents, Michael and Catherine Reinoehl, were natives of Pennsylvania. He was the eighth of nine children born to them. At the age of 2 years he came with his parents to Stark County, Ohio, and located on a farm where he grew to manhood.

On January 2, 1850, he united in marriage with Catherine Weirich, daughter of John and Elizabeth (Rupe) Weirich. For some years after this he managed and conducted the farm of his parents successfully. In the fall of 1857 he moved to DeKalb County, Indiana, and bought a tract of wild land of 180 acres which he in due time, cleared and farmed. Here he became a successful farmer and stock raiser and continued in the same line until ill health retired him.

To Michael Reinoehl and wife were born five children, three of whom have passed away. Two, Mrs. Alfred Weirich and George M. Reinoehl, survive. He also leaves one brother, Peter Reinoehl, the last one left of the large family, also his beloved and devoted wife, Catherine, with whom he had lived in peace and harmony for over 61 years. There also remain 5 grandchildren namely, Chas. Weirich, James Weirich and Mrs. Mollie Hoffmeyer, Bernice and Clarence Reinoehl.

He was a life long member of the Fairfield Lutheran Church, honored and esteemed by all who knew him and remained faithful to the end.

The funeral services were held Wednesday morning, January 31, at the Fairfield Church conducted by Rev. D. A. Kuhn, former pastor of the church. The church was taxed to its full capacity to hold the large assembly. Much sympathy was expressed on this occasion. The singing was beautiful and appropriate. After services in the church he body was tenderly laid to rest in the cemetery near by. Hence another good man has gone to his reward.

Laura A. Thomson

Laura A., daughter of Wellington M. and Elsie A. Farrington, was born in Smithfield township, DeKalb County, Ind., Feb. 2, 1856 and died at her birthplace July 4, 1908; aged 52 years, 5 months and 2 days.

She was united in marriage with Francis E. Thomson March 15, 1877, and to this union was born five sons and one daughter, Roger C., Guy S., Francis E., Jay C., Anna L. and Benjamin S., all of whom survive, together with her aged mother and a brother, Almon E. Farrington, three brothers having preceded her.

She had won to her friendship a large circle of friends who mourn their loss. The deceased resided in and near Waterloo all her life, excepting about three years at New Carlisle, Ind. She was baptised and united with the Church of Christ at Cedar Lake Feb. 9, 1868 and lived a faithful christian until called home to her reward.

Being left with her large family of children she made a heroic struggle for their care, being assisted by her parents until her children were able to join her efforts in bread winning. Owing to an incurable affliction she was handicapped in her labor of love and became a great care for a number of years.

The personal heroism of her son Carl and daughter, Anna, is worthy of commendation and in a financial way the brothers aided her as needed. Such devotion is a rare quality and speaks well for the filial affection of the family circle. She bore her afflictions with patience and christian fortitude, and her demise coming suddenly in the night season, relieved the sorrow in a measure from her family, who no doubt, would have been unable to give relief from the last hour of suffering. Her devotion to her family and friends was quite often spoken of.

The funeral occurred at the home at 2:30 p. m. Monday, Elder Cummins, of the Christian church at Ashley, officiating, and the burial was in the Cedar Lake cemetery.

Those from a distance attending the funeral were, Mr. and Mrs. Guy S. Thomson, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Thomson, from Mishawaka; Mr. C. S. Benjamin and wife, Mr. C. A. Treesh and wife and Russell Benjamin, from North Liberty; Mrs. Elsie Farrington and son, A. E. Farrington and wife, of near Corunna. A very large company of neighbors and friends attended the obsequies.

All speak of the high esteem in which the deceased was held by her acquaintances. God bless all the bereft hearts is our prayer. The family desires to express their sincere thanks to all who so kindly assisted them during the illness, death and burial of the daughter and sister.

Threescore and Ten.

On Thursday afternoon, May 14th, at being the 70th birthday of Mr. Bartlett Davis, a complete surprise was practiced upon the old gentleman. At an hour agreed upon, the teams came pouring in so thick and fast that the fire farm force were not able to care for them or provide stable room for the horses. For a time "Uncle Bartlett," he is familiarly called, wondered why the children all chose the same day to "drop in," and such good corn-weather too. But the counsel of his good wife prevailed, and he was reminded that, after "today" he must live on "borrowed time," and he must get ready for a house full. Sure enough, old and young, neighbors and friends, children and grand-children, came until the old farm house was full.

For a time Father Davis seemed young, as he told how he left the old home at the age of eight years, his only capital being a pious mother's prayers. But this proved a legacy, indeed, as from that day to this, he has always, in obedience to that mother's desire, and earnest request, and because of a Puritanic germ early implanted in the soul, held daily communion with Him who careth for His own. And, surely, Father Davis has wanted no good thing. But when we gathered in the parlor and the Rev. H. Place, amid the tearful guests, congratulated the old patriarch upon a successful and happy life spent in honorable vocation, we seemed to notice, more keenly than ever before, that our host was an old "father in Israel," rich in Christian experience, and ripe for the eternal kingdom.

After the congratulatory remarks, Mrs. Lucy Webb, of Fairfield, daughter of Father Davis, read the following poem, composed by herself for the occasion:

LINES TO FATHER.

I've never thought, dear father,
Old age to you, could come;
But that bent form and hair so gray,
Say plainly—you're not young.
If we should count the milestones
You've passed along your way,
They'd number threescore years and ten,
This fourteenth day of May.

I've heard you tell the story,
Of the many different ways,
In which you passed your childhood,
Your youthful, boyish days.

How life grew stern before you,
As you left your father's home,
And sought your way through life to make,
Unaided and alone,

Save by your parents' counsel,
Your mother's prayers and tears,
That God would safely keep her boy,
Through all the coming years.

Of how you grew to manhood,
Were married and were blest,
And how you thought to better life,
By emigrating west.

Of how you came to Hartland,
And settled in the wood,
And put you up a house of logs;
I remember where it stood.

In fancy now, I see that house;
On it the woodbine twines,
While just in front, that tall ash tree,
And honeysuckle vines.

Your children numbered seven,
That played around your door,
And if those little ones had lived,
We'd numbered then two more.

I say that we were seven, grown up;
But where are we today?
Brother Frank lives in the distant west,
And two have passed away.

Our country claimed dear brother Charles,
To fight the nation's foe,
While sister Louisa crossed the tide,
Just seven years ago.

But those that's left around you,
Your children, one by one,
Are married and have moved away,
And you are left alone.

And so our band is broken;
It no more numbers seven.
But may we re-united be,
And live with Christ in Heaven.

We know your life has always been
An earnest, upright one,
And we will henceforth strive to live,
And do, as you have done.

We know it will be useless,
To offer up a prayer,
That you may never know of pain,
Of sorrow, toil, or care.

We pray for you life, health and joy,
For many years to come,
Till God shall summon you at last,
To your eternal home.

Mr. E. H. Webb, son-in-law of Mr. Davis and superintendent of the public schools at Fairfield, made a most beautiful and feeling address, and presented "father" with an elegant silver watch, from his relatives and friends. We shall never forget the earnest words of "Uncle Bartlett" and the good advice which followed.

MOVING TO TOWN.

Ever since the creation, man has been seeking to evade the sentence pronounced upon by his Creator, that forces him to earn his living by sweating for it. Yet to this day his body is fortunate enough to have the decay-

ed and wornout particles washed away by the flowing perspiration. However, there comes a time when the body and mind become so exhausted that they need rest. Then comes the question: What shall be done to give the worn machinery a chance to build up or to lessen its wear? The prescription calls for rest, but what is rest? By rest we understand inaction and inaction soon becomes very tiresome. When tired from inaction then what? Nature says go to work. But what if one has put himself into a position in which he cannot work? Without work he cannot rest and without rest he cannot work. What manner of man is he who can neither work nor rest? We answer, "Of all creatures he is the most miserable." Yet this is the condition many an over middle-aged man puts himself into when he leaves the farm to spend his days in the town or city.

We believe that a great majority of us at least desire to impart to others the knowledge which we have gained by the many years of experience. The town or city does not afford an opportunity to do so. There is a longing for the farm which is the only place where we can teach the young by object lessons. A spirit of discontent and unrest ensues. Very soon the retired finds himself longing for that once quiet and peaceful life upon the farm. But alas, what of the farm which he has forsaken for an imaginary rest? Perhaps it is now occupied by a son or a tenant. To return to the old farm home is to deprive someone else of the home which he now enjoys and for which he is willing to compensate the owner. Soon his mind is turned to some other occupation, which he seeks to follow. He forces himself into a new occupation, which from lack of experience is to him a great uncertainty. He must either learn a new life or meet a dismal failure. On entering the labors of the farm he had but one thing on his mind—farming, but now his already weary brain is burdened with thoughts of the past, the cares of the present and the perplexities of a new occupation.

While such is the rule, it has a few exceptions. In many instances, the farmer is not physically able to carry on the work yet he may be able to oversee or conduct his farming operations, by building a house (it need not be an expensive one) near the one occupied by himself and into it put someone, preferably a son, to be a partner and a sharer of the profits. However, where neither the wife nor husband is able to do enough work to provide themselves with the necessities of life, it is often wise to move to town where the necessary articles for the table can be more easily procured.

Now while living in the city, there's no cackle of the hen,
Nor a squealing little piggle to look at in the pen,
Nor lowing of cattle, nor bleating of the sheep,
Nor calling of the gobbler to arouse us from our sleep.
When the sun shines in the morning, and makes the air feel warm,
It is then our hearts are breaking to go back to the farm.

Wells Co., Ind. Henry Falk.

On the 13th day of Sept., 1845, Wellington M. Farrington and Miss Elsie A. Andrews, of Huron county, Ohio, united their fortunes, consisting of two brave young hearts propelling two pairs of strong, willing hands, to travel the journey of life together. In November following, they emigrated to what was then the western country, the wilderness of DeKalb county, Indiana, and there in the woods south of Cedar Lake, they built their cabin and began to make a cavity in the woods. With steady, persistent effort they succeeded at last. The woods became a well-arranged and fertile farm, the cabin was exchanged for a commodious and elegant frame house and ample barns protected the grain and sheltered the stock. The babes that came to gladden their hearts and busy their hands, grew to manhood and womanhood, and in time little ones called them Pa and Ma. and the young couple of forty years age realized that they were old and began to think that their days of usefulness were gone, that to retire in the seclusion of infirm old age was all that was left to them. During these years they had not forgotten the obligations of gratitude to our Heavenly Father, which merited their loyalty to divine truth, but became the professed followers of Him who gave His life for them, and faithfully performed the duties pertaining to their profession, he as an elder in the church of Christ for thirty-three years, and she as a faithful teacher in the Sunday School, a visitor at the bedside of the sick, a comforter to those in sorrow. As a testimonial of the esteem in which they are held, on Saturday last, Sept. 12th, their children, brothers, sisters, members of the church and neighbors, numbering about 60, not counting the little children, came at the same hour, taking them completely by surprise, finding him digging potatoes and Mother F. gathering some fallen apples in the orchard. After gracefully acknowledging themselves beaten, they donned their holiday apparel and at the bidding of their self-invited guests, sat down to enjoy the scene. The table, about fifty feet long, was prepared in the shaded door-yard, and was literally loaded with a profusion of luxuries and substantial, which were speedily reduced in volume to the full measure of the capacity of the guests. After dinner was completed, the worthy couple were escorted to the porch, and in a short but impressive speech by Dr. Shepherd, were presented with a fine silver water service and a magnificent autograph album, with the names of the guests inscribed, these being the gifts of neighbors and friends. Judge McBride then, in a brief and appropriate speech, presented to them, as the gift of their children, an elegant and costly hanging lamp of exquisite pattern. A neat autograph album by Mr. and Mrs. Andrews, of Kendallville; a silver cake basket by F. E. and Laura Thomson; a set of tinted tumblers by the grand children; a chair tidy of elegant pattern by Lulu Rempis, (her own work); a splendid specimen of hand made lace by Lena Rempis and a lovely bouquet of cut flowers by Ollie Rempis, were among the individual presents given. With tearful eyes, Mr. and Mrs. Farrington gracefully tendered their thanks for the gifts but more for the pleasure of the surprise and their heartfelt manifestations of good will. After a parting prayer by Elder O. Q. Oviatt, of Kendallville, the happy company dispersed to their homes, feeling glad that they had imparted a blessing of joy upon a worthy couple.

For Katy Harrington on the death of her man

Now Katie I'll write and present to your sight,
Some verses to ~~keep~~^{read} and to keep
Concerning one who, you have always in view
And think of on going to sleep

Your John he has gone & left you alone
With children to weep & feel sad
Though he can't come here yet you can go there
And join with the happy ones dead

Then keep of good cheer & never let fear
Drive you away from your God
For happy are they whom their God do obey
And choose this blissful abode.

For E. A. Harrington by A. P. Andrews
A verse I will write to lay up and keep
To read and think of when I am asleep
And think of one who would like to have all
Be saved and be happy and hear their Lord call

AUTHOR OF "LITTLE THINGS"

Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean
And the pleasant land.

So the little moments,
Humble though they be,
Make the mighty ages
Of eternity.

So, our little errors
Lead the soul away
From the path of virtue,
Far in sin to stay.

Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Help to make earth happy
Like the heaven above.

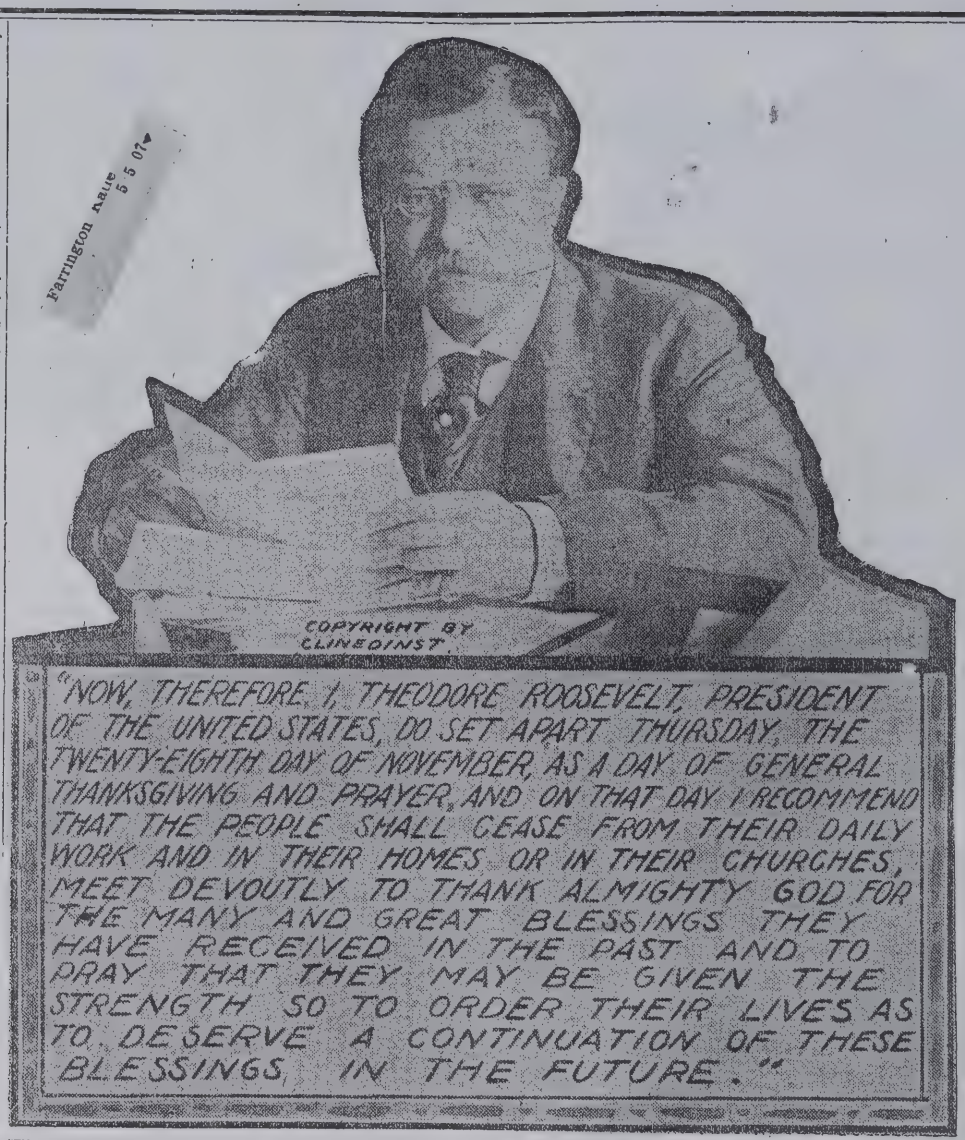


Mrs. Julia A. Fletcher Carney, author of the famous poem, "Little Things," recently celebrated her 80th birthday at her home in Galesburg, Ill. She wrote the poem in 1845, when she was a school teacher in Boston, and her object in writing it was to help her pupils understand the value of little things. A few years later the poem had been translated into many languages, and generations have recited and sung it in all the civilized countries of the world. Mrs. Carney's husband, who was a Universalist minister, died at Galesburg in 1871.



THE LATE WILLIAM MCKINLEY.





32 "NOW, THEREFORE, I, THEODORE ROOSEVELT, PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, DO SET APART THURSDAY, THE TWENTY-EIGHTH DAY OF NOVEMBER, AS A DAY OF GENERAL THANKSGIVING AND PRAYER, AND ON THAT DAY I RECOMMEND THAT THE PEOPLE SHALL CEASE FROM THEIR DAILY WORK AND IN THEIR HOMES OR IN THEIR CHURCHES, MEET DEVOUTLY TO THANK ALMIGHTY GOD FOR THE MANY AND GREAT BLESSINGS THEY HAVE RECEIVED IN THE PAST AND TO PRAY THAT THEY MAY BE GIVEN THE STRENGTH SO TO ORDER THEIR LIVES AS TO DESERVE A CONTINUATION OF THESE BLESSINGS, IN THE FUTURE."

FRANK W. WILLIS EDITOR, IS DEAD

Nestor of Journalism of Northeastern Indiana Joined the Silent Majority at Home in Waterloo Monday.

About the hour of 1:45 p. m. Monday, Frank W. Willis, editor of the Waterloo Press and one of the leading citizens of Waterloo, died at his home after a painful illness of months.

The deceased has been active in public affairs of the county and was considered a leader among the republicans.



MR. WILLIS

He was a good citizen, a kind father and a devoted husband. In his death Waterloo mourns one of its best citizens.

The deceased has been confined to his bed for some time by dropsical troubles and Saturday he grew worse and Sunday his condition was so critical that his children were sent for and some of them were with him at his last hour on earth.

The funeral will not be before Thursday. His daughter, Mrs. Hornaday, resides in Washington, D. C., and it is expected that she and her family can reach here by that time.

Frank W. Willis, editor and proprietor of the Press, was born in the city of Syracuse, N. Y., June 12, 1842, the son of Henry and Emeline (Hewitt) Willis. Henry Willis followed canal-boating and other occupations in New York State; and in 1844 came to DeKalb county, settling on a tract of land in Richland township. Here he resided, engaged in farming, until 1864, when, being elected sheriff of the county, he removed to Waterloo. He held the office four years, or two terms, and then purchased the interest of C. K. Baxter in the book-store owned by that gentleman and Frank W. Willis. His wife died at Waterloo, August 10, 1875.

Mr. Willis was reared on the farm and attended the common schools. He also studied at Orland Seminary and at the Auburn and Waterloo high schools. In 1861 he offered his services to his country, enlisting in the Forty-fourth Indiana Volunteer Infantry, Company K, and remained in the army a little over three years. Returning home after his discharge, he was appointed assistant assessor and deputy collector for the Tenth Congressional District, by William Pitt Fessenden, secretary of the treasury under Andrew Johnson. He satisfactorily discharged the duties thus assumed, for four years. In January, 1867, he purchased the book-store of H. K. Davis, and C. K. Baxter purchasing that of T. Y. Dickinson, the two then consolidated their business under the firm name of Baxter & Willis. In December, 1868, as before stated, his father purchased Mr. Baxter's interest. He was interested in both the paper and the store at the time of death.

Sept. 27, 1868, he was married to Josephine Dickinson and they had nine children, Gertrude Hornaday, of Washington, D. C.; Herbert C. of Waterloo and partner of his father in business; Fred, of Indianapolis; Raymond E. and Edward D. of Angola; and Frank Willis of Indianapolis; Dora E. Dilts, Josephine Willis and William of Waterloo. This is the first death in the family.

John H. Urey, commissioner to sell the real estate of the late Wellington Farrington began selling the property at the temporary court house at noon Saturday. A number of people from the Cedar Lake neighborhood attended the sale. The 61½ acres was sold to Almond Farrington for \$2500. 50 acres and 48 rod tract east of the Carl Thomson's residence was sold to Jonathan Wilhelm for \$2550. 6½ acres north of Carl Thomson house sold for \$940 to David Goodwin. The house and lot on Maple street Waterloo was knocked down to Almond Farrington for \$700.

Wellington Farrington Land Sold.

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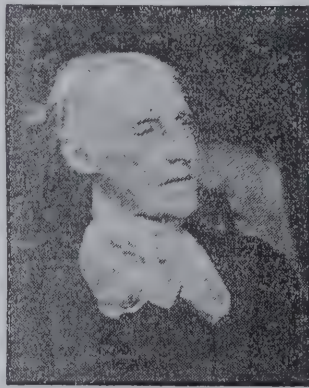
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MRS. JANE L. HINE WILL CELEBRATE

Aged Sedan Lady to Be Honored by Auburn Ladies on Wednesday.

Mrs. Jane L. Hine of Sedan, one of DeKalb county's most beloved and honored citizens will, on Wednesday celebrate her eighty-second birthday. The members of the Ladies' Literary club, of which she is an honorary member, have been invited to participate in the celebration through the kindness of her daughter, Mrs. Nellie Benson, and a large number are planning to spend the day with her. A number of other guests are also invited.



MRS. JANE L. HINE

The members of the Ladies' Literary club, of which she is an honorary member, have been invited to participate in the celebration through the kindness of her daughter, Mrs. Nellie Benson, and a large number are planning to spend the day with her. A number of other guests are also invited.

MYERS-UREY WEDDING

Highly Respected Young People Take Upon Themselves Marriage Obligations.

One of the most delightful social affairs of the season occurred Sunday afternoon at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Urey, in Fairfield township, when their daughter, Elta C., was united in marriage to Glen L. Myers.

Miss Irma, sister of the bride, presided at the piano when at 5:30 the bride, on the arm of her father, entered the parlor where they met the groom and the pastor, Rev. D. E. Hoover, who, in a brief but very impressive manner, performed the marriage ceremony.

After the young people were pronounced husband and wife, they, with about eighty guests, took their places at tables where they were served the wedding dinner in four courses.

The bride is a very popular young lady among the young people of Fairfield township. The groom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank P. Myers of Smithfield township. He has been a teacher in the public schools of DeKalb county and during the last year has been an instructor in the International Business College of Fort Wayne. He, however, has concluded to abandon the profession of teaching and will take charge of Mr. Urey's farm and become a farmer by profession.

To Sister Herington

Think not dear sister though we part,
That friendships ties should sever,
For close those cord draws near the heart,
Though friends do part forever.

While fortune now upon you smiles
Oh, seek her richest treasure
Virtue and wisdom ever fill
Thine heart with peace and pleasure.
Edgerton V. Your sincere friend
April 16. 86 E. A. Bartlett.



So then they that are
in the flesh cannot please God

REIGN SCOVILLE

Holding Evangelistic Meetings
in Melbourne, Australia, Writes
The Dispatch.

ENGLISH HABITS AND CUSTOMS

Mail and Population is Largely
English and Scotch.

Evangelist Charles Reign Scoville, written by nearly all DISPATCHERS, writes of his experiences and customs of people in the far south where he himself and company are now holding meetings as follows:

DEAR SIRS:
In writing this letter at a distance of 10,245 miles from Chicago, I hope the distance can better be understood by saying that when it is 12 o'clock noon on Sunday with you, it is 4:15 Monday morning here. We are about as near the South pole as St. Louis is near the North pole. Since we are so far South of the equator the sun is in the North all the time instead of in the South as with you. We are so far South we are not able to see the North or the Great Dipper, but we see many stars that are not from the Northern hemisphere. Among them are the stars in the beautiful "Southern

Crucifixion" and July and August are the months here, while December and February are the months. The climate here is to the climate of our States. Many of the trees shed their leaves at all, the eucalyptus sheds its bark like the orchards, of course, but they soon re-leaf again. While it seems quite hot to us, yet it is simply cold because the dampness, as there are roses budding in the yards even now, we have seen no snow at all, excepting in the mountains in New Zealand. Australia has 200 square miles more than the United States, not including Alaska. The vast center

country has taken place in the last 70 years. The tide of immigration this way now is remarkable. We are at present living just across the street from the Gov. General's beautiful grounds, and mansion. The Gov. General represents King George and all the laws passed by the Australian Parliament must be signed by him before they become a law.

The Australian Sunday is a sacred day. In Sydney the street-cars run from 8 until 9 o'clock and then no more until after one o'clock. In Melbourne the street-cars do not run at all until after one o'clock. There are no through trains here on Sunday, and the suburban cars do not run until Sunday afternoon, and there is no trains at all running very far from the 'down-town' district. The rolling stock of the railroads, including the engines, passenger and freight cars are all much lighter than used in the United States. Most of them look like toys compared to our ponderous engines. The railroads and street cars are owned by the states and, therefore, in coming from Sydney to Melbourne, a distance of 500 miles, we had to change cars at the border line. The Victoria cars have a narrow gauge, and the New South Wales cars have the standard gauge.

The articles that we send by express in our country are sent by parcel post here, and are sent from the post office at a much cheaper rate than our express companies charge. Also all the telegrams and cablegrams are sent from the post office. Sixteen words are sent by telegraph to any place in Australia for one shilling, (24 cents), but the name and address are included in the sixteen words. It costs me 60 cents a word to cable to Chicago from here.

We are holding our Melbourne meeting in Wirth's Hippodrome, an auditorium seating 3500 people. We have a great stage with elevated seats arranged for the organized choir of 600 voices. There were 121 confessions here the first day, with exactly 1058 to date. We go next to Adelaide where they have another just such an auditorium and a choir of 700 voices.

With greeting to all friends in the home land and the Lord willing, expecting to see you about the middle of October.

I am yours in the Lord Jesus.
CHAS. REIGN SCOVILLE.

of the central district is a desert. There millions of sheep herd, and great cattle ranges, but the sheep predominate. All sorts of woolen fabrics are manufactured here and are much cheaper than in the United States. But all cotton and leather goods are much higher than they are at home.

Australia being a part of the British Empire, the English habits and customs prevail. The people are decidedly English in their accent and pronunciation of words. It keeps you busy to understand some of them. "A" is often given the sound of "I". And "I" is given the sound of "oi". When they sing a song that contains the word praise, they sing it "prize". Many things are called by entirely different names from those we use. Shoes are always called boots. They only apply the word shoe to our slippers. Rubbers are always called Gollyshes. A street car is called a tram. Our trunks are called boxes, and a suitcase or grip is always called a bag. Crackers are called biscuits. They make a sort of cold bread that looks very much like our soda biscuits and they are called scones.

They never use the word depot. They call the depot the station and the ticket office the booking office. It would not do at all to mention the word "bug" in a public address. The work bug means but one thing here and that is a bed-bug. All other bugs are called insects. Hence to use the word bug, would be to commit an unpardonable offence.

Since we are south of the equator the Northern part of the country is the warm part and in this Northern part they are just beginning to irrigate. On the same ship coming over with us, there were a number of experienced Americans, who were brought here by the Government to teach the Australian farmers along the lines of irrigation.

While we meet people here from Africa, South America, Canada, and the United States, yet the vast majority are from England and Scotland. The entire population of Australia is only 6,000,000, or a little less than New York City and Chicago put together. The three principal cities, are Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide. There are about 600,000 inhabitants. There are 200,000 in Melbourne, and about 120,000 in Adelaide. While Captain Cook dropped his anchor in the bay off Sydney, in 1771, yet all the development of the

DENOUNCES THE SCOFFERS

Evangelist Chides Others for Fearing Them—The Two Confessions.

In an address on "The Two Confessions" at the tabernacle last evening Rev. Snodgrass denounced people who scoff at others who stand for Christ and at religious work. A number of people heard the address. By way of introduction, the Evangelist said:

"Upon even a superficial reading of the text, you will notice a plain reference to the two confessions, I have in mind tonight. One is a confession before God, the other a confession before man. One is a confession by morn, the other by Christ. One is a confession of sin, the other, of righteousness. One is a confession of Christ before men, the other a confession of man before God. At the outset you must understand that before you can be acknowledged before the throne of God, you must acknowledge Christ down here. You can't get to Heaven except through the Redeemer's cross."

"There are hundreds of people of Auburn who refuse to put their own convictions into practice simply because they are afraid of the flouts and sneers of the enemy. Let me very kind and affectionately and as gently as I know how to express myself on this subject, tell what I think of a crowd that will laugh at any man's stand for the Christ life. Any crowd guilty of sinking the confession of Jesus Christ to Hellish laughter is as full of Hell as a neglected dog is full of ticks and the blackest devil of the bottomless pit would be ashamed to speak to you in a back alley, and I want that to soak in."

The sermon subject for tonight will be, "An Exhortation to Which 3000 Responded." Because of the storm causing a break in the meeting this week there will be services on Saturday night. A meeting for women only will be held again Sunday afternoon at 2 p. m. The lecture subject for that service will be, "The Serpent's Bruise."

Keynotes of Harmony

Wednesday.

We should become as conscious of the presence of God within as of the atmosphere without.

Thursday.

Believing that we have is the secret of receiving.

Friday.

As long as you hold your own soul serene, no storm on earth can shake you.

Saturday.

He serves all who dares be true.

Sunday.

Thank God for every experience. Gratitude changes a material misfortune to a spiritual blessing, and this, in turn, brings material blessings.

Monday.

The Egyptian Golden Rule: He sought for others the good he desired for himself. Let him pass on.

Tuesday.

Let us cling to our ideals; let us live as near to them as we can—for they seldom lead us astray.

A Life of Service. The Coming Century.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

Last week was celebrated the eightieth birthday of Edward Everett Hale, a man to whom was extended at the same time the hearty good wishes of the whole nation. Yesterday I chanced again upon the lines which follow, written by him, and they have the ring of a real heart-utterance. One cannot help questioning how many there are who could, with truth, express themselves willing to do the Father's work, even though it sent them to the other side of the world.

"And I?
Is there some desert or some pathless sea
Where Thou good God of angels wilt send me?"

Some oak for me to rend; some sod,
Some rocks for me to break;
Some handful of His corn to take
And scatter far and wide,
Till it, in turn, shall yield
Its hundredfold

Of grains of gold
To feed the waiting children of my God?
Show me the desert, Father, or the sea,
Is it Thine enterprise? Great God, send me.

And though this body lie where ocean rolls,
Count me among all Faithful Souls."

Mr. Hale's life, now drawing near its golden setting, has always been fashioned upon the idea of service. Wherever and whenever it has seemed to him force and power and energy have been needed to push forward a great work for humanity, he has given to his utmost, carrying into effect that now familiar motto of his own invention: "Look forward and not back; look out and not in; look up and not down, and lend a hand."

There is a world of excellent philosophy contained in that collection of maxims. The first means to put the past with regret for what it may contain back of us, and with heart of hope gaze forward into the future. The second warns one away from self-seeking, morbid introversion, to a searching for ways to satisfy the needs of others. The third bids us to look upward where the light of the Divine is shining, and it to lose consciousness of the shadows at our feet. And then we are to "lend a hand," in other words, to serve.

Yet it seems as if in the last line of the stanza quoted a greater meaning is more briefly expressed by Mr. Hale than in the whole motto, and this it was which moved me to the thought of his own life.

"Count me among all Faithful Souls!"

What does that mean? Faithful to duty; faithful to a sense of right; faithful in all service, the least as well as the greatest.

Thus are we all to order our lives, as we are to endeavor to live each.

To hold this thought as a foundation upon which to build character for time and for eternity is to act with true wisdom. Carrying this faithfulness in its highest sense into everything we do, into all the relations in which we stand to others, in the family, in society, in business, as employer or employed, and the heaviest burdens grow lighter and easier to bear.

no more beautiful and ex-

Windows are to be cleaned by

empe-ful of m-

Keynotes of Harmony

Wednesday.

The love of the human race is increased by their individual difference and the unity of the creature made perfect by each having something to bestow and to receive.

Thursday.

There is not any matter nor any spirit nor any creature, but it is capable of a unity of some kind with other creatures, and that unity is its perfection and theirs.

Friday.

The unity of spirits is partly in their giving and taking, and always in their love.

Saturday.

That which in lifeless things ennobles them by seeming to indicate life, ennobles higher creatures by indicating the

exaltation of their earthly vitality into a divine vitality, and raising the life of sense into the life of faith.

Sunday.

Only in proportion as we draw near to God, and are made in a measure like unto him, can we increase this our possession of charity, of which the entire essence is in God only.

Monday.

None can love God nor his human brother without loving all those which his Father loves, nor without looking upon them everyone as in that respect his brethren also.

Tuesday.

We are to take it for granted, that every creature of God is in some way good, and has a duty and specific operation providentially accessory to the well being of all.—John Ruskin.

Woman's Enlarged Field of Vision.

Emily S. Bouton

Power Dwelling in Self Control.

When people are bemoaning the multiplying of women's clubs—and there are those who do—and see in them the seeds of decay of the love for home life, there is one side of the question which never seems to present itself to their gaze. Years ago women knew little of what was going on in the outside world. They had small interest in the great problems which are constantly presenting themselves for solution. They did not dream of the possibility of influencing legislation with regard to those vital issues which concern not man alone, but woman as well, and what is of the greatest importance, the children also.

Today this is what they are doing and with constantly increasing good judgment and living power. It sometimes seems as if they were just grown-up and out of leading strings, and much of this change is due to clubs and club-work. They can stand alone, can think for themselves and for their families as well as could women in days ago, but they can also think, and act for others, and those "others" may be in their own community or thousands of miles away. Club study and discussion have made neighbors of the people the other side of the world, and the condition of women in all countries a subject for thought, consideration, and in certain ways, for action. I speak of the latter fact especially because it means such a broadening of the mental and moral nature.

In other words it means growth, and "the main push and purpose of life—all life—is growth. The development of better people—that is what we are here for." And this development must be an all-around one in which women are equally concerned with men, and in which the time has come for them to take an active part.

This is what the changed order of things signifies. The end will be betterment in all ways, a stepping forward, in spite of what the pessimist may declare to the contrary. Wifehood and motherhood will lose no whit of their sacredness, but rather will they be better understood and guarded. The union of purpose which the clubs are producing is a regenerating influence, the force of which is constantly increasing.

We need not fear the outcome, but rather rejoice that so much is made possible for the future. It is true that these are times that are trying human souls to the utmost, but it is also true that never, so far as we know, were there such opportunities for human progress. Those who are watching the movement of events discern in the midst of the apparent confusion, the tragedies of sin and sorrow everywhere, that "an ever increasing purpose runs" which must be worked out to its ultimate by the effort of men and women united. For as Edwin Markham writes in his beautiful poem, *The Climb of Life*—

There's a sense of all things growing
And through all their forms aglowing
Of the shaping souls behind them.

One lesson which women have learned through the training of their work in

clubs, is self-control. I read an article not long ago asserting in the most unqualified terms, that women would never be able, as centralized bodies, to act effectively, because individually they are so largely controlled by their feelings and are so rarely able to repress their expression. This, he said, would never do in public affairs, and here is where in concerted movement, women would be sure to fail.

The man who made this announcement went to sleep a century ago, and has only partially awakened. That might have been true once, but it is not true today. Through study and thought and experience, the necessity of impersonality in public meetings has been learned, and the lesson more generally applied. I am reminded in this connection of a meeting which I attended not long ago, called to consider a question in which there was a chance for a wide difference of opinion. A committee had been appointed to investigate certain conditions with reference to action. Its work was entered into with enthusiasm, and extended over weeks, which merged into months.

When its report was made on the day I speak of, it was found that from one point of view, this labor was lost. It meant nothing. The circumstances must have been intensely aggravating, and yet, not a word was uttered by the members of that committee who had the matter so much at heart and had worked so unwearyingly, that betokened any personal feeling. Whether any existed or not I do not know, but it was a splendid example of the self control which women are supposed to be lacking.

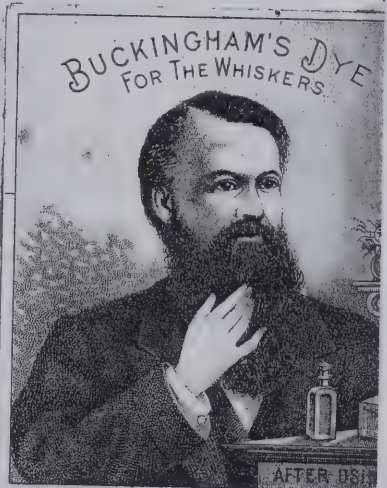
One swallow does not make a summer, I know, but I have seen similar repression of self in larger bodies, city, state, and national, a dignified conduct of affairs which would challenge even our newly awakened critic's admiration.

Self-control, the maintenance of poise under all circumstances, is a most desirable acquisition, and as I have often said before, the key to power. The man or woman who holds the leash upon individual feeling, will not fail to exercise more or less control over others. It is vitally necessary that this be done, in considering matters of importance, when hasty words and actions sometimes produce irretrievably bad results.

This is both mentally and spiritually true. The mind that is warped by passion cannot judge clearly. Everything is out of line. The perspective is wrong. The "image of the sky" is "distorted." In other words the way to success in any effort, whatever it may be, is apt to be lost with the loss of self-control.

This teaching should begin in childhood. I recall some words of a man I knew years ago: "I cannot keep my temper under provocation," he said sadly. "No one ever taught me the necessity, and now it is too late. I wonder that more stress is not laid upon the matter with children."

Of course, I think he was wrong in saying that "it is too late." It is never "too late" to begin any good thing, but he perceived through bitter experience the great need of the power of holding oneself steadily poised. And it is because this power may be more readily acquired before habits are fixed, that whatever helps to give it to the mothers and teachers of children, has, in that way if in no other, a most important mission.



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Lincoln Day Poem

(Written by Mrs. Julia Ward Howe in her ninetieth year, and read by her at the Symphony Hall celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln, Feb. 12, 1909.)

Through the dim pageant of the years
A wondrous tracery appears;
A cabin of the Western wild
Shelters in sleep a new-born child.
Nor nurse nor parent dear can know
The way those infant feet must go;
And yet a nation's help and hope
Are sealed within that horoscope.
Beyond is toll for daily bread,
And thought, to noble issues led,
And courage, arming for the morn
For whose behest this man was born.
A man of homely, rustic ways,
Yet he achieves the forum's praise,
And soon earth's highest meed has won,
The seat and sway of Washington.
No throne of honors and delights:
Distrustful days and sleepless nights
To struggle, suffer and aspire,
Like Israel, led by cloud of fire,
A treacherous shot, a sob of rest,
A martyr's palm upon his breast,
A welcome from the glorious scar
Where blameless souls of heroes meet;
And, thrilling through unmeasured days,
A song of gratitude and praise:
A cry, that all the earth shall heed,
To God, who gave him for our need.

Daddy Knows

Let us dry our tears now, laddie,
Let us put aside our woes;
Let us go and talk to daddy,
For I'm sure that daddy knows.
Let us take him what we've broken,
Be it heart or hope or toy,
And the tale may hide unspoken,
For he used to be a boy.

He has been through all the sorrows
Of a lad at nine or ten;
He has seen the dawn of mornings
When the sun shone bright again;
His own heart has been near breaking,
Oh, more times than I can tell,
And has often known the aching
That a boy's heart knows so well.

I am sure he well remembers
In his calendar of days,
When the boy-heart was December's,
Though the sun and flowers were May's.
He has lived a boy's life, laddie,
And he knows just how it goes;
Let us go and talk to daddy,
For I'm sure that daddy knows.

Let us tell him all about it,
How the sting of it is there,
And I have not any doubt it
Will be easier to bear from you.
For he's trodden every byway,
He has fathomed every joy,
He has traveled every highway
In the wide world of a boy.

He will put aside the worries
That his day may follow through,
For the great heart of him hurries
At the call of help from you.
He will help us mend the broken
Heart of ours or hope or toy,
And the tale may hide unspoken—
For he used to be a boy.

—J. W. Foley, in *Youth's Companion*.

Do Your Level Best

Do your level best, boys, always—everywhere:
Never mind what others do, you act fair and square.
Duty's call is urgent, and life no empty jest:
Pull yourselves together, boys, and do your level best.

Do your level best, boys, whatever your lot may be:
Striding in the study, or sailing on the sea,
Pen, or plow, or hammer, or in scarlet tunic dress,
Pull yourselves together, boys, and do your level best.

Do your level best, boys, all honest work will wear:
Yours is now the springtime; improve the season rare.
Use each precious moment, all trifling ways detest:
Pull yourselves together, boys, and do your level best.

Do your level best, boys: all honest work will tell:
Though the task be irksome, resolve to do it well.
Tinsel off may glitter, but will not stand the test:
Pull yourselves together, boys, and do your level best.

—Darrell Johnstone.

The "Going-to Bees"

Suppose that some fine morn in May
A honey-bee should pause and say,
I guess I will not work to-day,
But next week, or next summer,
Or some time in the by and by,
I'll be so diligent and spry
That all the world must see that I
Am what they call a "hummer!"

Of course you'd wish to say at once,
"O bee! don't be a little dunce,
And waste your golden days and months
In lazily reviewing
The things you're 'going' to do, and how
Your hive with honey you'll endow,
But bear in mind, O bee, that now
Is just the time for 'doing.'"

Suppose a youth with idle hands
Should tell you all the splendid plans
Of which he dreams, the while the sands
Of life are flowing, flowing.
You'd wish to say to him, "O boy!
If you would reap your share of joy,
You must discerningly employ
Your morning hours in sowing."

He who would win must work! The prize
Is for the faithful one who tries
With loyal heart and hand; whose skies
With toll-crowned hopes are sunny.
And they who seek success to find
This homely truth must bear in mind:
"The 'going-to bees' are not the kind
That fill the hive with honey."

—Nelson Waterman.

To Be a Man

CARLYSLE HOLCOMB.

The folks are always askin' me—
It's kind o' funny, too;
They wonder what I'm goin' to be,
And what I'm goin' to do.
But I can't tell the place I'll fill
In this ol' glory land;
I've got to wait, an' learn until
I get to be a man.

My mother says a preacher be,
My father says a clerk;
A teacher some one says to me,
But that thought makes me jerk.
I don't like folks a-tellin' where
I'd better take my stand;
This, Jimmy here and Jimmy there,
Will never make a man.

The fool that was a sage now is,
An' sure as life it's true:
This sayin' 'tain't and sayin' 'tis
Won't make a thing o' you.
So this I'll be though great or small,
Though governor o' lands:
The best and greatest thing of all,
I'm goin' to be a man.

ASHTABULA, O.

The Rhyme of Dorothy Rose

Dorothy Rose had a turned-up nose.
Did she worry about it, do you suppose?
Oh, no; but a plan she began to hatch
To make the rest of her features match.

First of all, she trained her eyes,
Turning them up to the sunny skies.
Look at the mud and dust, not she!
Nothing but sunshine would Dorothy see.

A flower that droops has begun to wilt.
So up went her chin, with a saucy tilt.
An ounce of pluck's worth a pound of sigh
And courage comes with a head held high.

Lastly, her lips turned their corners up,
Brimming with smiles like a rosy cup.
Oh, a charming child is Dorothy Rose—
And it all began with a turned-up nose!

—Pauline Frances Camp.

The Frightened New Year

The New Year mused with thoughtful face
And small chin sunken in his hand,
And as the moments fled apace,
He watched the swiftly running sand
In Time's old hour-glass. At his side
The door to Earth stood open wide.

"The Old Year takes so long to die,"
He murmured, with a sigh, at last;
"Oh, when will come my turn to fly
Down on the midnight's rushing blast
And hear the laughter and the mirth
That always greet the Year on Earth?"

At last! at last! the sand is run,
The New Year's reign has now begun.
But ah! upon his startled ears
What clamor breaks! What sounds he hears
From every factory and mill,
From tugs and steamboats whistling shrill,
From pealing bells and cannon's blare,
From rockets whizzing through the air!
The baby Year half turned to fly
And almost felt inclined to cry.

"Oh, oh," he wailed amid the din,
"I wish—I wish—I'd not come in!"

—Annie Johnson Flint, in *St. Nicholas*.

When "ie" and "oi" both spell "e,"
How can we tell which it shall be?
Here is a rule you may believe,
That never, never will deceive.
And all such troubles will relieve.
A simpler rule you can't conceive.
It is not made of many pieces
To puzzle daughters, sons or nieces,
Yes, with it all the trouble ceases.
After "C" an "E" apply;
After other letters "I."
Thus a general in a siege
Writes a letter to his liege,
Or an army holds its field
And will never deign to yield
While a warrior holds to shield,
Or has strength his arm to wield.
Two exceptions we must note,
Which all scholars learn by rote:
Leisure is the first of these,
For the second we have seize.
Now you know the simple rule.
Learn it, quick, and off to school!

—Unidentified.

The Misses at School

There was once a school
Where the mistress, Miss Rule,
Taught a number of misses that vexed her;
Miss Chief was the lass
At the head of the class,
And young Miss Demeanor was next her.

Who was tall, they don't tell,
But I heard 'twas Miss Spell—
I learned so from Miss Information;
Who was told in the street,
Where she happened to meet
With Miss Take and Miss Representation.

Poor little Miss Hap
Spilled the ink in her lap,
And Miss Fortune fell on the table;
Miss Conduct they all
Did a Miss Creant call,
But Miss State declared this a fable.

Miss Lay lost her book
And Miss Lead undertook
To show her the place where to find it;
But upon the wrong nail
Miss Place hung her veil,
And Miss Deed hung the bookcase behind it.

Then all went very well
As I have heard tell,
Till Miss Take brought in Miss Understanding.
Miss Conjecture then guessed
Evil things of the rest,
And Miss Counsel advised their disbanding.

—Unidentified.

Folded Wings

What does little birdie say,
In her nest at peep of day?
"Let me fly," says little birdie;
"Mother, let me fly away."
"Birdie, rest a little longer,
'Till thy little wings are stronger."
So she rests a little longer,
Then she flies away.

What does little baby say,
In her bed at peep of day?
Baby says, like little birdie,
"Let me rise and fly away."
"Baby, sleep a little longer,
'Till thy tiny limbs are stronger,
If she sleeps a little longer,
Baby, too, shall fly away."

—Tennyson.

Mother's Boy

Her hand upon my shoulder pressed,
She heaving off a sigh;
Together once we climbed a hill,
My dear old Marn and I.
Tho' then quite small, I yet recall
How thrilled was I with joy,
That, smiling, she did lean on me,
And call me "Mother's boy!"

When school days came, in all I did
Her interest was keen;
With each achievement, each advance,
Her pride was plainly seen.
And tho' I raved of outdoor sports
Ne'er did my zest annoy:
So as a lad I'er was glad
That I was mother's boy!

With all my many schoolboy chums
She always was the same;
Our pantry, filled with goodly store,
Was open to all who came.
And that the boys should have good times
Her wits she would employ,
Till more than one-half wished in fun
He were my mother's boy!

No lessening of this love e'er came,
For e'en in manhood's day,
That parent was my comrade still,
She shared my hopes and fears.
And when at last she journeyed home
For me was yet this joy,
At heaven's gate I knew she'd wait,
And watch for "Mother's boy!"

To cleanliness she moulded me,
To uprightness and zeal;
To not alone be true to self,
But true to others' weal.
And these things all have brought me peace,
Ay, peace with that one half;
So e'en to-day I'm proud to say
That I was mother's boy!

—George Whitefield Davis.

The Poppy-land Express

The first train starts at six P. M.,
For the land where the poppy grows;
The mother dear is the engineer,
And the passenger laughs and crows.

The palace-car is the mother's arms,
The whistle a low, sweet strain;
The passenger wink and nods and blinks,
And goes to sleep in the train.

At eight P. M. the next train starts
For the Poppy-land afar;
The summons clear falls on the ear—
"All aboard for the sleeping-car!"

"But what is the fare to Poppy-land?
I hope it is not dear."
The fare is this—a hug and a kiss,
And 'tis paid to the engineer.

So I asked of him who children took
On his knee in kindness great:
"Take charge, I pray, of the train each day
That leaves between six and eight."

"Keep watch o'er the passengers"—thus I pray—
"For to me they are very dear,
And special watch, O gracious Lord!
O'er the gentle engineer."

—Madeline Reilly.

Dorothy's Valentine

Wee Dorothy sits by the little stand,
With paper smooth and white,
A pencil held close in her chubby hand,
Her eyes with smiles are bright.

She has drawn a tree and painted green
The leaves of a vivid hue;
Her flowers are the brightest ever seen,
Their size is marvelous, too.

She wonders if papa will ever know
From whom the picture came,
For mamma says that it will go
Without the sender's name.

Her work she thinks is rather grand
For a little girl, you see,
And secretly hopes he will understand
"To papa dear—from me."

—M. F. Sherman.

Two Silver Keys

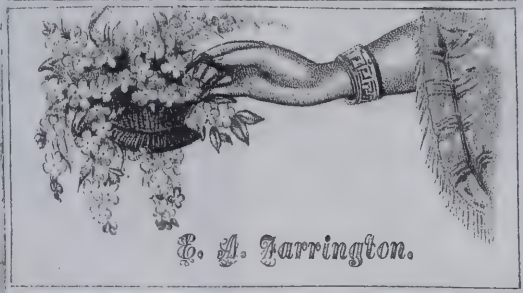
In the castle of Smiles there are two closed doors,
Behind which, waiting there,
Are beautiful gifts for every child,
Useful, lovely and fair.

But the two closed doors are locked quite tight,
Each with a silver key,
As each little lad and each little lass
Can very plainly see.

And no matter how hard they tug and pull,
The doors will not unclose,
Without the two little silver keys,
As every good child knows.

So if these beautiful gifts you wish,
You must carry the silver keys
That unlock the doors to the castle of Smiles,
They are "Thank you" and "If you please."

—Pearle for the Little Ones.





The Singer

One who went singing on the long highroad
Upon his shoulders bore a heavy load.
A sobbing child delayed him with its clinging;
Tender, low and strangely sweet his singing;
And when he shared a drooping comrade's ill
His song rose cheerily to meet the hills.
A woman walked beside him for a space;
He bore her load, and matched her feeble pace.
Then laborers in distant fields stood still
To hear his song, and felt their hearts athrill.
Footsore, he plodded on through evening dew;
Yet still his song rose bravely to the blue.

—London Sunday-school Chronicle

The Swing

How do you like to go up in a swing,
Up in the air so blue?
Oh, I do think it the pleasantest thing
Ever a child can do.
Up in the air and over the wall,
Till I can see so wide,
Rivers and trees and cattle and all,
Over the country-side.

Stearns.

What Robin Told

How do the robins build their nests?
Robin Redbreast told me.
First a wisp of amber hay
In a pretty round they lay.
Then some shreds of downy floss,
Feathers, too, and bits of moss.
Woven with a sweet song,
This way, that way, and across:
That's what Robin told me.

Where do the robins hide their nests?
Robin Redbreast told me.
Up among the leaves so deep,
Where the sunbeams rarely creep;
Long before the winds are cold,
Long before the leaves are gold.
Bright-eyed stars will peep, and see
Baby robins, one, two, three;
That's what Robin told me.

George Cooper

If I Were You

If I a little girl could be,
Well—just like you.
With lips as rosy, cheeks as fair,
Such eyes of blue, and shining hair,
What do you think I'd do?
I'd wear so bright and sweet a smile,
I'd be so loving all the while,
I'd be so helpful with my hand,
So quick and gentle to command,
You soon would see
That every one would turn to say,
"This good to meet that child to-day."
Yes, yes, my girl; that's what I'd do
If I were you.

Or, if I chanced to be a boy,
Like some I know,
With crisp curls sparkling in the sun,
And eyes all beaming bright with fun—
Ah, if I could be so,
I'd strive and strive with all my might
To be so true, so brave, polite,
That in me each one might behold
A hero, as in days of old.
"T'would be a joy
To hear one, looking at me, say:
"My cheer and comfort all the day."
Yes, if I were a boy, I know
It would be so.

—Independent

"As Good as Gold"

The day that I was five years old
I thought I'd be as good as gold.
I promised mother that I stood there,
All dressed up, on a parlor chair,
That I would do my very best
To act as well as I was dressed.

She told me when my party came
To think of others in the game,
To let my visitors go first,
To take the smallest piece and worst,
And see that others had enough,
And not be greedy, cross or rough.

But I forgot it once or twice,
And then my manners were not nice.
So when they'd gone she shook her head:
"As good as silver," mother said.
But—when I grow to six years old,
I know I'll be "as good as gold."

St.

On New Year's Day

Out in the snow-roofed carriage shed,
Archie and Fan and May and Ted,
Tucked in the seats of the old, red sleigh,
Made resolutions for New Year's Day.

"I'm tired of being always late,"
Thus Archie opened the grave debate.
"On time to breakfast; on time to school;
On time to the minute; that's my rule."

"Mine's hard, but I'll do the best I can,
Trying to keep it a year," said Fan.
"Never to speak—not even in fun—
An unkind word to any one."

"I'll try to be trim and clean and neat,"
Said May, the tomboy, "from head to feet;
I'll mend my dress if it gets a tear,
And never forget to brush my hair."

These were the older ones, you see.
Archie and Fan and May—that's three.
Now everybody was waiting for Ted.
"I dess I'll mind my muvver," he said.

How they laughed, and cuddled him close,
Curis and dimples and cheeks of rose.
"Ted's is the best," they cried. "Well done;
It's all good resolutions in one."

—Mabel Earle.

The New Way

I went to school by streets, to-day,
That I was never on before;
But now I'll always go that way,
And not the old one any more.

For there's a great big house of brick
I passed upon the way I went,
Where little children who are sick
And have to lie a-bed are sent.

And while I went a-skipping by,
Afraid that I might tardy be,
I looked up and I chanced to spy
A child about the age of me.

She lay upon a little bed,
And, oh, her face was thin and white!
I thought how mine was round and red;
It made my throat feel queer and tight.

I almost think I should have cried
A tear or two, had not that child
Caught sight of me; and so I tried
To look quite cheerful when she smiled.

And I smiled back, and waved my hand,
And she waved hers—and, all this day,
I've thought of her. That's why I've planned
To always go to school that way!

—Marian Warner Wildman, in *Children's Magazine*.

Calling the Hens

When Neighbor Dobson calls his hens,
He scatters forth the grain,
And then he drums upon a pan
With all his might and main.
And you should see them fly and run.
To watch them is the greatest fun.

When Mr. Mason feeds his flock,
He strews the seed around,
And then he clucks as to a team,
A very cheerful sound.
And how the chickens flutter by
I can't half tell you if I try.

When grandma goes to feed her chicks
She doesn't need to call,
For as she passes on her way
They gather, one and all.
With cackle gay they scurrying come,
Without a whistle or a drum.

And when she stoops among her pets
They light upon her head,
Upon her shoulders or her arms.
They've naught to fear or dread.
Her flock is always tame, we find,
She is so gentle and so kind.

—Della Hart Stone.

To a Baby

I see my own reflection in your eyes,
Those deep and wondrous orbs of darkest blue;
So pure, so innocent, it scarce seems true
That my poor image in their radiance lies,
When I behold my image in your eyes.

Best gift of God, the years shall swift unfold,
And many a change thy growing life shall see,
From this fair morning of thine infancy,
Till I thy perfect womanhood behold.
Ah, then God grant it be no sad surprise,
Should I behold myself within your eyes.

—May Griggs Van Voorhis.

Five Little Brothers

Five little brothers set out together
To journey the live-long day;
In a curious carriage all made of leather
They hurried away, away!
One big brother and three quite small,
And one wee fellow, no size at all.

The carriage was dark, and none too roomy,
And they could not move about;
The five little brothers grew very gloomy,
And the wee one began to pout.
Till the biggest one whispered: "What do you say?
Let's leave the carriage, and run away!"

So out they scampered, the five together,
And off and away they sped.
When somebody found the carriage of leather,
Oh, my, how she shook her head!
'Twas her little boy's shoe, as every one knows,
And the five little brothers were five little toes.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Who is She?

Perhaps you know the little girl
Who's always losing things;
Her head is in a constant whirr—
Her property has wings.

She's very sure she puts away
Each article in place,
But when she wants them they're astray,
And thus begins the chase:

"O mother, have you seen my hat?
It's nearly half-past eight.
I thought 'twas earlier than that—
I'm sure I shall be late!"

"And where's my coat? I hung it there
Upon that hook last night.
Well, yes, perhaps 'twas on the chair,
Or under it—you're right."

"Some pixie hid my books there. No,
I'm sure it wasn't I.
Hat, coat, gloves, books—a kiss! And so
I'm ready now. Good-by!"

What work and worry she could spare
Herself, and others too,
By just a little thought and care.
Now, can this girl be you?

—Alice L. Carson.

The Road to Laughtertown

Would ye learn the road to Laughtertown,
Oh, ye who have lost the way?
Would ye have a young heart though your hair be gray?
Go learn from a little child each day,
Go serve his wants and play his play,
And catch the lit of his laughter gay.
And follow his dancing feet as they stray;
For he knows the road to Laughtertown,
Oh, ye who have lost the way!

—Unidentified.

A Father

My child, those earnest eyes of blue
Have seen me grow more strong and true
Than I had thought to be;
My care and toll in training you
Have educated me.
I dared not do a vicious deed:
I dared not drop a harmful seed
In soil so fresh and pure;
And so, because your soul had need,
My better soul is sure.

—Roy Temple House, in "Good Health."

NATURE'S VOICE

IT is said that the great violinist, Ole Bull, was one day standing at the end of a point of rocks that ran far out into the sea, playing upon his violin. When asked what he was doing, his answer was that he was listening to the music of the breaking waves that he might reproduce it on his violin. By this close study he was able to master his violin and make his audience hear the surf beating on the shore and see the white caps of the breakers as they roll upon the shore.

So, indeed, it is with us; if we would reproduce the divines of God speaking there. If we are to send out melody and sweetness as we go through life, we must first learn the harmony from the divine One. It is our business in life to so harmonize these parts that we can give something good to every one we meet.

We can not be a blessing to others till we have harmony in our selves. If we oppose God in any of our parts, the harmony is discord, and discords never please. The man with music in his soul is in harmony with God and at peace with his fellow-men.

—Unidentified.

"The rose is red,
The violet blue,
The pink is sweet,
And so are you."

Lester
March 1886

قال سيدنا عيسى تعالوا الي يا جميع
المتعبين والثقلين الاحمال وانا اترككم
احملوا نيري عليكم وتعلموا مني لاني وديع
ومتواضع القلب فتجدوا راحة لنفوسكم

Matt. XI. 28, 29.

Arabic

Mrs. Grimké, Manchester.

WHICH WAY DO THEY POINT?

E. L. VINCENT.

AT the crossing of two roads a great army halted. "Which way now?" was the question asked by the leaders as they stood looking up at the guide-posts at the intersection of the ways.

"I have been over this road, sir," said a private soldier to the general in command, "and I am sure this is the right way!"

"But the guide-post says this way, and not that!"

"Then the guide-post is wrong! I would stake my life on it!"

But the great army dragged on mile after mile, wearily, only to find at last that its enemies had turned the guide-posts purposely to send it out of the way. More than once that was done by the Austrians in the war of 1866, and they gained a decided advantage in many an instance by that method of deception.

Following a turned guide-board!

In the dim long ago, men who were jealous of a young captive who, by reason of his integrity of purpose and skill in knowing the right and doing it, had reached a place very near to the throne, laid a plot to destroy him. But they failed. Why?

Because every day the windows of that young man were open up toward God, and his prayers went winging their way in petition that he might be guided aright. And the snare did not take the bird for which it was set! The guide-posts were indeed right!

"I wonder who his adviser is? Surely he must have wisdom beyond his years!"

They did not know that the young business man of whom they

FLORISTS' WARNING BELL

AN electric bell tinkled sharply beside the florist's desk. "Frost!" he said, and ran hatless to the greenhouses. "The fires had sunk," the florist explained on his return. "The watchman had fallen asleep. But for my frost bell I'd have lost hundreds of dollars. Frost bells are now pretty generally used by florists and fruit-growers," he went on. "An electrical connection is connected with a thermometer, and when the mercury falls to a certain point—you regulate this danger-point to yourself—a bells rings a warning in your house or office. By a crop of winter fruit and flowers has been saved in the past year or two by the clever little frost bell." If Christians could only have a frost bell attached to them in some way, so that they might be plainly warned of the fact that they are getting too cold, it might save many a Christian from being spiritually frost-bitten and also save the church from great loss. —Unidentified.

IT'S ONLY A LITTLE WHILE, SIR

WELL, Auntie," said the judge, going up to the old colored applewoman's stand on New Year's morning, "don't you get tired sitting there these cold, dismal days?"

"It's only a little while, sir," said she.

"And the hot, dusty days?" said he.

"It's only a little while, sir," said old Auntie.

"And the rainy, drizzly days?" said the judge.

"It's only a little while," answered Auntie.

"And your sick, rheumatic days, Auntie?" said the judge.

"Only a little while, sir," said she.

"And what then, Auntie?" asked the judge.

"I shall enter into that rest which remains for the people of God," answered the old woman, devoutly; "and the trouble-fulness of the way there don't pester or fret me. It's only a little while, sir."

"All is well that ends well, I dare say," said the judge, "but what makes you so sure, Auntie?"

"How can I help being sure, sir," said she, "since Christ is the way and I am in him? He is mine and I am his. Now I only feel along the way. I shall see him as he is, in a little while, sir."

"Ah, Auntie, you have more than the law ever taught me," said the judge.

"Yes, sir, because I went to the gospel," said Auntie.

"Well, Auntie, I must look into these things," said the judge, taking an apple and walking off.

"There's only a little while, sir," said she.—Unidentified.

Midwinter days! how oft they bring
With lengthening light a sense of spring
However keen may be their sting.

A vague, sweet sense that far below
The secret wasting of the snow
The sap already stirs to flow.

The frozen sod seems thrilled with hope,
And where the valleys sunward slope
The buried rootlets blindly grope.

Beneath the dim protecting pines
Peep here and there still verdant vines
Through rifts of ice, as day declines.



And pours a sudden ruby glow
Though lovely woodland aisles that show
A crimson path across the snow.

The birds that tarry all the year
Are twittering that spring is near;
And busy with their plans appear.

Storm-driven from some softer zone,
Anon the flash of wings unknown,
And winter seems already flown!

The air is full of prophecies,
Soft-humming like Hymettus' bees,
In days, midwinter days like these!

—Harriet McEwen Kimball.

The time is short!
If thou wouldst work for God, it
must be now;
If thou wouldst win the garland
for thy brow,
Redeem the time.

Shake off earth's sloth!
Go forth with staff in hand while
yet 'tis day;
Set out with girded loins upon the
way;
Up! Linger not!



Fold not thine hands!
What has the pilgrim of the cross
and crown
To do with luxury or couch of
down?
On, pilgrim, on.

With His reward
He comes; he tarries not; his day
is near;
When men least look for him he
will be here
Prepare for him!

Let not the flood
Sweep thy firm feet from the eter-
nal rock;
Face calmly, solemnly the billow's
shock;
Fear not the storm.

Withstand the foe;
Die daily, that forever thou mayest
live;
Be faithful unto death! the Lord
will give
The crown of life.

—Horatius Bonar.



He keepeth the
paths of judgment,
and preserveth the way
of His saints.

Prov. 2-8.

GOOD CHEER

I DO not know, nor does any one else, who invented the phrase "Good Cheer." But if it could be discovered who that person was, I should be among the first to suggest that a beautiful monument be erected to his or her memory.

There is nothing in life, except love and faith, that is greater than good cheer. It is said that as a great Greek statesman lay on his death-bed he was asked what thing in his life he most regretted. He lay silent for a moment, then replied bitterly: "It is that I have been disagreeable where I might have been pleasant; frowning where I might just as easily have smiled; and unrelenting where a kind word would have made me a dozen friends. I am a great man, but my greatness dies with me, because the gloom that it cast about me chilled those who might otherwise have perpetuated it. And great though I may appear, all my friends can be counted on the fingers of my right hand. Oh that I might live my life over again! How different would I make it."

Most of the world to-day is like that ancient Greek statesman. It is so busy in the rush after position and wealth and happiness that it is neglecting one of life's most important things—more important, I think, than foreign travel or an automobile or diamonds or a magnificent residence—good cheer. And yet how easy it is to secure this all-important thing:

"Just a little deed of sunshine,
Just a word of hope and cheer,
Just a smile! they cost so little—
But they make it heaven here."

Let us always try to have good cheer. Clouds must appear on our horizon, but there's never a cloud yet but has disappeared sooner or later, and even when the day is gloomiest, many a time will the sun burst through in beauty and splendor.

"A little more earnest endeavor;
A little more conquest of wrong;
A little more trusting forever;
A little more joy in the song."

"Thus life makes its gain sure and steady,
And climbs one hill every day;
For heaven the heart grows more ready,
With God for our friend all the way."

—William Thomas McElroy, in the *Victor*.

THE BOY AND SYMPATHY

ONE of the most pitiable and pathetic things I ever heard was by a little friend of one of our sons. My wife in passing kissed our little son. His companion looked up with an inexpressible longing in face, saying: "My mamma never kisses me like that! Oh, how I wish she would!" And yet these parents-loved their boy, gave him a comfortable home and good clothes. "The kiss of my mother made me a painter," said Benjamin West.

"Do you know that just a kiss,
In a weary world like this,
Given to a little child
Thought to be so rough and wild,
May direct a lengthened life
From the paths of sin and strife?"

The following from one who understands what a mistake it is to snub a boy is apropos here:

Don't snub a boy because of physical disability. Milton was blind and deaf. Beethoven the musician was deaf, yet

"To blind old Milton's rayless orbs,
A light divine is given;
And deaf Beethoven hears the hymns
And harmonies of heaven."

Don't snub a boy because he chooses a humble trade. The author of "Pilgrim's Progress" was a tinker.

Don't snub a boy because he stutters. Demosthenes, the greatest orator of Greece, overcame a harsh and stuttering voice.

Don't snub a boy because of the ignorance of his parents. Shakespeare, the world's poet, was the son of a man who was unable to write his own name.

Don't snub a boy who seems dull and stupid. Hogarth, the celebrated painter and engineer, was slow at learning and did not develop as soon as most boys.

Don't snub a boy because he wears shabby clothes. When Edison, the great inventor, first entered Boston in the depth of winter, he wore a pair of yellow linen breeches.

Don't snub a boy because his father is a poor drunkard. Kiltie, who made a new departure in Bible study, was such. He fell from a scaffold in his boyhood and became totally deaf. He was so "pinched with hunger, shivering in rags, crawling about

GIRD me with the strength of thy steadfast hills!
The speed of thy streams give me!
In the spirit that calms, with the life that thrills,
I would stand or run for thee.
Let me be thy voice or thy silent power—
As the cataract or the peak—
An eternal thought in my earthly hour,
Of the living God to speak.



Let me rise and rejoice in thy smile aright,
As mountains and forests do;
Let me welcome thy twilight and thy night,
And wait for thy dawn anew!

Give me of the brook's faith, joyously sung
Under clank of its icy chain!
Give me of the patience that hides among
Thy hilltops in mist and rain!
Lift me up from the clod; let me breathe thy breath;
Thy beauty and strength give me!
Let me lose both the name and the meaning of death
In the life that I share with thee.

—Lucy Larcom.

THOUGHTS, BY THE WAY.

Beware of evil-doers.

By doing good, you will be happy.

Our greatest enemies are ourselves.

Keep out of trouble by keeping busy.

Quit yourselves like men.—*Old Testament*.

God is your witness in anything you may do.

"God's will, not our's, be done."—*McKinley*.

Do not put yourself in the way of temptation.

Are we doing what we should? If not, why not?

The righteous are often in peril through being in bad company.

Keep from being censured by doing all that is required of you.

Be not deceived by thinking you can take a drink or let it alone as you choose.

The remedy for every ill is "Look unto Jesus the author and finisher of our faith."

Choose such pleasures that recreate and tend to make you better men and women.

Prayers said without thought expressed therein will never reach the throne of grace.

If you desire to live with snakes and scorpions, you only have to become a drunkard.

God's people should so live that they can be readily pointed out as people not of this world.

Fear to do a thing, makes you grow weaker and lose your influence for that which is good.

You build your own character, the kind is determined by the way you have used your time.

We cannot be too careful as to the company we keep. We should shun even the appearance of evil.



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By N. S. HAYNES

“It will rank with Bierbower’s ‘Morals of Christ.’ It should be in the pocket of every man studying for the ministry, for it contains a severe antidote for some of the maudlin views about the Master entertained by some modern writers. I hope the book will receive the circulation it so richly deserves.”

—GEN. Z. T. SWEENEY.



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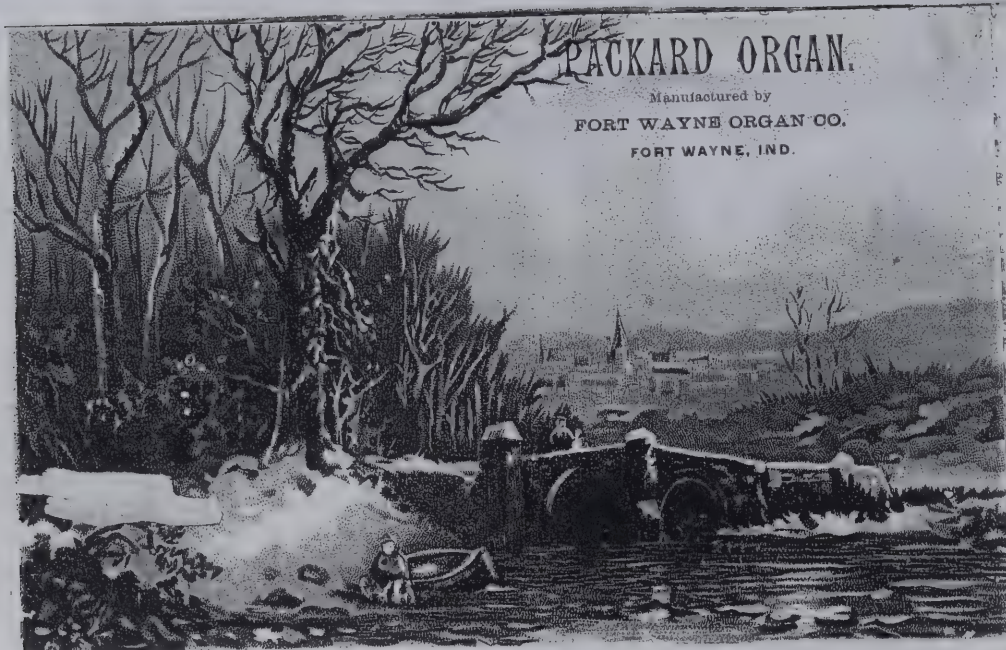


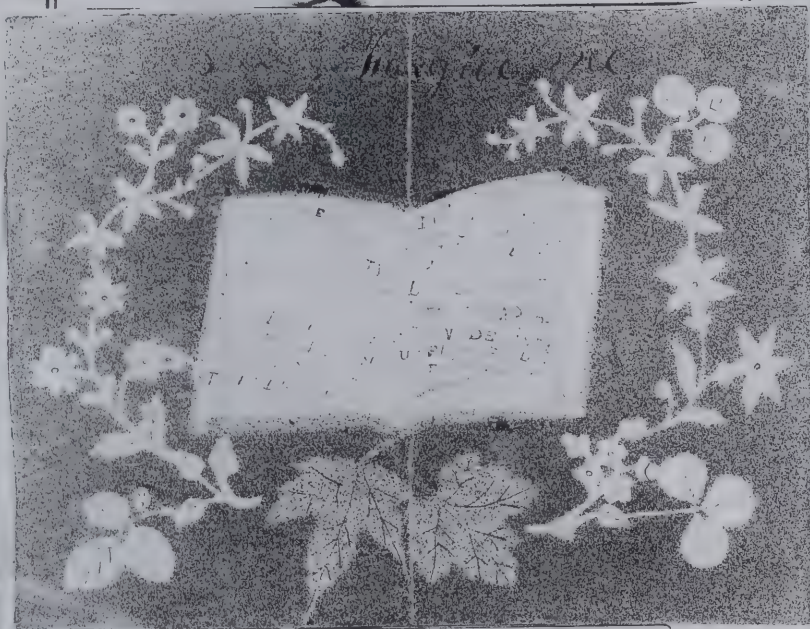
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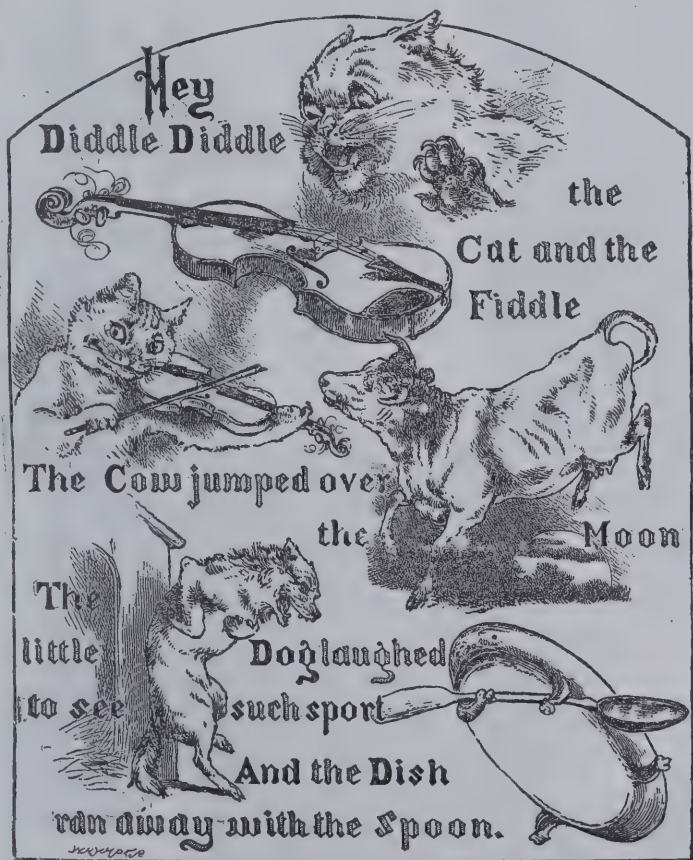
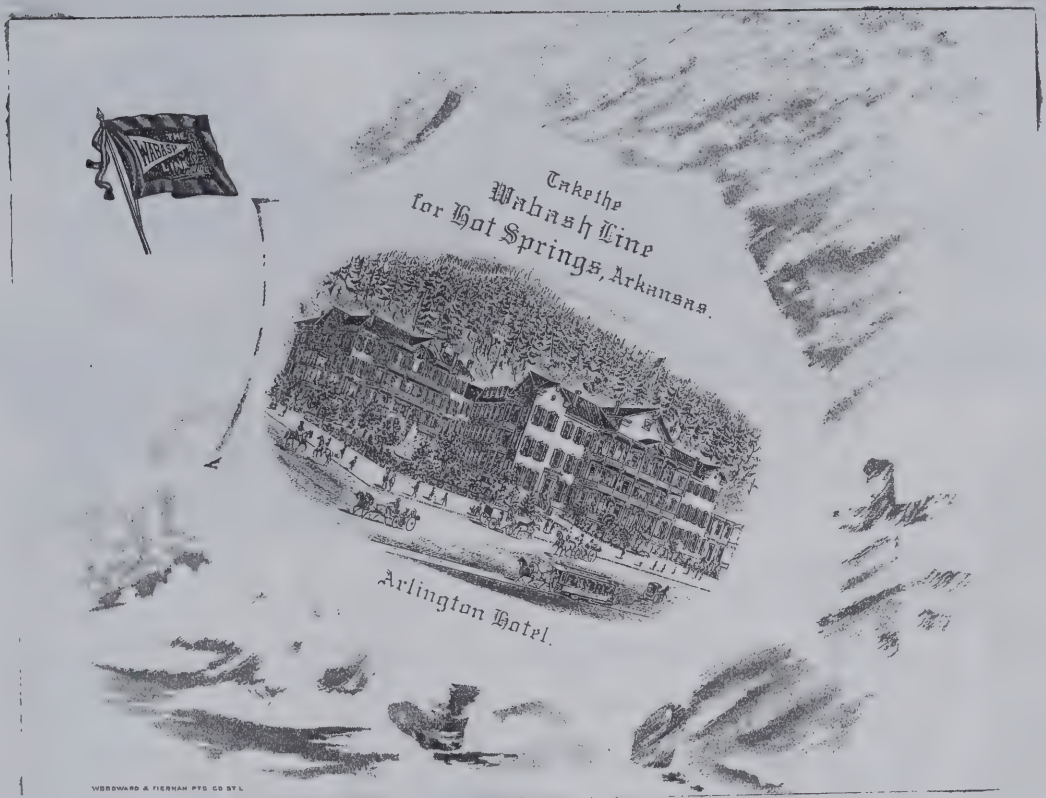
God resisteth the proud, but giveth grace to the humble. Be subject therefore unto God; but resist the devil, and he will flee from you. James iv, 6, 7.











Written for the Christian Standard.

"My Old Man."

Mrs. A. BLACKMAN.

on our fifty-fifth wedding anniversary.

I well I know he's growing feeble;
His whitened hair so thin and gray,
Minds me oft that he is passing
Swiftly down the sunset way.

ers have fled and left their footprints
Since we started on our way;
t he loves me just as fondly
As upon our wedding day.

7 old man is kind and tender,
His true heart full well I know,
he put it in my keeping
#1. s and fifty" years ago.

s nearing the dark river;
on he'll gain the farther strand;
beside him I am walking,
we journey hand in hand.

ave sorrowed o'er the ashes
fond hopes so sadly riven;
For near him I am keeping,
ing on my way to heaven;

ou when we cross the river,
sure dark tide no bridge can span;"
more would make the journey,
come "my dear old man."
re Feb. 22.

INDIANA.

By H. H. ANDREWS, WICHITA, KAN.

Indiana, as a State, is one of the select;
Her loyal record shall command our respect,
And writing her name with an abbreviation,
Shall always receive our severe condemna-
tion.

Write Indiana, for that is her name,
Although I-n-d. may mean all the same;
But where is the man on this beautiful earth,
That would destroy the name of the land of
his birth.

Write it in full, for it has a musical sound,
And names a land where peace and plenty
abound;

Then keep the pen moving, oh, stay not your
hand,

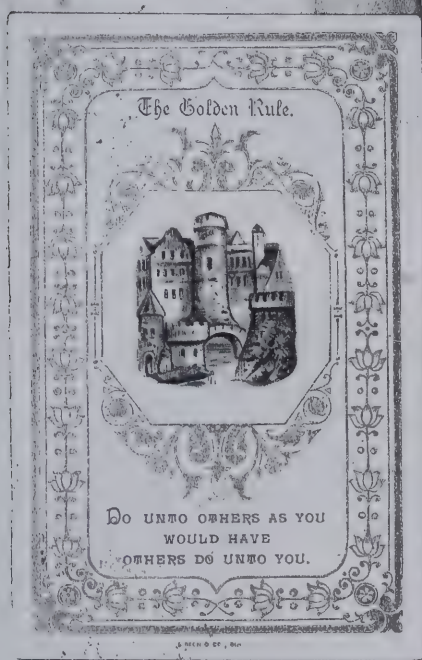
Till you've written the name of your beau-
tiful land.

Indiana is her name, and we'll greet her with
cheers,

As the home of our parents the old pioneers;
Who filled her with homes by their diligent
toil,

E'er we laid them to rest, beneath her old
soil.





An Interesting Writer



Mrs. Roger A. Pryor

From a Miniature Painted in Rome in 1855. Copyright, the Macmillan Co.

Mrs. Roger A. Pryor, whose *Reminiscences of Peace and War* has been greeted as one of the most delightful of the autumn books, grew up in Virginia during the thirties and forties. Early in the next decade she married a brilliant young member of Congress from her own state, and became a part of the social life of the Capital during its palmiest epoch. After the war broke out she went South with her husband, who became one of the most dashing and successful of Southern soldiers. It was her unique experience that throughout practically the whole of the Civil War she lived within the Confederate camp.

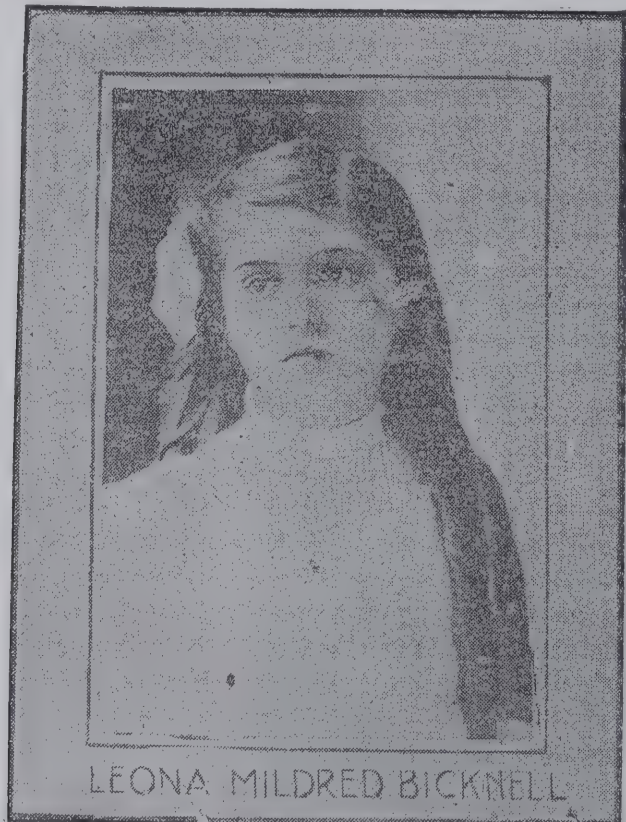
During 1864 and 1865 her house was a stone's throw from General Lee's headquarters on the Confederate line of defence; and that line was finally broken, just before Appomattox, in her back garden. Her book describes the brilliant social life of Washington during the 50s, but it is chiefly devoted to the experiences of a Southern woman during the great civil strife. The portrait of Mrs. Pryor that serves as a frontispiece to her book is reproduced from a miniature painted in Rome in 1855 when her husband was on a diplomatic mission to that city.

MRS. GEORGE JAY GOULD AND HER ELDEST DAUGHTER, MARJORIE.



THE PORTRAIT OF A LITTLE GIRL.

—The Craftsman.



LEONA MILDRED BICKNELL



"BESSIE BELLE" AND HER MOTHER.



MILL BLEW UP

Men Have Marvelous
Escape From Death

WONGED TO GEORGE ENGLISH

ase of the Explosion is Un-
known

s Mikesell Tail Sawyer only Man
Hurt—Engineer Was Helping
in the Yard

Monday morning about 10 o'clock
boiler of the saw mill belonging
George English just east of Pem-
blew up, completely wrecking the
er and mill.

en men were at work about the
at the time and strange as it
seem only one was hurt and he
badly. Louis Mikesell, the tail
sawyer, was struck by flying motor
pieces of the debris which bruised
face and hurt his back. Mr.
English, the proprietor, who was
d sawyer, was not hurt. Charles
son, the fireman and engineer,
stepped into the yard to aid in
tag logs and so escaped what
uld probably have been sure death.
o accurate estimate of the loss has
n made. It is doubtful if the mill
l be put in repair, but some pro-
on may be made for cutting out
run of logs in the yard.

Lost Valuable Horse In Well

The Farrington boys who live on
e Buchanan farm in Fairfield
wnship lost a valuable three year
d colt Friday. The colt with other
orses was turned into a yard which
ntained a dug well over which was
platform. In crossing this platform,
broke, letting the colt slide down
e well backwards a distance of
enty-five feet to the bottom. The
covery was not made for some
ne and before the colt could be ex-
icated, it had died. They had re-
sed to sell the colt a few days
vious at a good price and the loss
heavy.



"CARNATIONS"

MRS. MARGARET E. SANGSTER

From a chat about Mrs. Sangster, who is so widely known and loved is taken from the Woman's Home Companion the following about her work:

Mrs. Sangster began early in life to do editorial work. She was associated with Mr. George Cary Eggleston in the editorship of *Hearth and Home*, and for ten years was the editor of *Harper's Bazar*. But when publishers began to press her for books from her pen, Mrs. Sangster gave up the exacting and wearisome routine of editorial life, and for several years past has devoted herself almost entirely to the writing of books, though she has from time to time conducted departments in various journals.

One of the most popular of these is *Winsome Womanhood*, now in its thirty-ninth edition. Another is *Janet Ward*, the story of a college girl's early struggle, honorable professional career and happy marriage. A third is *Eleanor Lee*, in which a noble woman confronts and solves some of the deeper problems of life. These last two novels have been received with unusual favor by the crit-

one which follows most truly, perhaps, the line of her strongest inclination, is *The Little Kingdom of Home*. It will be issued this season in the daintiest of bindings. All of these books indicate emphatically Mrs. Sangster's special love for, and interest in, women. She is a member of several women's clubs, as one would expect from this wide-reaching sympathy. Among these is the famous Meridian club, composed almost entirely of writers; the Chiropean and Cresco clubs of Brooklyn, and the Woman's Press club of New Jersey. It is needless to say that among the many famous and popular members of these organizations none is more valued and beloved than she.

Mrs. Sangster's kindness to young writers is proverbial. Nobody will ever know how many thousand manuscripts have been sent her merely for her "opinion," and no one will ever know how many sore hearts she has healed and comforted, while always frank and practical in her treatment of these difficult cases. Even to strangers she is thus an object of almost adoration, while no pen can describe the warm and even passionate regard in which she is held by the large circle of her personal acquaintance in and around Greater New York. Surely no woman ever had more loving friends, and no woman ever deserved more fully this wealth of affection.

Yet, after all, it is Mrs. Sangster's beautiful poetry which gives her her strongest hold upon us all. More of her verses are pinned up on the wall in quiet chambers, and committed in tender hearts, than those of any other writer of our time. She is, above all, the poet of the fireside, and very many of her lines will live as long as our language endures. Her principal volumes of verse are *Poems of the Household*, *On the Road*, *Home*, *Little Knights and Ladies*, *Easter Bells*, *Home Fairies and Heart Flowers*, and *Lyrics of Love*.

WHAT IS THE REAL GOOD?

"What is the real good?"
I asked in musing mood.
Order, said the law court;
Knowledge, said the school;
Truth, said the wise man;
Pleasure, said the fool;
Love, said the maiden;
Beauty, said the page;
Freedom, said the dreamer;
Home, said the sage;
Fame, said the soldier;
Equity, the seer.

Spake my heart full sadly—
"The answer is not here."

Then within my bosom,
Softly this I heard—
"Each heart holds the secret—
Kindness is the word."
—John Boyle O'Reilly.



MARGARET SANGSTER.

ics, and have been eagerly read and re-read by thousands of Mrs. Sangster's friends all over the land. They are especially interesting to young women.

Mrs. Sangster's newest book, and the

"The Grand Old Woman"



MRS. G. H. GILBERT
PHOTO BY SANGSTER

Mrs. G. H. Gilbert, born in England in 1821, has been on the stage for seventy years, and is known as "the Grand Old Woman of the Stage." She came to America with her husband in 1840 with the idea of taking up land in the west and becoming private people. Unfortunately their money was lost in their land venture and they were compelled to return to the stage. Early in Mrs. Gilbert's theatrical career she was cast for "old ladies," and those about her called her grandma, a name by which she has always been known. Her husband and her two sons died some forty years ago, but she has not been allowed to become lonely, for she has been a great favorite all the years of her stage-life, not only with the theatre-going public, but with her associates on the stage.

Mrs. Gilbert was born in October, and now, at the age of eighty-three, she will tour the country as a star at the head of her company. The tour will be Mrs. Gilbert's farewell to the stage, and a special play has been written for her, the title of which is *The Grandmother*. She will be surrounded by a company of im-

portant actors, and her tour will last some twenty weeks, extending as far as San Francisco.

A chapter in Mrs. Gilbert's life not widely known is her connection with church work. For many years she attended the Episcopal church at Madison Avenue and Forty-seventh street, which is now used as an express office, and despite her active life she was to be found in her pew every Sunday when in town, and at morning service and early communion. It was customary for the women of this church to gather on Monday afternoon to sew for the poor, and these meetings Mrs. Gilbert invariably attended. She frequently took some package away with her, saying she enjoyed sitting quietly at home and sewing during the morning hours.

One who was associated with her says: "She always in her dress and actions suggested the dear old grandmother, and no one would ever have dreamed she was an actress. She wore her hair parted and slightly waved, her bonnet was always the old lady's bonnet with strings to it, appropriately dressed, but never too pronounced in style, while her gown was usually a handsome black silk or lace."



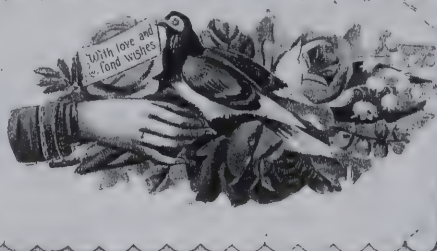
Hatred stirreth up strife; but love
covereth all sins.

Prov. 10: 12.



Be not weary in well doing.

2 Thess. 3: 13.



Carl Miller.



JANE ADDAMS AND HER WORK.



Foremost among the women of the age, who work with a broad purpose and definite aim in behalf of the common people, stands Jane Addams, who has devoted her years, her energies, and her splendid intellect to the social and educational advancement of that portion of humanity inhabiting the congested districts of the more or less squalid industrial sections of large cities.

Something more than fifteen years ago Jane Addams and Ellen G. Starr made a European tour of investigation, their object being to see for themselves what was being done there to better the condition of the laboring class. The result was an effort to copy and carry on in Chicago a similar work to that of Toynbee Hall, London.

There stood, at this time on South Halsted street, a queer, rambling old structure that had been erected in 1856 by Charles J. Hull. The fine old mansion had passed long since from glory to ruin, and yet, despite the various vicissitudes through which it had come, it maintained a certain dignity of aspect. It was still "Hull House." Today it is the center of a group of eight buildings, which have been erected on property adjoining it, and which, like itself, have been donated rent free until 1950 by the legatee of the Hull estate, Miss Culver. On September 14, 1889, armed with nothing even mightier and stronger than the courage of their convictions, Miss Addams and Miss Starr moved into Hull House, having rented the whole

of the upper floor and one room below. Here they set up housekeeping and began sowing the seed that has since sent forth blossom and fruit of a kind and quality that has won the admiration of the civilized world. The young women, still in their twenties, worked without ostentation to establish between themselves and their neighbors a purely social relationship. This was somewhat difficult. The neighbors had ideas of their own, both privately and publicly expressed, regarding the occupants of the old residence. They were "queer," to say the least. Now they are "dear" to every heart that beats in the great settlement.

Hull House stands for no political, social or denominational propaganda. Tolerance is its watchword. As the years have gone by, hundreds of circles and clubs have been formed having their meeting place at Hull House. There are circles and clubs for boys and youths and

seating capacity of four hundred, in the loft of which is a magnificent pipe organ. The stage is well equipped, and many excellent performances are given by the numerous dramatic clubs of the "Settlement." Throughout the year there are a series of illustrated Sunday evening lectures, with admission free. It is in the auditorium that the various clubs give their receptions, parties and teas.

Connected with Hull House are an ideal coffee house, kindergarten, day nursery, play ground, penny savings bank, sterilized milk station and post-office.

Miss Addams is a woman of medium build and height. Soft, dark hair crowns her well shaped head; her eyes are blue gray. The expression of her face is thoughtful; the character lines denote strength and firmness and breadth of view, the view of a woman who makes her claim that, "if you fail to get along



ONE OF THE LIVING ROOMS IN HULL HOUSE.

men, likewise for women, young and little girls.

Particularly dear and near to Miss Addams' heart is the Jane club. It is a club house for young women conducted upon the co-operative plan. The weekly dues, including room and board, are three dollars and the membership is limited at present to thirty. They make their own laws and regulations.

Hull House has an auditorium, with a

with people, it is your own fault." The manner and bearing of this Social Settlement founder and leader is thoroughly businesslike; its unaffected earnestness redeems it, however, from what at first thought might be regarded by strangers as a lack of warmth and graciousness. She is prone to claim that Hull House, and not her personality or private life is what ought to interest the public.—Marjorie Russell in The Housekeeper.



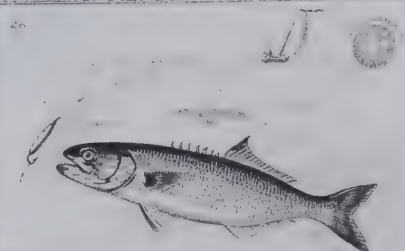
THE SHEPHERDESS.

28



Blue Fish.

29



Blue Fish.

10



Shad.

11



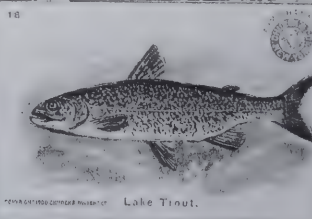
Muskallunge.

24



Sheep's Head.

18



Lake Trout.



OVER



INTRODUCTION OF PITCHER & MANDA.
SHORT HILLS, N.J.

DATURA CORNUCOPIA
(HORN OF PLENTY)





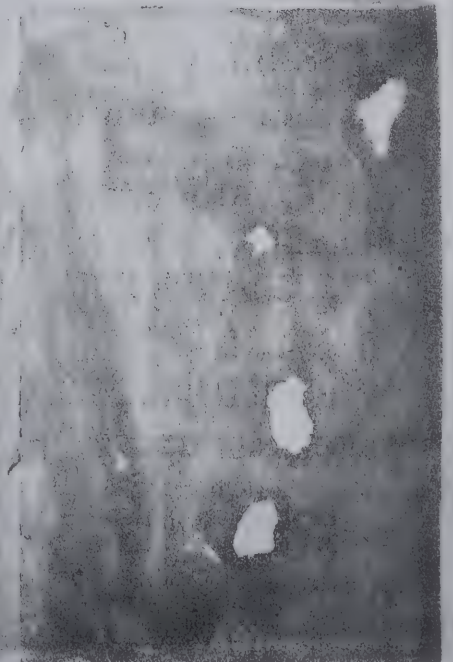
AYER'S
CATHARTIC
PILLS.

AYER'S
PILLS.

SUGAR
COATED.

A SAFE, PLEASANT AND RELIABLE
FAMILY MEDICINE

Prepared by Dr. J. C. AYER & CO. Lowell Mass. U.S.A.
OVER.



Historical Events Depicted in Puzzle Pictures



Sixty-five years ago today, October 26, 1841, the Brooklyn Eagle was established.
Find a newsboy.

ANSWER TO YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE
Right side down at king's left arm.



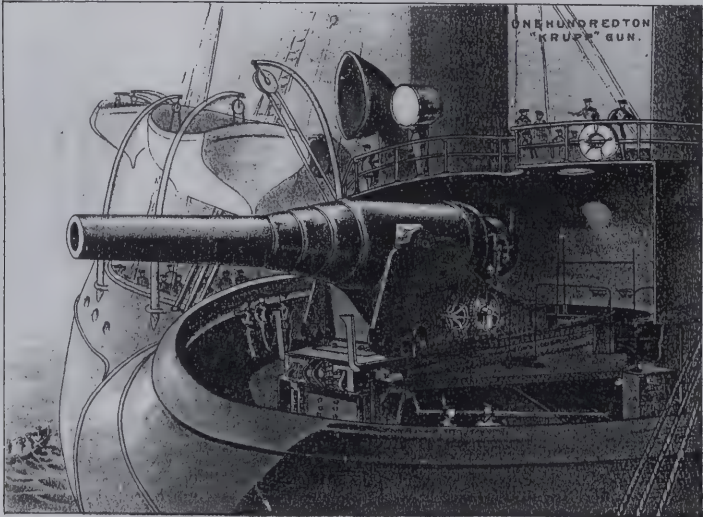
Sixteen years ago today, October 1, 1890, congress set aside large tracts of land in California as forest reservations.
Find the woodsman.

ANSWER TO FRIDAY'S PUZZLE
Upside down, in bank of stream.

A HAPPY DOG FAMILY



Dog fanciers everywhere will be interested in the accompanying photograph. The litter of fox terrier puppies is the property of Michael Munhall, of Braddock, Pa. They were born in the closing week of August, and the picture of the youngsters was taken as soon as they were able to stand up before the camera. Dog fanciers in Western Pennsylvania state that four and five in a litter are the usual limit, and that six has hitherto been the record. "Munhall's Happy Family," as his friends have styled them, are lively, pretty animals. All the puppies in the litter, moreover, are perfect specimens. Alice, the mother, has a remarkable record in her line of work—rat killing. Six days before the litter was born she killed exactly thirty-eight rats. Within two days of the birth of the eight Alice twisted the necks of eleven big rodents in just four minutes.



Pompano.



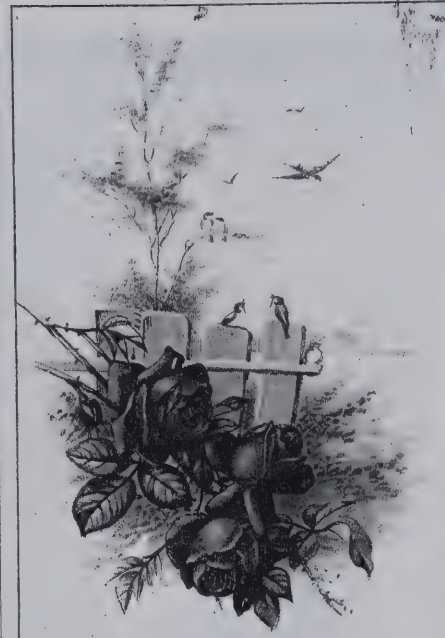
He that covereth his sins shall
not prosper : but whoso confesseth and forsaketh
them shall have mercy. Prov. xxviii, 13.

GIBSON & CO., CHG., S.



The Lord seeth not as man seeth ;
for man looketh on the outward appearance, but God
looketh on the heart. I Sam. xvi, 7.

GIBSON & CO., CHG., S.



The law of the Lord is perfect,
converting the soul : the testimony of the Lord is surc.
making wise the simple. Psa. xix 7.

GIBSON & CO., CHG., S.

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

GOD

SPOKE THESE WORDS AND SAID :

- I. Thou shalt have no other gods before Me.
- II. Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image.
- III. Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain : for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh His name in vain.
- IV. Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy.
- V. Honour thy father and thy mother : that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.
- VI. Thou shalt not kill.
- VII. Thou shalt not commit adultery.
- VIII. Thou shalt not steal.
- IX. Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour.
- X. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's wife, nor his manservant, nor his maidservant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor any thing that is thy neighbour's.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

OUR FATHER

Who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation ; but deliver us from evil : For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

Rest in the Lord,
and
wait patiently for him.

For 327

Fear thou not,
for
I am with thee.

Isa 41.10

A Friendly Woodchuck.

Very early last spring a woodchuck poked her black nose from the mouth of the burrow in which she had spent the winter, and blinked her little round black eyes in the sunlight. Then she came out and lay basking on the mound of hard earth before her doorway. She looked very weak, and she was certainly dreadfully thin. Her grizzled pelt hung loosely on her bony frame, and when she moved it was with a languor not usually observed in woodchucks. The fact is that she had but just awakened from an all-winter sleep, and as she had fasted since the previous October she was not only drowsy but famished. But perhaps it was disuse as much as anything else which caused the evident weakness of her limbs, for as she moved about a little, stretching herself in different directions, it could be seen that she was gaining strength with every movement. By and by she turned around, and, putting her head and shoulders into the burrow,



THE WOODCHUCK

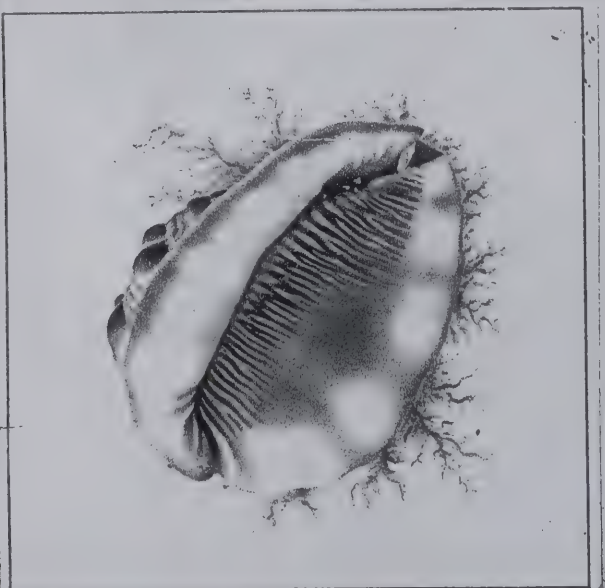
began raking out with her forepaws all the earth, leaves and grass with which she had blocked the entrance in the fall. With this rubbish came many living things—black beetles, a hornet, and a large green frog, all of which had been sleeping away the winter at the woodchuck's door.

After she had made a neat pile in front of the burrow, and covered it up with fresh loam from the tunnel itself, the woodchuck had strength to go off in search of some food. There was very little to get just then, for the winter had barely gone, but she found a little patch of green clover on the sunny side of a large rock, a tuft or two of coarse grass near a spring, and with these and a few mouthfuls of bark from a nearby tree she managed to make a moderate breakfast. Then she returned to the burrow and stayed there for two days. By that time the grass had grown considerably and the woodchuck had less difficulty in getting a meal. And every morning after food became more plentiful, the clover appeared in larger and thicker patches, and gradually the wrinkles in the grizzled skin of the groundhog began to disappear.

One morning, after the little rodent had had her morning meal of clover, and she was taking a sun bath on the mound of earth in front of her doorway, some small object struck the mound about six

inches in front of her face, and threw a pinch of the dirt sharply in her eyes. She did not know what the trouble was, and she did not stop to find out, but pitched headfirst into the burrow and stayed there. As she disappeared, a small boy, brandishing a Flobert rifle and followed by a little yellow dog, jumped from behind a hillock and ran up to see how news he had come to the 'chuck. He pulled a grimace when he saw where his bullet had pitted the earth, reloaded his weapon, and went back to his hiding place. But the woodchuck, not being quite a fool, remained where she was safe until the boy became tired of waiting and came back to the hole, the yellow dog still at his heels. The boy now picked up the dog and put its nose to the mouth of the burrow, and after a few words of encouragement the cur, which had more assurance than wisdom, plunged into the black hole. The boy sat down on the mound of earth and yelled "Sic 'em, Prince!" and for about a minute no doubt Prince was doing as he was bid. After that, it seems that the woodchuck did most of the "sicking," for the dog backed out of the burrow with two terrible cuts on his head, and howling in a most unprincipled manner. Then, tucking his tail as far between his legs as he could get it, he made for home by a short cut and at his very best pace.

Not long after, the woodchuck appeared at the mouth of the burrow with a family of five little ones. They had been born sometime before, but this was their first appearance in the open. They were pretty, dark-eyed, soft-coated little fellows, ready to topple back again out of sight at a sign from their mother. Every morning now the whole family might have been seen moving through the grass to the spots where the clover grew the thickest. For a short time, they lived in peace, but one evening they made themselves a powerful enemy by journeying into the next field and eating off close to the ground, three long rows of young peas. The owner of the peas said very little, but he drove to town and brought back a stick of dynamite, which he thrust far into the burrow. A minute later there was a muffled boom, and the farmer went off, satisfied that he would not be bothered again by that family of woodchucks. But in the evening a cautious gray head was thrust from the mouth of the hole, and soon our old woodchuck crawled from her home and made off slowly across the field. The dynamite had killed the young ones, but the mother had been only stunned. She went directly to an old burrow which she had occupied two years before, and next morning there was a large heap of fresh earth in front of it. She lived there quietly until the latter part of the summer, when, returning after an absence somewhat longer than usual, she found the entrance to her home barred by a snarling black head, with a white stripe down the front. The premises had been seized by a skunk, and the woodchuck was obliged to seek a residence elsewhere. She started to dig a fresh tunnel on the other side of the field and for hours she threw out the soil with her strong claws. The following afternoon she was still at work, when the figure of a man, in brown overalls, crept under the brow of the hill and lay down behind a rock at top. For half an hour the woodchuck worked on; at least she appeared at the doorway for a breathing spell. A little curl of white smoke leaped from behind the rock, there was a sharp report and the woodchuck dropped back into a newly made grave.—N. Y. Sun.



HOW THE LEAVES COME DOWN.

"I'll tell you how the leaves came down," the great tree to his children said; "You're getting sleepy, Yellow and Brown, Yes, very sleepy, little Red. It is quite time to go to bed."

"Ah," begged each silly, pouting leaf, "Let us a little longer stay; Dear Father Tree, behold our grief; 'Tis such a very pleasant day. We do not want to go away."

So for just one more merry day To the great tree the leaflets clung, Frolicked and danced, and had their way Upon the autumn breezes swung, Whispering all their sports among.

"Perhaps the great tree will forget And let us stay until spring If we all beg and coax and fret." But the great tree did no such thing.

He smiled to hear their whispering. "Come, children, all to bed," he cried; And ere the leaves could urge their prayer, He shook his head, and far and wide, Fluttering and rustling everywhere, Down sped the leaflets through the air.

I saw them; on the ground they lay, Golden and red, a huddled swarm, Waiting till one from far away, White bedclothes heaped upon her arm, Should come and wrap them safe and warm.

The great bare tree looked down and smiled; "Good night, dear little leaves," he said. And from below each sleepy child Replied, "Good night," and murmured, "It is so nice to go to bed!"

Brownie the Crank, and Fritz the Freak

We called her Brownie the Crank, because she was so easily offended and it took so little to hurt her feelings. She disliked, above all things, to be laughed at, and to be pointed at with a finger was beyond pardon. If either of these insults were offered to her, she went at once to her bed in the far end of a long, dark closet, and there she stayed and pouted, refusing to be coaxed out until she had forgotten her wrongs.

She was our dog because when she was a puppy she came to our house and insisted upon staying, no matter what was done to persuade her to go back where she belonged, and in the end she was adopted and became the pampered pet of the household.

Nothing was too good for Brownie, and as there were no children in the family, she had everything her own way. She never went anywhere, and she did not allow any other dogs to come into the yard, except one or two that she liked, and would play with. She would let them come into the yard and run and race with her until she was tired, then she went into the house to take a nap, leaving her company to go home or stay, as they pleased.

You see, Brownie was a very badly off except herself, and no one to interfere with her pleasure, so when Fritz the Freak, came into the neighborhood, and found out that the house where Brownie lived was a very pleasant place for dogs, Brownie was not at all happy about having him there, and was inclined to be cross.

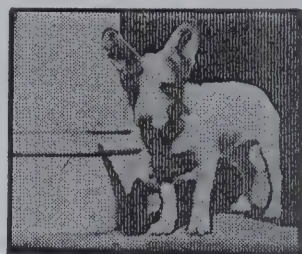
Fritz was supposed to be a pure-blooded fox terrier, but his legs were so short and his ears so long, that he looked more like a rabbit than anything else, and when he was a very little puppy, when he tried to run he moved in jumps as rabbits do, which made him look more like a freak than ever. So this was the



BROWNIE, THE CRANK.

reason he was called Fritz the Freak. He was a very good-natured little fellow, and did not seem to notice Brownie's crossness. He always trotted into the house with a joyous air, as much as to say, "Aren't you glad I've come?" and he was so sure that every one was perfectly delighted to see him, that he always received the warm welcome he expected. When he first began coming, spoiled dog. She had no one to think Brownie went to her bed and gulped, and would not come out until Fritz had gone home, but after a while she got tired of this, especially as Fritz would come over in the morning and stay until he was carried home at night, so if Brownie waited for him to go, she would Fritz was so very friendly that people could not help liking him and he got so have to be in bed most of the time.

much petting and attention that cross, pouty old Brownie began to feel she was being neglected. Fritz did not care if he was laughed at. The more laughing he heard the better he liked it, and it did not hurt his feelings in the least when he was called a freak. He just wagged his stump of a tail and pricked up his ears till they looked like sails, and ran round and round in a circle, barking foolishly at nothing. He did his best to make friends with Brownie and coaxed her to play with him in every way he knew how, but



FRITZ, THE FREAK.

Brownie scorned such a young and silly dog, and beside that she thought he made himself altogether too much at home in the house she thought she owned and with the people she thought belonged to her.

When Fritz first began coming, Brownie growled and acted as if she was going to eat him, but Fritz barked at her in the most impudent way, exactly as if he was saying, "Oh, go on! You're just bluffing, you can't frighten me," then he would "charge down" in front of her and say as plainly as dogs can say, "Come on, fatty, come on and play."

When it got to this, Brownie generally went to bed to soothe her injured feelings. But after awhile even this hiding place failed her. Fritz found out where she went and when she wasn't there, he would go into the closet and drag out the quilt she slept on, growling at it furiously and shaking it like a rat as much as to say, "Goodness me, but this bed needs an airing and dusting!"

It did not make any difference to Fritz how cross Brownie was. He went on being good-natured and doing all sorts of funny things, and prancing up and down in front of Brownie, daring her to play. Then, all of a sudden one day, Brownie took the dare. She forgot her dignity and forgot that Fritz was an intruder, and the two of them went racing through the house, having a royal game of tag and making a noise that sounded a good deal like thunder, as Brownie was big and heavy and shook things when she pranced.

Ever since then, Brownie the Crank, and Fritz the Freak have been good friends and often play together. Brownie is not so frisky as Fritz because she is older and fatter, but it happens more often than not that when Fritz flaps his big ears and dances up to Brownie on those absurdly short legs of his as if he was walking on eggs, and "gives her the dare," Brownie is off like a streak with Fritz at her heels, or else it is the other way and she is after Fritz's heels, chasing and racing until they are tired and are ready to curl up for a nap.

So that way it is now. Brownie is willing that Fritz should come to her house as much as he wants and they have jolly times together, and the moral of this story is, good-nature always wins if one only stays good-natured, no matter what happens.

ELIZABETH AYRES.

Wednesday.

Keep your mind well balanced, and preserve a smiling countenance.

Thursday.

The wise will rule circumstances. In the field of destiny, we reap as we have sown—so wisely.

Friday.

It is thy duty oftentimes to do what thou wouldst not; thy duty, too, to leave undone what thou wouldst do.

Saturday.

What you can do or think you can begin. Let every deed be a self-reviving thing of power.

Sunday.

It is true that love cannot be forced, that it cannot be made to order, that we cannot love because we ought nor even because we want. But we can bring ourselves into the presence of the lovable. We can learn love through service.

Monday.

You will be amazed to see how mind may control. Let good thoughts prevail—await victory.

Tuesday.

Be earnest, be faithful, and you will have abundant reward. Develop the very best of everything within you. The higher our ideal, the higher our attainment.

The Potency of Faith.

Emily S. Bouton.

What It Makes of the Life

"And what he gave to another he expected with good reason to have others give to him."

These words of Edward Everett Hale in his eulogy of Senator Hoar expressed what in one form or another appeared in most of the spoken and written characterizations of this one among the nation's greatest men.

They refer to that quality which always touches a life to a greater or less degree of success, according to its strength in the individual.

That quality is Faith.

Senator Hoar believed in the supremacy of God. One secret of his power, of the influence which he exerted, lay in his faith in his fellowmen, that they "inherited a divine nature" which, under the right circumstances, somewhere and sometime would be made manifest. And he was always quite certain that, as a people, this nation will never go far away from the right, though it may make mistakes that can only be rectified through suffering. The ultimate triumph of good he never doubted.

It is this Faith which ought to enter as a vital factor into the life of every human being. I do not mean faith in any special doctrine, in any creed, in any single view of divine law, but faith in the ever-present presence of a power which men call by various names, but which is Infinite Good, or God. He who thus believes, and who recognizes this belief as a controlling force in the affairs of every day living, adds by that much to his chances for success and happiness.

I am not talking now simply from what is usually termed a religious point of view, which, unfortunately, means to so many something not possible to be applied to the ordinary week day matters with which they are occupied. The faith that I mean is, in the highest degree, in all ways, practical. It takes into account the greatest fact in the universe—the constant unfailing Presence of the source of all power, the All-in-All, wherein through all the ages it has been declared that humanity has its being. Strange, is it not, that the effort to realize this wonderful truth is so spasmodic, so intermittent, so colored by doubt which is the door to darkness?

In a little publication called the Prophet I find this by Albert Smythe about Faith:

"Faith is like light. It may be candle light, or rush light, electricity light, star light or sunlight. All light has the blessed quality of illumination."

"Like light, Faith is a power. It has an out-look and an up-look. Faith is optimism. Optimism is sunlight. Sunlight is necessary to growth. Life ceases without growth. Faith is courage, and is the way to better things."

You see the truth that the writer intends to convey—that faith is a real potency in the shaping of our lives, while doubt and fear lead to weakness and failure.

If we believe the teachings of the New Testament we cannot let go a belief of the power of this faith in the Presence of God which only awaits an earnest recognition to make itself felt in the ordering of our lives. We are told plainly that "faith is the substance of things hoped for." It is not something impalpable, but a real thing, a force that goes a long way towards bringing to pass what we desire.

This brings me to the underlying idea with which I began, namely, that every successful life—successful in the true sense—must have incorporated in its substance as a vital force, faith in the presence and power of God which will finally

with doubt, and fear, and suspicion. Was it not St. Peter who said "Hope to the end," meaning that with faith, there cannot be despair? There is no need for failure. A life founded upon the principle expressed in the opening words, "And what he gave to another he expected with good reason to have others give to him," will be like that of Senator Hoar's, powerful and uplifting in the stimulus of its influence.

Hold fast then to the thought of the presence of Good everywhere, believing, too, that all men are children of God, and therefore, in their real selves, divine.

The Cozy Corner

ONE VIEW OF THE QUESTION

Since reading the letters in the Household, as to the sin of killing, I feel that I can no longer keep quiet, but must present my view of the subject. One starling thought because a boy killed a nest of squirrels, that he would surely grow to be a criminal.

Now every farmer knows there is nothing so destructive to birds' nests, and to crops generally, as these same cunning little animals—the squirrels. They not only take all they can eat, but hoard up supplies for years to come. The only way to have birds near you is to keep the squirrels away, and that boy probably knew it, as all farmer's boys do, so he really was protecting the birds and doing a good deal, although he may not have thought of it in that light.

In regard to its being cruel to kill to eat, let me say that the sister who presented that side, evidently did not understand the conditions in the country. If we do not kill, what will become of the surplus animals? Take the cows for instance—milk and butter we must have—even the vegetarian acknowledges that—in order to have these, the cow must have a calf every year now what are we to do with all of those calves? The heifers we can raise with profit, but if we undertook to raise more than could be used for food, in addition to the heifers, it would take all the profit from the farm, to say nothing of keeping a lot of dangerous animals around, for these animals are—when full grown—as dangerous as bears.

Every cow reaches a point when she is unprofitable for milk and butter, then what shall be done with her—pension bring victory. It must enter into the warp and woof of the daily thought and action giving them a power of accomplishment that will prevent failure.

Of course I do not mean that faith alone will carry the life onward to success. There must be effort. No one can lie lazily back asserting that "all is good," and reap a harvest of aught worth having. An oriental story is told which illustrates this truth. While journeying through the desert, a companion of the prophet Mohammed said to him, when they stopped for the night: "I will not tie my camel but will commit him to God." The prophet quickly replied: "Tie thy camel, and then commit him to God." His meaning was clear that under all circumstances, faith includes effort to just the degree that it needs, or is possible, to be put forth.

A real belief in the omnipresence of God involves an abiding faith in its presence in humanity. The suspicious man or woman, who is always looking for evil in his fellows is quite sure to find it, because the thought of doubt tele-

The Cozy Corner

AN ADMIRABLE SUGGESTION.

Having read the account of Mr. Bal-lenger's diary in The Blade of Jan. 28th, I herewith present the story of my diary. At the age of eleven years I commenced my Farm Diary, in Fon-du-lac county, January 1st, 1849—one year after the state was admitted to the Union. With a few dollars I had earned, I ordered a suitable blankbook made. It was about 12x20 inches with a page for each month. For ten years every day's space was filled, Sundays included. These items were a part of the contents: Commencement of all farm work, such as plowing, seeding, harvesting and threshing, and every day of the working; the number of acres planted and the yield of each; the price of all stock purchased or sold; all days of marketing, or other business in the city, 18 miles distant; the day of purchase and the price of all machinery; the names of all hired help, when they came and when dismissed; the names of all visitors, and of those visited by the family; all marriages, births and deaths in the immediate vicinity; the name of each teacher who taught the district school, also the name of every minister sent by the conference to hold services in the church; all picnics, spelling and singing schools, dances, parties, school exhibitions, political, school and town meetings, and names of candidates for office; also a thermometer record of all excessively hot or cold days; of storms and earliest frosts; the dates of the deaths of noted statesmen and scholars, etc.

This diary is of priceless value, and has settled many controversies and put a quietus on many disputes. When ten years had rolled around I left the homestead, and appointed others of the family to continue this daily record. If they have done so, it is now fifty-four years old.

Every farmer's boy who reads The Blade, should begin such a diary when

he is ten years old, and keep it faithfully. It will take but a few minutes each night to make the entries, and will prove to be not only interesting, but a valuable book for reference in after years.—O. Berry.



He that covereth his sins shall not prosper: but whose confesseth and forsaketh them shall have mercy. Prov. xxviii, 13.

pathically enters into the consciousness of the doubted as an irritant, arousing the worst side of the nature. This will find expression more or less intense according to the strength or weakness of the character.

The man who acts upon the principle of believing everybody a rascal until proven honest, must lead a sorry life, for he is an absolute stranger to the joys of love and friendship. He can never be sure of anything. For him the sunshine of unselfish affection does not shine. He may gather "a strong box full of shekels," but they will be of little value in making his life, in the best sense, either successful or happy.

Let us have faith, then, in the presence and potency of what the most of us think we believe in, while our actions are far from being in harmony with that belief. We talk about the omnipresence of God, and

ELDER THOMAS ACCEPTS CALL

**Christian Church to Have Pastor
Following Evangelistic Service
Beginning Sunday.**

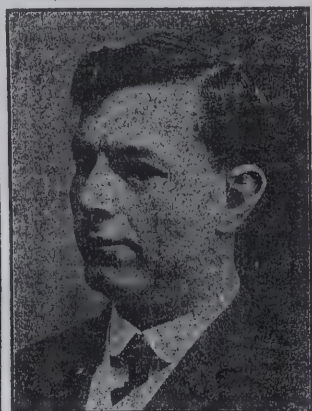
Elder Fred A. Thomas of Angola, has accepted the call extended by the Christian church of this city and at the close of a series of evangelistic services to begin Sunday night he will enter upon the active work here, filling the pulpit for awhile only half of the time owing to the pastorate of the Cedar Lake church.



ELDER THOMAS

Elder Thomas and wife are well known in the greater portion of the county. They have labored in the fields at Hamilton, Butler, Newville and Cedar Lake and left the county some three years ago so their children could have the advantages of the schools at Angola. They will probably move here during the summer.

Elder Thomas' work has been characterized by much earnestness. Both he and his wife have been personal workers. They are effective workers and in the past have sung their way to many hearts. The community will find them a valuable acquisition.



EVANGELIST MAHIN

The special services beginning Sunday night will be under the direction of Charles W. Mahin who comes to the church with a record of having had a successful career as evangelist. The church is looking forward to the service with religious anticipation.

Want Him Back.



Rev. F. F. Thornburg will close the conference year's work Sunday. He has been pastor of the M. E. church in this city for three years, and the congregation will ask the conference that convenes at Tipton next week that he be returned. A petition from the church here will be presented the stationing committee in the conference and if Rev. Thornburg is moved the committee will have to disregard the wishes of the Auburn church, one of the strong ones in the conference. It is expected, however, that he will be returned. He and his family are ardent laborers in the Master's vineyard.

WILL HOLD MEETING NEXT TUESDAY NIGHT

**Arrangements For Memorial Day
Observance Only Started.—
Adams, the Speaker.**

Little was done at the meeting of the Memorial Day Association in the G. A. R. hall Tuesday night as many were kept away on account of the inclemency of the weather. Only a few members of the various committees, who will have the program for the day in charge, were present and the vice president, E. L. Bower, has called for a second meeting next Tuesday night.



FRANK L. ADAMS

As announced last week Frank L. Adams, of Angola, will deliver the Memorial Day address.

This is not discouraging however as the speaker for the day has been named and plenty of time remains for the committees to get in line for the annual memorial day. The vice president, Mr. Bower, called the Tuesday evening meeting to order as the president of the association, Col. A. L. Kuhlman, is out of the city. Mr. Bower was compelled to leave early in the evening and the meeting was turned over to Rev. A. B. Garman.

Owing to this temporary delay the members of the program committee are unable to announce the program for the day. This will probably be taken care of next Tuesday evening.

THE MAYORESS OF CHATHAM

"The Mayoress of Chatham" remarked His Worship, the Mayor, the other day, "has to be tucked up in bed every evening at six o'clock." At the first blush, that seems like a rather extraordinary statement, and one might gather that the great dames of Chatham sought their couches at an absurdly early hour. The explanation is, however, that the mayoress of this ancient English town, is exactly three years old. Her full name is Louisa Mary Dawes Driver, but to all her friends she is always "Lulu."

The sweet-faced little girl has the distinction of being the youngest mayoress in England. Her father, William Dawes Driver, is a widower, and she is his only daughter, so, when Mr. Driver was elected mayor a few months ago, he decided that Lulu should undertake such of the duties of a mayoress as might be performed by so small a young woman. And, as the provincial towns of England make almost as much of their executives as London does its lord mayor, numerous social functions already have made their demands upon the golden-haired little girl. Not long ago she sat in a large chair on a platform at the opening of a church bazaar, and when the chairman, who sat next to her, announced that the mayoress would make the formal opening, Lulu arose, and in a voice which reached easily all parts of the big room, declared firmly: "The show's open."

Shortly after having been guest of honor at the bazaar, the mayoress received an invitation to distribute prizes at the town's church schools. The mayor was rather doubtful at first, fearing that the presents might appeal to his daughter so strongly that she would hesitate to turn them over to the winners, but the little girl handed each gift to the pupil indicated, without even a regretful look. So well did she enjoy the proceedings in fact, that when all the prizes had been given out the little miss asked her father for some more things to give away.

In honor of his tiny daughter, the mayor devotes especial attention to the children of Chatham. A few days ago, nine hundred of the poorest in the town were invited to a great feast at the town hall, and when they had eaten their fill of good things, such as many of them had hardly dared dream about before, the little mayoress appeared, and said a few kind words of greeting.



"LULU," THE LITTLE MAYORESS.



The Grammar Department Graduating Class

Photo by Schermerhorn, Auburn



Lou Albright



CONVENTION

The Churches of Christ of First Indiana District.

The convention of the Churches of Christ in the 1st Indiana District composed of delegates from churches in DeKalb, Steuben, Noble, Elkhart, St. Joseph, Marshall and Kosciusko counties convened in the church of that denomination in this city Monday afternoon.



J. A. BROWN

Y. P. S. C. E. SESSION.

The convention was called to order at 2 o'clock, Monday afternoon, by Vernon Stauffer, of Angola, vice president. O. E. Tomes of Indianapolis, state superintendent of the Y. P. S. C. E., was called to preside over the Endeavor session. He delivered a strong address on "The Mission of Christian Endeavor."

John Grimes, of Angola, gave a very interesting Bible study on "Pentecost," Acts 2. Showing that the apostles were to be endowed with power to become the inspired teachers of the unwritten word.

Robt. Chapman, minister at Butler, presented in well chosen speech an address on "Christian Endeavor Principles."

Round table on Y. P. S. C. E. work was participated in by the following ministers, Elders Dilburn, of Mishawaka, Stauffer of Angola, Tomes of Indianapolis, Grimes of Angola, Hemery of South Bend, Hull of Kendallville, and Miss Bertha Harrington and Miss Lena Kaiser of Kendallville.

BIBLE HOUR.

"The Cradle Roll: Its Opportunity" was the subject of Miss Tilburn, of Mishawaka, who urged this work as an opportunity of entering homes and lives where otherwise it would be impossible. The young life is the one that is easily changed.

"The Teacher Who Hinders," was discussed by C. A. Frakes, minister at Corunna. Unprepared in heart and mind the teacher who hinders.

"Freshness in the Bible School," received excellent treatment by G. W. Hemery, minister of South Bend. Have new methods, plans and work; destroy sameness, variety of program, avoiding novelty.

ROUND TABLE

"Ought we to have Institutes?" Yes for new ideas, plans and purposes was O. Tomes' reply.

What is the best kind of Lesson

Answer, that which touch-

subject "Supremacy of Christ in the Church." Christ is the head of the church. He is to have the prominence in all things, in doctrine and fellowship, in life and teaching, in sending or going. If he is to have the supremacy in his church, he must be Lord of our lives.

The closing address was delivered by J. O. Rose, corresponding secretary of Indiana missionary on "The Divine Plea." This is for the union of all God's people. It is organic and spiritual, as seen in the figure of the vine and branches as used by the Savior to show the unique relation existing between Christ and his disciples. The Savior's prayer, as recorded in John 17, shows the divine attitude in favor of Christian union. Recognizing Christ as supreme in the church we must follow the divine order of evangelization (Acts 1:8) co-operation, the divine plan for salvation, and the life to be lived. After showing the dark and bright sides of the work in the church, he made a strong appeal for co-operation and state mission work.

The First District Convention of the Churches of Christ began their second days session at 9 o'clock Tuesday morning. After the song service a Bible study entitled, "The Church accepting her world wide mission" was given by J. D. Hull, of Kendallville. In which he showed that Missionary work was divinely sanctioned and directed, and that the person or church which refused to perform this work was rejecting the will of God through the Holy Spirit. Prayer was offered by G. W. Hemery of South Bend.

At 9:15 "Organization by Counties, linked with District and State," was the subject discussed by J. A. Brown, the Minister of the Church at Auburn. Out of his experience in this kind of work, he gave the Convention many helpful suggestions and practical plans. In the absence of M. D. Durham of Metz, State Evangelist, T. J. Legg addressed the Convention on "Co-operation in evangelistic and Pastoral services, grouping churches, etc." He showed the value of united efforts and urged a closer co-operation of the churches in the District.

J. O. Rose, State Secretary of Indianapolis, spoke on the subject of "Information State Literature." He urged members to subscribe for the Indiana Christian as a source of knowledge concerning the conditions and need in the State. He urged the selection of Corresponding Secretary in each congregation, whose duty it would be to correspond with our State and National secretaries. Following this address, Prof. Brown of Butler University spoke of the subject "Finding and Training men for the Ministry." He showed how a minister has to deal with all classes of people, and in searching for Ministerial timber the best of young men should be sought after. When he is found we are to educate him, first to be a man, second, to be a Minister. Education means to the man what cultivation means to the field. This culture all should welcome. The College University furnishes the best means for such culture.

The next address was the "Simultaneous Evangelistic Campaign" by E. O. Tilburn of Mishawaka. He introduced his subject by the story of the "One Big Splash", which showed the importance of all doing the same thing at the same time.

Following this address was the introduction of the new Ministers of the District. Seven new men have recently accepted work.

Reports of Committees was next.

The nominating committee submitted the following names for officers for the ensuing year:

G. W. Hemery, pres., South Bend. Vernon Stauffer, vice pres., Angola. J. D. Hull, sec., Kendallville. Miss Lena Kaiser. C. E. Supt.

The committee on place then announced that the next convention would be held at Elkhart.

Convention adjourned until 2:15 p. m.

C. W. B. M. SESSION.

This session opened with Mrs. S. K. Jones, state sec., presiding, and Mrs. Scott of South Bend, leading the devotional services. Reports from the auxiliaries showed the following churches on the roll of honor. South Bend First and Indiana Avenue churches, Angola, Kendallville, Mishawaka. The chairman appointed Mrs. Butts of Kendallville and Miss Snider of Angola Tidings committee. The address "Strength and Weakness of the District" was presented in a stirring manner by the State secretary. Following this address the State secretary appointed Mrs. J. D. Hull of Kendallville as district manager. Mrs. L. M. Sniff of Angola, addressed the audience on the subject, "Why the Light failed." This speech was intensely interesting, original, full of facts and abounding in wit and humor.

The next address was by the state vice president, Mrs. Frank Wells, of Indianapolis, this was a scholarly production and well delivered, in which were facts, purposes and plans of the C. W. B. M. work. The missionary training school to be erected at Indianapolis is one of the aims of the women of the state for the centennial year. This session closed with prayer by J. D. Hull of Kendallville.

EVENING SESSION.

The song service led by G. W. Hemery of South Bend, followed by Bible study, "The Obligations Imposed by the Unity of the Church," Eph. 4, delivered by Vernon Stauffer, of Angola. He emphasized the thought and necessity of unity in the church, and to the church for the salvation of the world, all should be consecrated and laid upon the altar of the church for the highest good of the world.

The last address was by President Sniff of Angola, on the subject, "Is the Plea of the Disciples of the Christ still needed." He first defined the position occupied by the disciples as being a plea for the return to apostolic christianity, thereby bringing about a united church on the one foundation, and the foundation is Christ. Faith and opinion and said great human institution were built upon opinions, and not faith. That every man was entitled to his opinion but that he had no right to attempt to fasten that opinion upon others, and that the divided condition of the religious world today gave great opportunity for the plea for Christian union upon the gospel of Christ, as that was the only way to bring about organic union, that simply to agree to disagree was union and could not last.

The convention was a great success in every way, and the delegates returned to their homes with a high appreciation of Auburn and her people. The attendance from the churches was good, seventy-eight delegates having registered.

and the center thought of the lesson and the heart of the pupil.

"Should the School observe Boys' and Girls' Rally Day?" Certainly was E. O. Tilburn's decision. That the young children may know our history, the great work done and to be done by our people.

"What opportunities offers before the school opens?" That of prayer, special time for emphasis of new points, of securing early presence of teachers, of final concentration.

"How are we to hold scholars for the church services?" Mrs. Mitchell of South Bend said, "Invite the scholar to remain, the teacher should ask scholar to sit with them during service."

Following these discussions, was a motion to send a telegram of sympathy to W. W. Denham, minister of Elkhart, who is quite ill. After the assignment of delegates, "One more day's work for Jesus" was sung, and the afternoon sessions adjourned. Robt. Chapman offering closing prayer.

EVENING SESSION.

At 7:15 the convention began with song service led by Mrs. J. D. Hull of Kendallville. At 7:25 "Bible Study—The Door of Faith Opened to the Gentiles," Acts 10, was given by G. W. Hemery of South Bend, in the absence of W. W. Denham. He employed the thought and truth that "Morality alone is insufficient for Salvation." The miraculous was to teach the apostle Peter, that God is no respecter of persons.

M. O. Johnston, minister at Strohn, delivered an excellent address on the

called for.

The resolution Committee submitted the following RESOLVED: That we commend the work in our State as done by State Secretary, J. O. Rose, and our State Evangelist, T. J. Legg, but deplore the lack of adequate support on the part of the churches; and that we commend strict observance of State Mission day by all the churches of this District.

RESOLVED: That we commend the simultaneous Evangelistic Campaign in Indiana as a united effort in saving souls, aiding in the growth of churches, and as a means to the end of a larger offering to State Missions.

RESOLVED: That as a means of unifying the C. E. Societies of the State, and increasing their interest in the State work, that a mission point be assigned them, whose Pastor shall be supported by their contributions.

RESOLVED: That our State Conventions be made to include all the various interests of the State viz., The C. E., C. W. B. M., Bible School, and the State Missionary work, and that the program of each department be so limited as to allow the convention to be held in one week.

RESOLVED: That the churches of DeKalb county are to be congratulated on the excellent work done in recent years, culminating in the erection of the church edifice at Auburn.

RESOLVED: That the convention express their appreciation for the excellent entertainment provided during this convention.

E. O. Tilburn, Chairman; G. W. Hemery, Mrs. John Mitchell, Miss Lena Kaiser, Ralph Goodale.



THE GRAMMAR DEPARTMENT GRADUATING CLASS OF 1912



From left to right. Back row—Charles Smith, Edna Blanchard, Russell Robinson, Thracie Latson, Joe Bowman, Lynn Imhoff, Katie Lower. Middle row—Clara Colchin, Roy Rohm, Amy Rohm, Harry Rude, Gladys Beard, Fred Eberly, Alice McIntosh. Front row—Charles Colby, Maude Shoemaker, Vera Newcomer, Lisle McEntarfer.



*I know a cozy harbor
Where winter never comes,
Though drifts are deep and northern
gales
Are beating on their drums;
A place of rest and refuge
From storms that vex the night,—
The good old farmhouse kitchen,
With its wood fire burning bright.*

When you can forgive yourself you will find God forgives you and absolves you, and takes away your punishment. You can forgive yourself only after you have, 1, made all amends possible for your misdeed; 2, resolved very firmly for right doing hereafter. Then you can forgive yourself and forget the thing entirely. As long as you think upon the misdeed and fear its consequences, you are feeding the energies that bring you the evil consequences. ELIZABETH TOWNE.

*Not what we give, but what we share—
For the gift without the giver is bare,
Who giveth himself with his alms feeds
three—
Himself, his hungry neighbor, and Me.*
LOWELL.

PERSONAL RESPONSIBILITY BY JEANNE GILLESPIE PENNINGTON

AS we advance in life we are less apt to attribute our losses, our misfortunes, our inconveniences and our distresses, to others. A natural impulse is to hold others accountable. But there comes a time when the childishness of this, to say nothing of its obvious unfairness, is apparent to the dullest. We feel some shame in laying our shortcomings at the door of some one else, for in so doing we tacitly admit our weakness and inexcusable susceptibility to outside influence; and that in the last analysis settles the question of who was to blame—if blame there were in the matter.

Some years later we begin to realize, in a faint, uncertain way, that it is also rather unjust to censure ourselves severely. Many—indeed, most of us—try to do as well as we can. When we have put all our strength into an effort, seemingly as mistaken as it was fruitless of results, we begin to see that the error carried with it its own punishment. We have lost our time, abused our strength, and, to some extent at least, discredited our judgment in the eyes of those about us—and yet we have nothing to show for it. Or this is the idea of the man "undisciplined in life," as old Epictetus expresses it. But when we begin to see, not as through a glass darkly, but with the clearer vision of the soul that has turned to its Maker, committed its way to Him, and is eager to work out its own salvation—we may experience the joy of knowing that the outside results matter nothing so far as the real value of the episode goes.

Often that which in the eyes of men is the most dismal and complete failure, in the eyes of God—the loving, all-seeing Father of us growing children—may be a real and wonderful success. We may

bring from the ashes of buried hopes and futile plans a new purpose, far more nobly conceived and more intelligently, if not more faithfully, executed, because of the preceding ones that have brought to us, on the external, only humiliation and disappointment.

And by and by we shall learn to look upon ourselves as we are now able to look upon those toiling beside us—as Students in the University of Life.

We do not know it all; we can not see it all; we are concerned with but the tiniest fragment of the Great Whole in our daily lives, and we must be satisfied to accept that. If our aim is high, our courage unflinching, our purpose noble, we can make no real mistakes. They may appear what they are not; they may be justly criticized, misunderstood, even censured, but if we have tried and tried with lofty intention, we have indeed achieved lovely results, though on the surface it may seem that we have destroyed our business future and wrecked our present and subsequent social career.

And just here we must be brave enough to acknowledge our personal responsibility and to stand unflinchingly by it and for it, unafraid, unashamed! Much of our best growth is absolutely unseen and unsuspected, not only by our contemporaries, but by ourselves—until some beautiful day we are startled and surprised by the flowering of a new strength and devotion which has grown steadily though slowly throughout the days of our weariness, self-loathing, and apparent lack of all success.

We are personally responsible for the use of every particle of power latent within us; no one can help us to evade or escape this positive fact. If we utilize only a very small portion of it, we are robbing the world of something we might contribute to its happiness and comfort, and which, if we fail to supply, no one else can make up for. If we misuse or abuse, deliberately and consciously, any gift or power we have, we and we alone are responsible for that false reckoning; and we must be willing to pay the price of our wilful mistake.

But—when we have done our best, trying not only honestly to use the force we already possess, but to develop greater, and to refine our weapons that our pathway may be clearly and accurately blazed for those who follow us along the same frontier—we may rest satisfied that we have made no sad nor serious mistakes. We may cheerfully gather up what seem to be the dulled implements, and press forward, true to the inner vision, though the entire world ridicule, remonstrate, beseech us to desist or to at least change our tactics.

If God and our own conscience are with us, we need fear nothing that may assail or threaten us. No antagonist can resist the influence this great combination is sure to generate. We are invincible, however many and great our mistakes may be in the opinion of onlookers. And, finally, when we are convinced that we may depend upon ourselves, knowing that in the main if not in every instance the best in us will assert itself, we come to feel no censure for others, for ourselves, nor for the varied and various processes of life, each one of which precisely meets the need of the growing soul that experiences it. If we fail in what we attempt outside or in the material world, that matters nothing; we have striven, so our

growth is assured. We have aspired, so our real reward is sure; we have done our best and wisely accepted the external havoc we see, as the small price we pay for the inner attempt and enrichment.

These were wise words of old Epictetus: "The man who is undisciplined in life blames others when things go wrongly with him; he who is partly disciplined blames himself; but he who is thoroughly disciplined blames neither others nor himself," accepting all as part of the Divine Process, to which everything, not excepting Man himself, is subject.

WHAT A BABY DREAMS

BY LYDIA M. DUNHAM O'NEIL

They've determined the weight of the planets eight;

They've measured the flames of the sun;
They can tell when a planet is due to appear,
And, too, when its course will be run.

They've girdled the earth with a wireless belt,

Incredible, strange, tho' it seems;
But there isn't a man in the whole wide world

Who can tell what a baby dreams.

They've braved the white death of the Polar seas' breath,

And the secrets of ocean laid bare.

They've tamed and made subject, their bidding to do,

The forces of earth and of air.

They've rivaled the mines in production of gems

That glow with the truest of gleams;
Yet there isn't a man on the whole round earth

Who can tell what a baby dreams.

The whimper of fear when no danger is near—

What professor its cause can define?

What reason can we for that beautiful smile,
So brief, but angelic, assign?

Tho' there's little indeed that our wise men don't know,

Tho' with knowledge this earth fairly teems,

There isn't a man under heaven's blue sky

Who can tell what a baby dreams!

CONCERNING CERTAIN DOMESTIC AFFAIRS

*"Noble souls, through dust and heat,
Rise from disaster and defeat
The stronger."*

What a wonderful storehouse for pictures is the brain! There, one upon another, lie numberless memory-pictures of persons and places, always with room for more. From that vast collection we can in an instant select the very one we most desire to see. They always look the same to us; their colors never fade.

Steady Workers.

Steadiness in work is a great element of despatch and thorough accomplishment. Touch-and-go workers often dazzle the eyes of beholders, but their apparent swiftness does not "turn off work," as the phrase is, with the same sure rapidity as their more plodding comrades.

A farmer one day offered his hired man a silver dollar if he would stick to "one straight job," as he called it, for an hour.

"I don't care what 'tis," he said, "but that dollar is yours if you won't let yourself be called off for any earthly reason till the sixty minutes are up. I've watched ye. You go like a hop-toad from one thing to another, and anybody could pick up a good half-day in the course of a week out of the minutes you drop between jobs. I want you should try and see if you can stick to one thing or whether ye can't."

The farm hand began a good set task of hoeing. In ten minutes he was uneasy. In fifteen he dropped the hoe and started for the barn to pick up and put away some tools he remembered leaving around under foot—only started, however, and remembering what was at stake, came back and resumed work for awhile. Before the hour was up, he came to the farmer saying emphatically,

"You can keep your dollar. 'Tain't my way 'o working. I've thought o' forty little tinkering jobs I want to go and do and get 'em off my mind, and I can't work steady till I do get them off."

This is no made-up story to serve as an illustration. The writer heard it from the farmer's own lips. It was unnecessary to add, as he did, that he soon found a more profitable helper. The same spirit runs through all kinds and grades of working, physical and intellectual. The boy and girl in school will do far more and better work to put in steady uninterrupted work than to scatter and divide their energies among a dozen unrelated tasks. Odd minutes are not as good as unbroken hours or half-hours. The housewife who flies distractedly from dishwashing to bed making and before either is finished runs breathlessly to do a bit of dusting or frantically rubs out a few things at the wash board and then heats a hasty flat iron and tries to make them presentable, may be in a scurrying rush and hurry all day, but when night comes she has a tired body and ragged nerves and less to show for it in the way of accomplishment than her quiet-minded, thorough-handed sister.

"Scattering" workers are always unprofitable to themselves and to others. The restaurant waiters who serve the largest number of customers are not the red-faced, panting ones who rush from table to counter trying to attend to several orders at once, but the quick eyed, quiet and observant, who make each step and motion "tell," and use no unproductive energy. We need to cultivate the faculty of steady, concentrated activity, working to an end, and making an end of it. Anna B. Bryant.





*There is a garden
in the heart of every man
and woman
and child
and the garden is the soul*

*There is a
garden in
the heart of every man
and woman
and child*



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PERFUMES.

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A variety of Siberian. Tree a hardy and robust grower. One of the most beautiful when in fruit. Valuable for preserves.



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Messing & Stecher,
Rock, N.Y.

PRINCE CAMILLE DE ROHAN.

One of the strongest growers and finest roses on the list; free blooming and very desirable 18 to 24 inches.

IN REMEMBRANCE.

Washington Betz, son of Catherine and Henry Betz, was born in Columbiana county, Ohio, May 23, 1847, and died at his home near Ashley, Indiana; May 30, 1913, aged 66 years and 7 days.

He was the youngest of eleven children, eight boys and three girls. At the age of twenty-one with his brother, Jefferson, he came to DeKalb county.

On May 13, 1869, he was united in marriage with Mary C. Musser, daughter of John and Anne Musser. To this union were born ten children, four boys and six girls, nine of whom survive. They are: Mrs. Annie Kline, Corunna, Indiana; Mrs. Bertha Barker, Albion, Michigan; Mrs. Alice Brand, Corunna, Indiana; George W., Catbologna, Samar, P. I.; John A., Albion, Michigan; Ida, Mary, Blanche and Clyde, who remain at home with their mother. On April 7, 1902, Eugene Henry, the first son, preceded the father to the home beyond.

In 1877 Mr. Betz purchased a farm in Smithfield township where he with his faithful wife made their home.

In 1890 he expressed his faith and was baptised in Christ. Mr. Betz was a devoted and affectionate husband, a most kind and loving father, always doing just what he thought for the welfare of the children, giving a home where they might find the opportunities offered and develop themselves along any line of duty they chose.

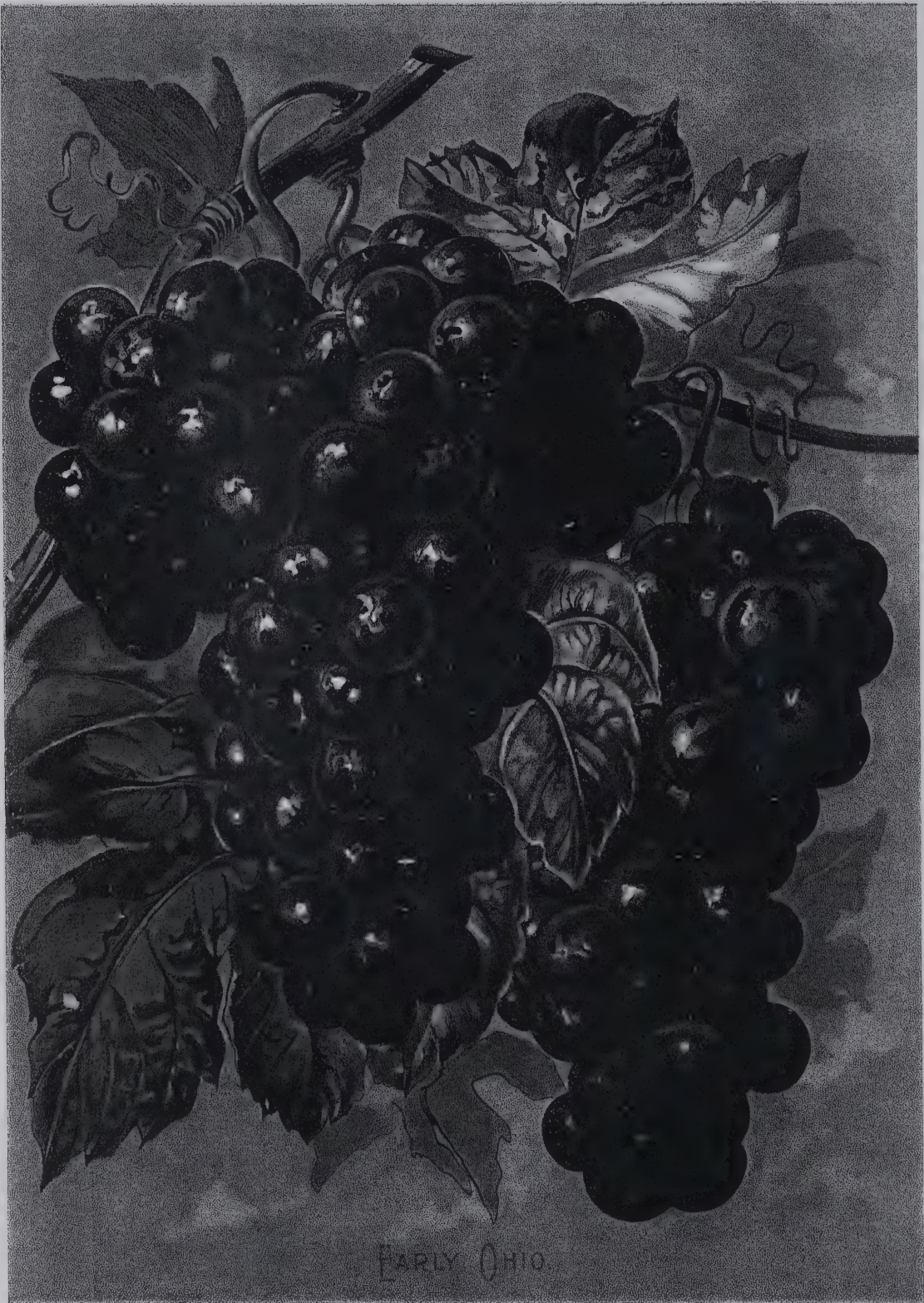
He deceased leaves with his wife six children, six grand-sons, one grand-daughter, and three aged nephews, two sisters and a great number of relatives and friends.

The funeral services conducted by Elder Fred A. Thomas, of Auburn, were held at the Christian church at Ashley, Monday, June 2, interment at Union cemetery.

Only the near relatives were present except the two sisters living in the east, who were unable to make the journey, and the son, George, who is teaching in the Philippines. A message was immediately sent to him, but he could not possibly reach here in time.

Some men love their club, gaming houses and resorts, but here was a man who loved his home. Some men devoted to their horses, sheep and cattle, Mr. Betz was devoted to his family. Some men always give their best to strangers only, this man gave only his best for his loved ones, and his splendid family of children loved and call him blessed."

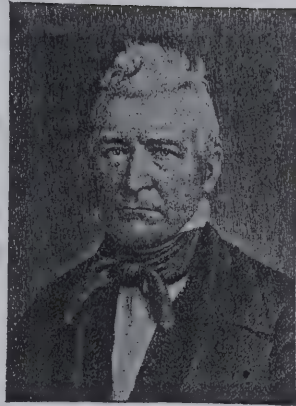
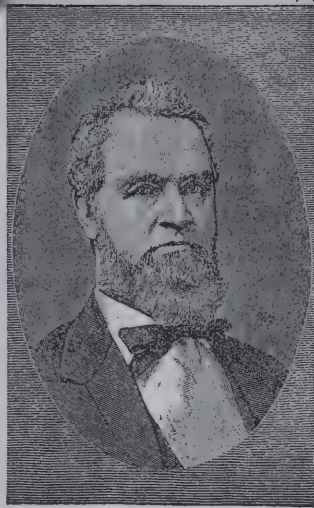
Washington Betz and family to most earnestly thank the neighbors and friends for their love, kindness, sympathy and beautiful flowers which were given them during their sad bereavement.



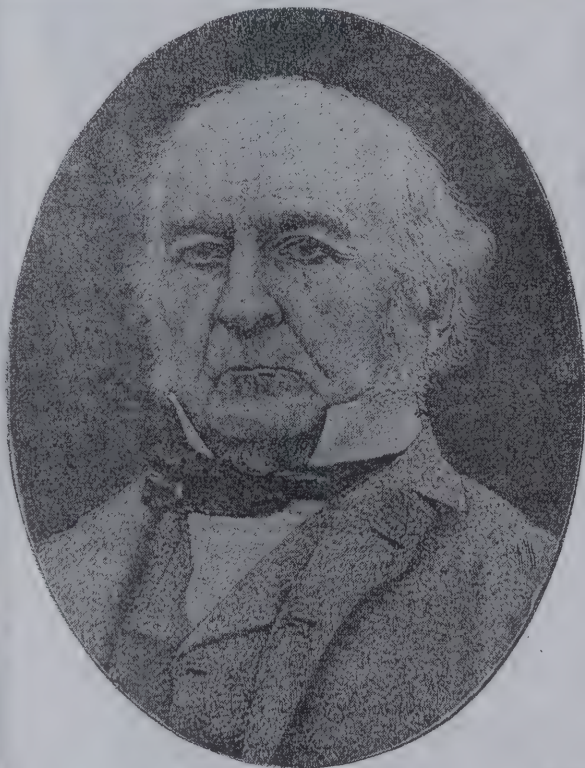
EARLY OHIO



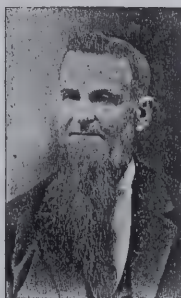
ALEXANDER CAMPBELL.



T. M. ALLEN.



HON. W. E. GLADSTONE.



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GROGERIES,

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Dinner Sets and Fine China Ware a Specialty!
Bread, Cake and Cookies.



SPEER & Co., Waterloo, Ind.





IDA S. M'BRIDE,
Of Indianapolis, Ind., National Secretary of the Woman's Relief Corps.

"Joyful all ye nations rise;
Join the triumph of the skies;
With the angelic host proclaim,
Christ is born in Bethlehem!"

AUTHOR OF LITTLE THINGS

Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean,
And the pleasant land.

So the little moments,
Humble though they be,
Make the mighty ages
Of eternity.

So our little errors
Lead the soul away
From the path of virtue,
Far in sin to stay.

Little deeds of kindness,
Help to make earth happy
Like the heaven above.



Mrs. Julia A. Fletcher Carney, author of the famous poem, "Little Things," recently celebrated her 80th birthday at her home in Galesburg, Ill. She wrote the poem in 1845, when she was a school teacher in Boston, and her object in writing it was to help her pupils understand the value of little things. A few years later the poem had been translated into many languages, and generations have recited and sung it in all the civilized countries of the world. Mrs. Carney's husband, who was a Universalist minister, died at Galesburg in 1871.



IDA KINSEY,
MATTIE BURGESS.

REV. BEN MITCHELL,
LAURA V. MITCHELL.
BINA, INDIA.



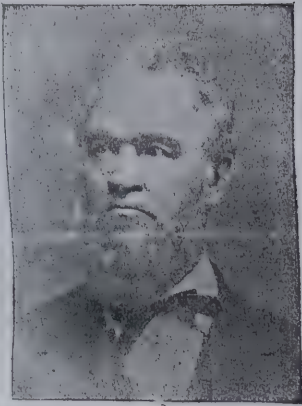
PRESIDENT M'KINLEY'S CABINET.



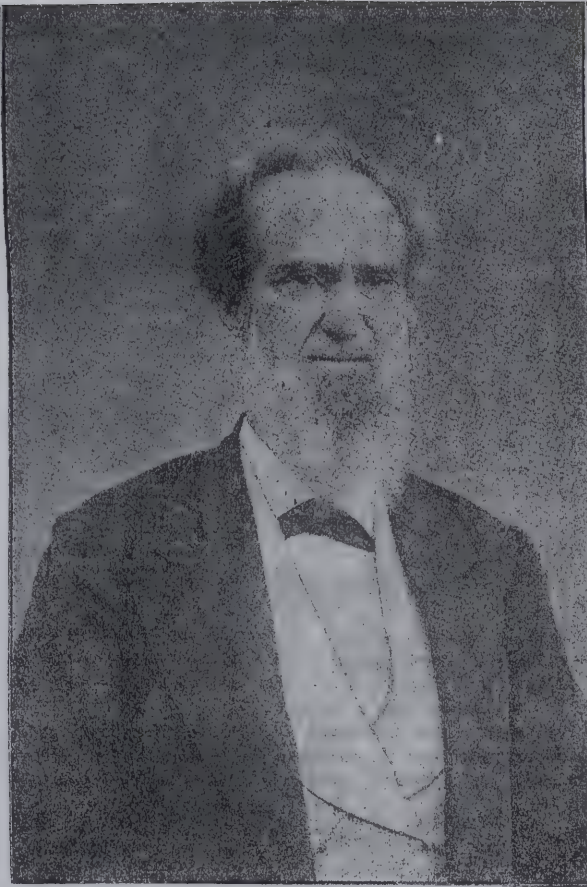


THE SISTERS.

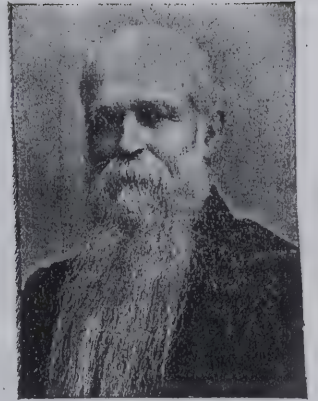
Lith. of E.B. & E.C. Kellogg, Hartford, Conn.



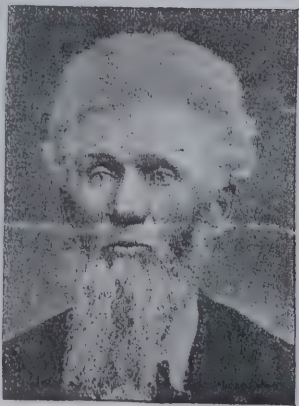
ISAAC ERRETT.



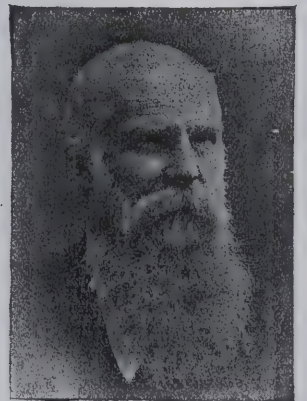
ALMON B. GREEN.



W. T. MOORE.



A. S. HAYDEN.



W. K. PENDLETON.



W. B. F. TREAT.



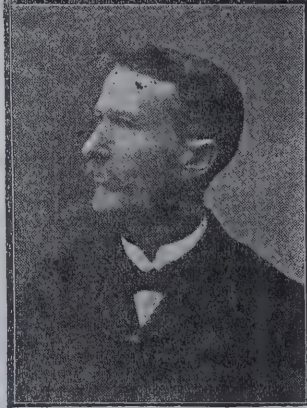
J. V. UPDIKE. Evangelist.



PRESIDENTIAL POSSIBILITIES: II. ROBERT TODD LINCOLN. (*See page 489.*)



LULU M. BATRMAN
English



COUNTY SUPT. H. E. COE



JUDGE BRATTON



MR. CLYDE C. CARLIN, OF ANGOLA, INDIANA
The Memorial Day Orator

THE GIRL OF THE FARM

LYDIA M. DUNHAM O'NEIL

The girl of the farm—God bless her!
God bless her cheerful face,
And the song that trips from her rosy lips,
As she toils with a willing grace.
God bless her bright eyes, smiling,
Aglow with a wondrous charm,
And her voice, so sweet and cheery—
God bless the girl of the farm!

The girl of the farm—God bless her!
God bless her willing hands
That never shirk the hourly work
Which the good of the farm demands.
In spite of the many duties
That tax her brain and her arm,
She still has time to be happy,—
This precious girl of the farm.

The girl of the farm—God bless her!
God keep her loving heart
Free from the faintest shade or taint
Of pride and guile and art.
Make her to triumph always
O'er sorrow and toil and harm,
And all the world will love her,
As we love the girl of the farm.

FOR THE YOUTHFUL ORATORS

To Learn and Recite at School

A HELPFUL CHILD

BY HELEN M. RICHARDSON

I like to play out in the snow
It makes my face and fingers glow.
My mother says it's good for me,
And I just try to helpful be.

I make a path out to the gate
For father, if he should be late;
Another to the clothes-line so
Mama won't have to wade through snow.

The sidewalk then I make quite clean
For passers-by, and then between
Whiles I make lots of snowballs hard,
And play I'm soldier keeping guard.

It's heaps of fun to be a boy
And all these winter sports enjoy;
But now I like to think to mother
I've been a help and not a bother.

LITTLE BOY'S WISH

When winter comes, the people say,
"Oh, shut the door!" And when,
As sometimes happens, I forget,
They call me back again.

It takes till summer comes to learn,
And then things change about;
And "Leave it open!" is the cry,
When I go in or out.

I try to be a pleasant boy,
And do just as I ought;
But, when things are so hard to learn,
I wish they might stay taught.

HENRIETTA R. ELIOT, in Little Folks.

PLANS

Bill Jones sat around outside on one rainy day.
I was there, too. That's when I heard pa say:
"Looks like the crops will turn out well
enough."

To pay my taxes, when I sell the stuff,
And build a barn and buy that lot of Brown.
When this rain stops I'll just drive in to town
And find out about what the price will be;
It's land that looks exactly right, to me."

Pa hitched up, and took me, and went to
town
And bought the land and paid a thousand
down.

Ma asked him to bring home a dress for Sue,
But he said she must make the old one do.
Ma wanted oil-cloth for the kitchen floor.
Pa said, "Keep the floor clean by mopping
more."

Ma wanted candied peel for Christmas cake.
Pa said such rich food made his stomach
ache.

But my loud wails his opposition downed
And he brought home a quarter of a pound.
Ma looked so sad that pa said she might try
To help him with the barn plans, by and by.
But ma she had so many socks to darn
She couldn't help him plan about the barn.
Pa says that further than milking and chores
He gets but little help from folks indoors.

C. A. S.

Whether eating to live or living to eat

I found at your table a good place to meet,
And the time that I spent is without regret
The hour there engaged I will ne'er forget.

The trip o'er the mountain so many a mile
Has its cost concealed by David's soul's smile;
It is trebled again by children so grand
Who hark to their parents and obey each command.

Maternal affection is heredity's gift
Mother's labor of love is the great uplift.
May joys be unnumbered as years roll along
And each day bring to you sweet chorus and song.

In my memory is fixed but I can't portray
Any painting with words what I saw that day,
When out from your window over vale and hill
The optics reverted to the soul, a thrill.

From your home on Queen Anne the highest hill crest
One can see the sunset o'er peaks in the west
Where arise the Olympics as if in command
To drive away business, bring slumber on land.

Not afar to the East, the Cascades at ease
Reflect back the sunset and a cool night breeze
Making one to enjoy a good night's slumber
And dream like a sailor—joys without number.

It's a mile down the hill where boats are at play
But for lack of the wind, cannot get away
As on the lake's bosom no ripple is seen
And only love's laughter make the boats careen.

Not a sound can you hear from the depths below
While your eyes tell to you it's just a stone's throw!
But distance in mountains or out on the sea
Is never believed, though truth it may be.

The lakes 'twixt the hilltops and the bay on the sound
Makes you a rare vision none other place found,
Terrace upon terrace rise streets on hillside
While ribbon like cross streets the greenswards divide.

At night when the current is turned on the street
Lighting miles upon miles to guide weary feet
It makes you most wonder if heaven's come down
And cast all her jewels in Seattle's crown.

CLIMBING THE HILL

Happy-go-Lucky and Faint-of-Heart
Set off on a journey with Only-Try:
And each was ready to do his part.
While the sunny hours went merrily by.
But when the shadows were growing long,
And the crickets chirping their even-song,
Up rose like a barrier steep and strong,
A rocky hillside nigh.

Said Happy-go-Lucky: "Suppose we wait
And somebody passing may give us a
ride."
"We shall break our necks if we climb so
late!"

Poor Faint-of-Heart in a panic cried.
But Only-Try, with a resolute eye,

Looked up at the hill and the sunset sky.
"There is plenty of time," said Only-Try,
"And the moon is full, beside."

So Only-Try, without stay or stop,
Went clambering up over rock and root,
Till 'todd at last on the hill's green
top.

In the beautiful clearing, with flowers and
But the other two are waiting still,
For nobody lives, or ever will,
That can reach the top of the smallest hill
By sitting down at the foot!
—Blanche T. Heath, in Youth's Companion.

Push Hard

Push hard against the iron-barred door,
If you would dare or do;
Push hard; however strong the bar,
It may swing back for you.
Count not the weight against your own;
Nor height nor depth survey,
But lay your shoulder to the bar,
And push, and push away!

Be thoughtful. Use your strength aright.
Be patient and intent;
Pull many a bar has been unlodged
That never could be bent.
Push hard; push long; pray as you push;
Use thought as well as strength.
The chances are the tireless hand
Will shift the bar at length.

But if the barrier standeth fast,
However you may try,
And, stolid in its groove, the bar
Refuse to let you by,
Remember you have prayed, and so,
However hard the lot,
The bar had slipped before thy touch,
Had Love forbid it not.

—George Klinge.

The Friendly House

The Friendly House dispenses cheer. Its shutters are flung wide;
The sunshine streams upon the plants that smile with bloom inside;
The porch has roomy benches where a weary child may rest;
The blind-doors open out like arms to welcome every guest.

The Friendly House a deep well has, with water icy cool,
Where children love to stop and drink when coming home from school.
And there's a big square sitting-room, with many a gay rug mat,
A shiny haircloth sofa, and a soft old purling cat.

The Friendly House on baking-day is all a child could wish;
You're welcome in the kitchen, and they let you scrape the dish!
And often you may roll some dough, pretending plea to make,
And always in the oven there's a little scalloped cake.

This dear old house, from cellar clean to attic up above,
Is full to overflowing with a warm and patient love.
Its spirit of unselfishness does naught but serve and give.
The Friendly House—why, can't you guess? It's where the grandmas live!

—Annie Willis McCullough, in Youth's Companion.

THE MILK TEAM

BY H. M. RICHARDSON

He goes to sleep before the birds,
He's up before they wake;
And canopied by twinkling stars
His lonely ride doth take.
The fragrance of the sleeping pines,
And flowers bathed in dew,
Companion this young lad who brings
Your morning milk to you.

Alert and spry, it matters not
How often he may stop;
Old Charlie knows the route full well,
And, as the milk cans drop,
The horse walks soberly along;
They're comrades, tried and true,
This faithful horse and agile boy
Who bring your milk to you.

From street to street they jog along,
All in the morning gray,
Long ere the sun from rosy bed
Hath ushered in the day.
The boy's cheeks have a ruddy glow,
His eyes like jewels shine;
He whistles softly, Charlie hears
And gives an answering sign.

The milk jars in the cart behind
Click cheerily in tune
With whistling boy and neighing horse,
And all will be home soon.
For morning breaks, and with the day
Comes other work to do
For good old Charlie and the boy
Who bring your milk to you.

THE RAIN ON THE ROOF.

When the humid shadows hover
Over all the starry spheres,
And the melancholy darkness
Gently weeps in rainy tears,
What a bliss to press the pillow
Of a cottage chamber bed,
And listen to the patter
Of the soft rain overhead!

Every tinkle on the shingles
Has an echo in my heart,
And a thousand dreamy fancies
Into busy being start,
And a thousand recollections
Weave their air threads into woe!
As I listen to the patter
Of the rain upon the roof.

Now in memory comes my mother,
As she used in years ago,
To regard her darling dreamers
Ere she left them till the dawn;
I can see her bending o'er me,
As I list to the refrain
Which is played upon the shingles
By the patter of the rain.

Then my little seraph sister,
With her wings and waving hair,
And her star-eyed cherub brother—
A serene, angelic pair—
Glide around my wakeful pillow,
With their praise or mild reproof,
As I listen to the murmur
Of the soft rain on the roof.

And another comes to thrill me
With her eyes, delicious blue;
And I mind not, musing on her,
That her heart was all untrue;
I remember but to love her
With a passion kin to pain,
And my heart's quick pulses vibrate
To the patter of the rain.

Art hath naught of tone or cadence
That can work with such a spell
In the soul's mysterious fountains,
Whence the tears of rapture well,
As that melody of nature,
That subdued, subduing strain
Which is played upon the shingles
By the patter of the rain.

—Coates Kinney.

CHEERFUL PETE.

"Ho, ho!" laughed Pete as the sun shone
out.
"My heart is as light as a feather.
It matters little if clouds hide the sun,
In my heart it is sunny weather."

"Ha, ha!" laughed Pete as the clouds
grew dark,
"The weather's just right for me;
Just the day to plow, just the day to sow,
Right glad of this day I should be."

"Io, ho!" laughed Pete as the black night
frowned
On a parched and drying earth.
"The night comes down for us all to rest,
All hearts should be filled with mirth."

"Ha, ha!" laughed Pete as the rain came
down
In a shower so full and free.
"How the grass will grow, and the seed-
lets burst!
Like the birds, I'm full of glee."

"Ho, ho!" laughed Pete when sickness
came,
"I'll now have a chance to rest,
While the sun shines out and crops grow
fast,
Yes, everything's all for the best."

So in all kinds of weather did cheerful
Pete
Keep his heart so merry and free,
'Twas a lesson to young, and a lesson to
old,
That sunny each day they should be.

—Josephine S. Brooks.

NUMBER IN CATALOGUE <small>Make figures plainly</small>	QUANTITY	Be sure to give the NAME of each Article Wanted	SIZES, COLORS, ETC.	PRICE, Each or per dozen	Extend Totals in this column and add up
		Kendallville and	Sizes, Colors, Etc.		
		Feb 3	Sizes, Colors, Etc.	19	13
		I can't answer	Sizes, Colors, Etc.		
		your letter to day it is such	Sizes, Colors, Etc.		
		out colors are better it is a	Sizes, Colors, Etc.		
		day to I think we will go out	Sizes, Colors, Etc.		
		and slide down hill with	Sizes, Colors, Etc.		
		our new sleds after while	Sizes, Colors, Etc.		
		and got our new sleds	Sizes, Colors, Etc.		
		Saturday night mine are size	Sizes, Colors, Etc.		
		and	Sizes, Colors, Etc.		
		Kermitt are 8 1/2 and I got my	Sizes, Colors, Etc.		
		3 pencil pen ruler and an ink	Sizes, Colors, Etc.		
		eraser	Sizes, Colors, Etc.		
		We have chickens with my 3	Sizes, Colors, Etc.		
		Bantam hens	Sizes, Colors, Etc.		
		Kermitt and I are getting new	Sizes, Colors, Etc.		
		waist made us call	Sizes, Colors, Etc.		
		brother William Henry how	Sizes, Colors, Etc.		
		as like it	Sizes, Colors, Etc.		

PLEASE LOOK

BE SURE THAT YOU HAVE GIVEN SIZES AND COLORS

		We play football and go out	Sizes, Colors, Etc.		
		and it is lot of fun	Sizes, Colors, Etc.		
		my lesson is of Fred and his	Sizes, Colors, Etc.		
		engine	Sizes, Colors, Etc.		
		it is 9 o'clock it is time	Sizes, Colors, Etc.		
		for little boy too do an bed	Sizes, Colors, Etc.		
		and night	Sizes, Colors, Etc.		
		with Brown	Sizes, Colors, Etc.		
		Annie Harrington	Sizes, Colors, Etc.		
		Kendallville and	Sizes, Colors, Etc.		

RR-2

"Bread Corn is Bruised"

Bread corn is bruised that it may be life-giving.
The crushing stone
Must grind it first, ere it be food for living;
I tell you.
Snow-white the meal, but not till bruised and broken
The golden grain;
And thus, hereby, a parable is spoken
Of loss and gain.

Not pearls, nor sparkling stones with radiance clear
Are crushed and bruised;
No gems in monarch's diadem the dearest
For food are used.
That only which has nightry thus vital
Is torn and ground,
And afterward, the measureless requital
In this is found.

Life, health and growth, and power for highest daring,
Renewed and fed,
Are debtors to the corn, its life-germ sharing
In wholesome bread.
Take heed of joy, nor shrink from blow and bruising,
O broken heart!
In feeding those whom God will soon be using,
You have a part.

—Julia H. Johnston, in the Interior.

Labor

There is a portion of forgetfulness
As wonderful as sleep and exquisite—
And he who once hath drunk his fill of it
Loses his sometime heartbreak and distress,
No lethe this, yet in its depths no less
Lies Peace. And Life, who brewed this cup with wit,
Hath called it "Labor," and those men who sit
About his board drink deep and laugh and bless,
Drink and forget the burden of old sighs,
Drink and behold the world is glorious!
This was God's plan, this wondrous gift, and glad
He gave to Adam, losing Paradise,
Behold, I bid you labor—yea—and this
The first man, perchance, from going mad.

—T. Garrison.

Turning Back

Keep me from turning back!
My hand is on the plough, my faltering hand;
But all in front of me is untilled land.
The wilderness and solitary place,
The lonely desert and its interspace,
What harvest have I? Only this paltry grain,
These dwindling husks, a handful of dry corn,
These poor lean stalks. My courage is outworn,
Keep me from turning back.
The handles of my plough with tears are wet.
The shares with rust are spoiled—and yet—and yet—
My God! My God! Keep me from turning back.

—The Quiver.

Directions to a Traveler

"How far must I follow this dusty way?"
Till the hills grow faint in the twilight grey.
"Must I keep the road till it drops from sight?"
At the line of the sky is a path to the right.
"And what is the name of the crossroad there?"
The name on the finger-post is Care.
"And must I travel that new path far?"
Till the west is bright with the Evening Star.
"And how many miles must I journey then?"
Till you reach the Tavern of All Good Men.
"And how many roofs shall I have to pass?"
But one: that Hostelry, thatched with grass.
"And whither thence at the dawn of day?"
The Host, when he wakes you, will point the way.

—Frederick Laurence Knowles

THE REFINER'S FIRE

(See front-cover picture)

He sat by a fire of seven-fold heat,
As he watched by the precious ore,
And closer he bent with a searching gaze
As he heated it more and more.

He knew He had ore that could stand the test,
And He wanted the finest gold
To mold as a crown for the King to wear
Set with gems with a price untold.

So He laid out gold in the burning fire,
Tho' we fain would have said Him "Nay,"
And He watched the dross that we had not seen,
And it melted and passed away.

And the gold grew brighter and yet more bright,
But our eyes were so dim with tears,
We saw but the fire—not the Master's hand—
And questioned with anxious fears.

Yet our gold shone out with a richer glow,
As it mirrored a Form above,
That bent o'er the fire, tho' unseen by us,
With a look of ineffable love.

Can we think that it pleases His loving heart
To cause us a moment's pain?
Ah, no! But He saw through the present cross
The bliss of eternal gain.

So He waited there with a watchful eye,
With a love that is strong and sure,
And His gold did not suffer a bit more heat
Than was needed to make it pure.

—Unidentified.

The Mother's Compensation

She folded up the worn and mended frock,
And smoothed it tenderly upon her knee,
Then through the soft web of a wee red sock
She wove the bright wool, musing thoughtfully:
"Can this be all? The great world is so fair,
I hunger for its green and pleasant ways.
A cripple prisoned in her restless chair
Looks from her window with a wistful gaze.

"The fruits I can not reach are red and sweet,
The paths forbidden are both green and wide;
O God! there is no boon to helpless feet
So altogether sweet as paths denied.
Home is most fair; bright are my household fires,
And children are a gift without alloy;
But who would bound the field of their desires
By the prim hedges of mere fireside joy?

"I can but weave a faint thread to and fro,
Making a frail woof in a baby's sock;
Into the world's sweet tumult I would go.
At its strong gates my trembling hand would knock."

Just then the children came, the father too;
Their eager faces lit the twilight gloom.
"Dear heart," he whispered, as he nearer drew,
"How sweet it is within this little room!"

"God puts my strongest comfort here to draw
When thirst is great and common wells are dry.
Your pure desire is my unerring law;
Tell me, dear one, who is so safe as I?
Home is the pasture where my soul may feed,
This room a paradise has grown to be;
And only where these patient feet shall lead
Can it be home for these dear ones and me."

He touched with reverent hand the helpless feet,
The children crowded close and kissed her hair;
"Our mother is so good and kind and sweet,
There's not another like her anywhere!"
The baby in her low bed opened wide
The soft blue flowers of her timid eyes,
And viewed the group about the cradle side
With smiles of glad and innocent surprise.

The mother drew the baby to her knee,
And, smiling, said, "The stars shine soft to-night;
My world is fair; its edges sweet to me;
And whatsoever is, dear Lord, is right!"

—May Riley Smith.

Veterans

His work is done; his strength no more
In flow, unmetered, can he pour,
That he may good impart.
His form is bent in weakness now,
Deep furrows seam his whitened brow;
Let's keep them from his heart.

Another voice proclaims the Word
Where once his messages were heard;
He sits, infirm, apart.
His day of work has quickly sped,
The snow of age is on his head;
Let's keep it off his heart.

His wife, beside him, bravely shares
His twilight years, his evening cares,
And tries to do her part.
They've spent their lives in high employ
To bring to us abiding joy;
Let's keep that in their heart!

—Charles W. Fletcher, in The Standard.



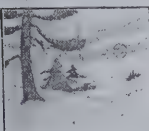
A TIMELY PRAYER

"The Lord bless thee, and keep thee:
The Lord make his face to shine upon
thee, and be gracious unto thee:
The Lord lift up his countenance upon
thee, and give thee peace."
Numbers 6: 24-26.

The Lord bless thee this glad New Year,
And keep thee safe from care and fear.
Make his face to shine upon thee
Tender with unchanging love,
And be gracious unto thee, supplying
All thy need from stores above.
The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee,
Dispelling shadows, bidding discord cease,
Bringing to thy heart full light and gladness.
God bless thee with a New Year's gift of
peace. SARAH COLTON SMITH.

CONCERNING CERTAIN DOMESTIC AFFAIRS

Summer swallows long have fled,
Gleams the earth with ice and snow;
Where then did the swallows go?
Can it be perchance they're dead?



Heart, I bid you
doubt no more;
On some far-off
summer shore
There the swallows
wait, instead.

Summer roses no
more blow,

White piled snowdrifts on them lie;
Did the flowers really die?
Lie they buried 'neath the snow?
Doubting heart why should you weep?
In a sweet and dreamless sleep
Wait the flowers, that I know.

Most earnestly and truly I believe
The human heart is beautiful and good.
Let me keep clear unto the end of life
My faith in sweet humanity's fair flower;
Old age that sits with all its glamour gone,
Cynical, cold, and infidel and sour,
Is something to be shrunk from; but the
light

Of youth's departed glory hovers still
About the one who keeps through winter's
time

The thought that hearts are good and
seldom ill.

Yet will I trust, for better 'tis to fail
Through trusting much than trusting not
at all. ETHEL CARNEY.

Resolutions for FARM JOURNAL boys and girls for 1913:

- To be kind to every one.
- To help the weak.
- To cheer the sick.
- To do a good deed daily.
- To obey my parents.
- To study at school.
- To play all games fairly.
- To protect the birds.
- To keep my mouth clean of cigarettes and oaths.
- To study nature.
- To be a worker, not a drone.
- To read good books.
- To keep clean within and without.

Rose Ma Belle

Sometimes I wake in the deep, dark night,
And the thunder roars outside.
A spatter of rain puts out the stars,
And I cover up close and hide.
"You can't get me—oh, you can't get me,
Though you beat on the window-pane,
But I wonder what—oh, I wonder what
I've left outside in the rain!"

Oh, Rose Ma Belle was the loveliest doll!
Her hair was as long as mine.
Her lashes were gold-as the jonquil buds,
And her eyes had the starliest shine!
She was dressed like a bride, though she hadn't a groom,
But that was a small affair;
She'd a dress as white as a lily in bloom
And a long white veil in her hair.

And I took her to sit in the orchard grass
For the birds and the bees to see.
And I showed her the hole where the Grooches live
In the side of the old plum-tree.
Then daddy hounded in the lane outside—
(Oh, this is so hard to tell!)
And I laid her down—and I went for a ride—
My sweet little Rose Ma Belle!

And oh—and oh—in the deep, dark night
I woke, and I heard the rain!
Spinach and patten and swish it fell
On the roof and the window-pane.
And I snuggled down in my warm white bed
(For the rain just sang as it fell)
Then, all of a sudden, I raised my head
And I thought about Rose Ma Belle!

Out in the dark and pouring rain,
Lonely and dressed so thin!
And I ran and stood by the window-pane
And howled till the folks came in.
And mother said to me: "Go and look
In your own little wickery chair!"
And I pattered quick to the playroom door—
And Rose Ma Belle was there!

THE NEW CHURCH ORGAN.

They've got a new church organ, Sue,
For all their fuss and search;
They've done just as they said they'd do,
And etched it into church.
They're bound the critter shall be seen;
And on the preacher's right
They've hoisted up their new machine,
In everybody's sight.
They've got a chorister and choir,
Ag'in my voice and vote;
For it was never my desire
To praise the Lord by note.

I've been a sister good an' true
For five-and-thirty year;
I've done what seemed my part to do,
To mansions in the skies.
I've sung the hymns both slow and quick,
Just as the preacher read,
And twice, when Deacon Tubbs was sick,
I took the fork and led;
And now, their bold, new-fangled ways
Is comin' all about;
And I, right in my latter days
Am fairly crowded out!

To-day, the preacher, good old dear,
With tears all in his eyes,
Read, "I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies."
I always liked that blessed hymn;
I s'pose I always will;
It somehow gratifies my whim,
In good old Ortonville;
But when that choir got up to sing,
I couldn't catch a word;
They sung the most outlandish thing
A body ever heard!

Some wealthy chaps was standin' near,
An' when I see them grin,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And boldly waded in;
I thought I'd chase their tune along,
An' tried with all my might;
But though my voice is good an' strong,
I couldn't steer it right.
When they was high, then I was low,
An' also contrawise;
An' I, too fast or they too slow,
To "mansions in the skies."

An' after every verse, you know,
They play a little tune;
I didn't understand, an' so
I started in too soon.
I pitched it pretty middin' high,
I fetched a lusty tone;
But oh, alas! I found that I
Was singin' there alone!
They laughed a little, I am told;
But I had done my best;
And not a wave of trouble rolled
Across my peaceful breast.

And sister Brown—I could but look—
She sits right in front of me;
She never was no singin' book,
An' never meant to be.
But then she always tried to do
The best she could, she said
She understood the time right through.
An' kept it with her head;
But when she tried this mornin', oh,
I had to laugh, or cough!
It kept her head a-bobbin' so
It e'en a'most came off!

An' Deacon Tubbs—he all broke down,
As one might well suppose;
He took one look at sister Brown
And meekly satcheled his nose.
An' looked his hymn-book through an'
through
And laid it on the seat.
And then a pensive sigh he drew,
And looked completely beat.
An' when they took another bout
He didn't even rise.
But drew his red bandanner out
An' wiped his weepin' eyes.

I've been a sister, good an' true,
For five-and-thirty year;
I've done what seemed my part to do,
An' prayed my duty clear;
But death will stop my voice, I know,
For he is on my track;
And some day I to church will go
And nevermore come back;
And when the folks gets up to sing—
Where'er that time shall be—
I do not want no patent thing
A-squealin' over me!



HEN Christmas bells are peeling
The air with silver chimes,
Let love, the world's beginning
End fear and hate and sinning.

MANUSCRIPT OF POEM "THE BIRTH OF CHRIST"

It is Owned by W. B. Downey, of This
City—Poem Written in 1822 by
William F. Bradley.

W. B. Downey, of the United States
pension agency in this city, has in
his possession a keepsake in the shape of
the original manuscript of a poem en-
titled, "The Birth of Christ." The poem
was written by William F. Bradley, on
November 13, 1822, and presented to Miss
Sarah Downey, who lived in Shenandoah
county, Virginia, at that time. Miss Downey
was an aunt of W. B. Downey. She
afterward became the wife of John Mil-
ler, and died in Arlington, Rush county,
Indiana, in 1892. The paper on which the
poem was written is still strong and well
preserved, and the handwriting is all
plain and easily read. The poem is as
follows:

Ye nations all, to you I call, come hear my
declaration,
And don't refuse the glorious news of Jesus
and salvation;
To royal Jews came first the news of Christ
the great Messiah,
Who was foretold by prophets old, whose
lips were touched by fire.

To Abraham the promise came, and to his
seed forever.
That Christ should come in human form, the
bands of sin to sever;
Hail, promised morn, the Saviour's born, the
glorious Mediator!
God's only Son, indeed, has come to take our
human nature.

His parents poor in earthly store to entertain
the stranger,
They had no bed to ease his head, but laid him
in a manger.
No royal things as used by kings were seen
by those who found him.
But in the hay the infant lay with swaddling
bands around him.

By morning light a glorious sight to shepherds
there appeared,
Bright angels came with shining flame, at
which the shepherds feared;
The angels said, be not afraid, and let us not
alarm you.
We do appear to you to bear such news as shall
not harm you.

This city's name is Bethlehem, the same
which God anointed.
This glorious morn a Saviour's born, the same
whom God anointed;
By this you'll know, if you will go to see the
Heavenly Stranger,
His lovely charms, in Mary's arms, are lying
in a manger.

When this was said a sound was made that
filled both Earth and Heaven.
Each flaming tongue an anthem sung, "To man
a Saviour's given."
The shepherds came and were amazed to hear
the glorious theme, they
raised their tuneful voices.
At Jesus' birth be peace on earth, meanwhile
all Heaven rejoices.

Then with delight they took their flight, and
winged their way to glory,
The shepherds came and were amazed to hear
the wondrous story;
To Bethlehem they quickly came to seek the
little stranger,
And when they came they found the same, re-
posing in a manger.

They quickly then returned again to their own
habitation.
With joy in heart they did depart, since they
had found salvation.
They pleasure found in going round to spread
the joyful story.
"That Christ, the Son, at length has come to
pave the way to glory."

Stray Shots

Patience and diligence, like faith, re-
move mountains.

The cow that's in demand is the cow
that gives the milk.

Good work always speaks for itself, and
always makes itself understood.

If you are a failure, no one is in position
to know it better than yourself.

If one has moderate abilities, only in-
dustry will supply his deficiencies.

Rejected work is usually defective in
one or more important particulars.

It is only the incapable who is always
claiming credit for work that others do.

The wants of the country are so great
that all earnest men have equal opportunity
to rise in some avocation.

The highest achievement in every avo-
cation has been attained by the man whose
energies were concentrated on one purpose,
and where no variety of pursuit distracted
and perplexed his energies.

Pearls of Thought

He that lives to live forever never fears
dying.—Penn.

Fortune can take away riches, but not
courage.—Seneca.

Better shun the bait than struggle in the
snare.—Dryden.

What we learn with pleasure we never
forget.—Alfred Mercier.

God divided man into men that they
might help each other.—Seneca.

What you dislike in another take care to
correct in yourself.—Sprat.

Honor comes by diligence; riches spring
from economy.—J. F. Davis.

Nothing is more reasonable and cheap
than good manners.—South.

More helpful than all wisdom is one
draught of simple human pity that will
not forsake us.—George Eliot.

BACK TO THE OLD FARM

BY EVERETT MAXWELL

I was so glad I felt that I could cry
When I returned to the dear old farm
Of childhood days, and pensively drew nigh
The drooping sheds and sagging, flat-roof
barn.

If they'd been new and strong
And painted bright, I know
They wouldn't have touched my heart,
I couldn't have loved them so!

I roamed thro' the dear old barn—
Gazed long into every stall
Where the horses contentedly fed;
Saw the old gears on the wall;
The broad back-bands and breeching
Hanging there on wooden pegs—
Knew that in the old mangers
Were the hens, the nests and the eggs.

I roamed thro' the dear old barn
Where the children used to play;
Crept lovingly thro' the tiny mows
Close packed with the fragrant hay.
The old doors creaked and swagged,
They were fastened with a rusty chain;
And ah, a sadness touched my heart,
But it was not born of pain!

The winding pathway led me
Round where the ash hopper stood,
And there, too, was the old smokehouse
A-looking so peaceful and good.
And there the apples were drying,
Spread out on the kitchen shed.
Nearby, the old broken grindstone
Had sunk to sleep in its low, grassy bed.

And there was the road still winding
Up the long steep hill, past the door,
And the dusty teams still climbing
As off in the days of yore.
And the musical clank of trace-chains
We listened to, far in the night,
As Bob and I, on the old porch,
Sat talking in the dim moonlight.

And the roof of the house was sagging
And sinking with the weight of years,
Like the barn, the crib and the sheds—
And my eyes seemed filling with tears.
If they had been new and handsome
And gaudily painted, I know
I shouldn't have cared for their beauty,
Nor could I have loved them so.

The word-picture portrayed in our state
song is unexcelled. "America" and "Old
Tennessee" are sung by the school chil-
dren all over the state.

OLD TENNESSEE.

Tune: Beulah Land.

"The land of pure and halmy air,
Or streams so clear and skies so fair;
Of mountains grand and fountains free,
The lovely land of Tennessee."

CHORUS.

O Tennessee! Fair Tennessee!
The land of all the earth for me;
I stand upon thy mountains high,
And hold communion with the sky,
And view the glowing landscape o'er,
Old Tennessee forevermore!

Awake my harp with tuneful string,
And of thy lovely country sing;
From east to west the chorus be,
God bless our dear old Tennessee!

When My Boy Comes Whistling Home

When the night is dark and the cold winds blow,
And the starless sky hangs dull and gray,
Then a light gleams out with a ruddy glow,
The shadows pass and the gloom gives way,
When my boy comes whistling home.

High the sound and clear as a blackbird's note,
Mellow and round as a robin's trill;
As sweet as the tune from a skylark's throat,
Cleaving its way through the silence chill,
As my boy comes whistling home.

Or "ragtime" or sonnet, ballad or psalm,
It matters not what the theme may be,
Reeking with mischief, or solemn and calm,
It carries its message straight to me,
When my boy comes whistling home.

'Tis a sign unfailing, With conscience free
And unstained soul he fares along;
For guilt would smoulder the rollicking glee,
Deception wither the happy song,
But my boy comes whistling home.

Oh, never was music that could compare
(No sound of chant in cathedral old,
Nor thunder of organ, nor choir rare of Israel,
With this as my boy, with his heart of gold,
To his mother comes whistling home.

—Elizabeth Price, in Sunday-school Magazine.

Broidery Work

Beneath the desert's rim went down the sun,
And from their tent doors, all their service done,
Came forth the Hebrew women, one by one.

For Bezaleel, the master—who had rare
And curious skill, and gifts beyond compare,
Greater than old Mizraim's greatest were—

Had bidden them approach at his command,
As on a goat-skin spread upon the sand
He sat, and saw them grouped on every hand.

And soon, as came to pass, a silence fell,
He spake, and said: "Daughters of Israel,
I bring a word: I pray ye, hearken well.

"God's tabernacle, by his pattern made,
Shall fall of finish, though in order laid,
Unless ye women lift your hands in aid!

A murmur ran the crouched assembly through,
As each her veil about her closer drew:
"We are but women; what can women do?"

And Bezaleel made answer: "Not a man
Of all our tribes, from Judah to Dan,
Can do the thing that just ye women can!
"The gold and broidered-work about the hem
Of the priests' robes—pomegranate knot and stem—
Man's clumsy fingers can not compass them.

"The sanctuary curtains that must wreathe the,
And bossed with cherubim—the colors three,
Blue, purple, scarlet—who can twine but ye?

"Yours is the very skill for which I call:
So bring your cunning needlework, though small
Your gifts may seem; the Lord hath need of all!"

O Christian women! for the temples set
Throughout earth's desert lands, do you forget
The sanctuary's curtains need your broidery yet!

—Margaret J. Preston.

"A Little Bird Tells"

Now, isn't it strange that our mothers
Can find out all that we do
If a body does anything naughty,
Or says anything that's not true?
They'll look at you just a moment,
Till your heart in your bosom swells,
And then they know all about it,
For a little bird tells.

Now, where that little bird comes from,
Or where that little bird goes;
If he's covered with beautiful plumage,
Or black as the king of crows;
If his voice is as hoarse as a raven's,
Or as clear as the ringing bells,
I know not—but this I'm aware of—
A little bird tells.

You may be in the depths of a closet,
Where nobody sees but a mouse;
You may be alone in the cellar,
You may be on top of the house;
You may be in the dark and the silence,
Or out in the woods and the dells—
No matter—wherever it happens,
The little bird tells.

And the only way you may stop him
Is just to be sure what you say—
Sure of your words and actions,
Sure of your work and your play;
Be honest, be brave, and be kindly,
Be gentle and loving as well,
And then you can laugh at the stories
All the birds in the country may tell.

—Unidentified.

How the Flowers Grow

First a seed so tiny,
Hidden from the sight;
Then two pretty leaflets
Struggling toward the light!
Soon a bud appearing,
Turns into a flower,
Kissed by golden sunshine,
Washed by silver shower,
Growing sweeter, sweeter,
Every happy hour!
Kissed by golden sunshine,
Washed by silver shower.

—Unidentified.

Discouragement.

When shadows of twilight seem
gathering around
And the sky seems covered with
clouds;

Our shadows then lengthen, the sun
getteth low,

We are jostled about with the
crowd.

Of friends there're legions, when all
goeth well,

But when clouds of affliction o'er
spread;

Friends then seem absent, or scat-
tered at least,

Then you sorrowing hang down your
head.

How many will laud, palaver and
smile,

And say there is no one exactly like
you

Of such ones beware don't trust
them to far,

They are after a dollar or two.

While money you have and freely
you give,

Your friends you can count by the
score;

But those friends will vanish and
flee like the wind,

When the wolf croucheth near to
your door.

When confidence people induce-
ments present,

And treat you as though you were
king;

And offer you bargains for noth-
ing; dear friends,

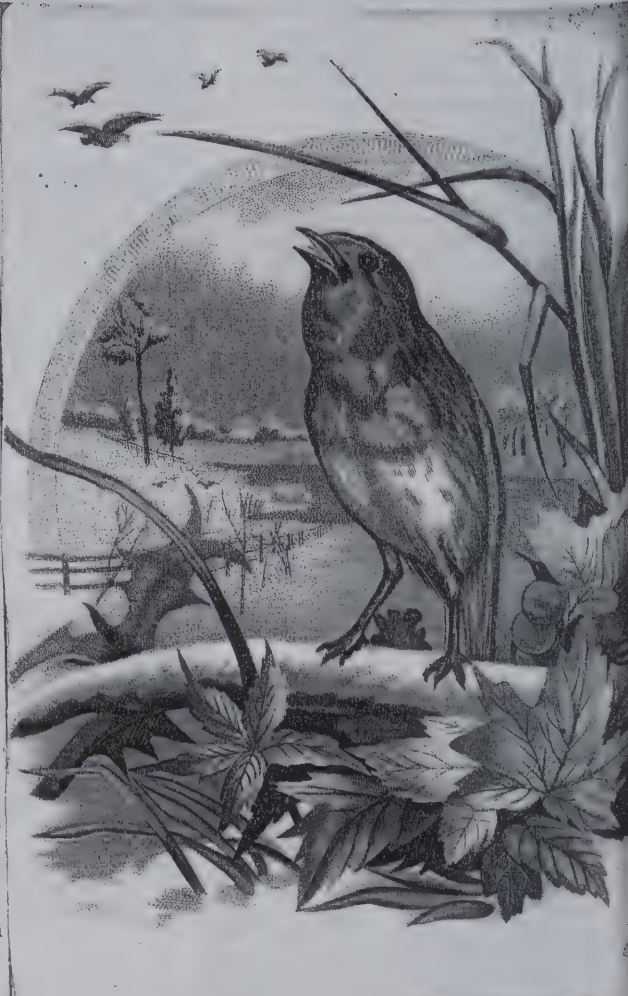
It is time to look out for "the
string".

The one who will stick in sickness
or health,

And your needs he will never forget;
Will lighten your burdens, and

brighten your path,
Till your sun shall forever be set.

J. J. EAKRIGHT.



A CHARGE

By Archibald Rutledge

LIGHT that for me must die,
Down to the blind man's eye,
Shine where no path is seen,
Show where brave deeds have been!

Youth that must leave me,
May they receive thee
Who in good works are strong,
That they may labor long.

Joy that must soon depart,
Enter the broken heart,
And to the vanquished give
Hope, that they still may live.

Love that from me must go,
Ah, that it must be so!
Speed, speed from coast to coast,
Bless him that needs thee most.

Love, youth, and joy, and light,
Pass not into the night!
Unto my brother come,
Enter his heart and home!



Family Circle.

At Garfield's Grave.

CAROLINE M. HARRIS.

James A. Garfield: Died September 19, 1881.

Why heap with flowers
The tomb which guards to-day the hero's
sleep?
No flowery pathway, but a rugged steep,
He climbed through life's long hours.

Bring as more meet—
More fitting tribute to his manly worth—
The symbols of his toil 'twixt death and
birth,
Rounds 'neath his rising feet.

The workman's plane,
The tool through which his boyhood's vigor
spoke,
Of character, as wood, each hardy stroke
Revealed the native grain.

Bring the low lamp
By which he studied far into the night,
Wrestling from Ignorance her fatal might
To warp, confine, and cramp.

And drape the flag,
For whose loved sake he left the recter's
chair;
His strong right arm up-bore it high in air
Along War's dizzy crag.

The laurel wreath
Bring as a token that with tongue and pen
He served his country and his fellow-men
When sword returned to sheath.

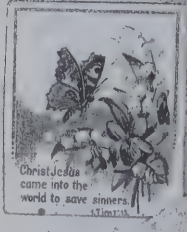
Add to the rest
The martyr's symbol—the v'carious cross:
For gain to others, counting light his loss,
Freely he gave his best.

Can we view these,
And think of all this one true life hat
wrought;
Then live again, despite what it hath taught
"Lives of inglorious ease!"

Nay, as we stand,
Heart-softened by our hot, down-dropping
tears,
To his high ends we dedicate our years:
From out that cold, dead hand.

Fall fruitful seeds
Of grand life-purposes—of dauntless will:
Shall we not reap for him his harvest still—
Full sheaves of noble deeds?

—The St. Louis Observer.



Mutiny

The heart of the world beats slow,
And the pulse of life is low,
And the shrunken earth powerless lies, and prone in the clutches of the frost;
And the short, short days go by,
And the sun in the wintry sky
Shoots a cold ray into the moon as if its heat were lost.

But put your ear to the ground,
And a stir of dim-heard sound
Will reach it—a murmur of slow revolt, like the hiss of a rising tide.
No roots faint and chill
But shares the quivering thrill;
And mutinous whispers come and go where the thralls of the winter hide.

Ah! despot, hoary and old:
Your fetters are strong and cold,
But stronger the slender slaves they bind, and they shall conquer thee
A little longer still
You may urge your cruel will,
Then the dungeon-doors shall open wide and the prisoner go free.

Bluebird and robin then
Shall sing your requiem,
The moon shall laugh at your defeat, the teasing winds deride;
For your icicles on eaves
Shall dance the happy leaves,
And the bayonets of the daffodils thrust all your frost aside.

For while the stars endure
This sweet truth standeth sure—
That life is ever lord of death, and love o'ercometh hate.
So, though the months seem long,
And the icy fetters strong,
We will abide in patience, come the springtime soon or late.

—BENJAMIN COOLIDGE.

The Bliss of the Bairn

Have you ever felt the pressure of a tiny baby hand
Or a little upturned face against your own?
Have you ever rocked a little one away to slumberland
When the sunlit day to eventide has grown?
Have you listened to the chatter of a busy little tongue,
Of the glories where the child-world plays a part?
Have you kissed the lips of laughter when the sleep-songs have been sung,
Bringing dreamy rest unto the little heart?

Have you quieted the troubles of a tired little soul?
Have you listened to the little childish cares?
Have you crooned away the sobbings with a sympathetic troll
In a lullaby of old-time soothing airs?
Have you seen the dancing sunlight in the eager little eyes,
All h-gleam at mystic fairy tales you'd tell?
Did you note the looks of wonder and expressions of surprise
O'er that charming spot where gnomes and elfins dwell?

Have you heard the supplications from the rosy little lips,
Ere the Sandman came around upon his quest?
Have you felt a thrill of rapture from wee, tiny finger tips,
As you hugged the little dreamer to your breast?
Then give thanks above that little dimpled arm is yours to feel
In a clasp of love about your neck at night,
When within the dusk of even at the snowy cot you kneel,
Listening to the gentle breathing soft and light.

—E. A. BRINTNATTOOL.

LEAD THEM TO THEE

Lead them, my God, to thee, Lead them to thee, E'en these dear babes of mine Thou gavest us, Oh, by thy love divine, Lead them, my God, to thee, Safely to thee!	E'en for such little ones Christ came a child, And through this world of sin Moved undetected, Oh, for his sake, I pray, Lead them, my God, to thee, Lead them to thee!
What though my faith is dim, Wavering, and weak? Yet still I come to thee, Thy grace to seek: Daily to plead with thee, Lead them, my God to thee! Safely to thee!	Yes, though my faith be dim, I would believe That thou this precious gift Wilt now receive. Oh, for his young hearts now! Lead them, my God, to thee, Safely to thee!
When earth looks bright and fair, Festive and gay, Let no delusive snare Lure them astray: But from temptation's power Lead them, my God, to thee, Safely to thee!	Lead them, my God, to thee, Lead them to thee! Though 'twere my dying breath, I'd cry to thee, With yearning agony, Lead them, my God, to thee, Lead them to thee!

—Unidentified.

A PSALM FOR NEW YEAR'S EVE

A friend stands at the door;
In either tight-closed hand
Hiding rich gifts, three hundred and threescore;
Waiting to strew them daily o'er the land
Even as seed the sower.
Each drops he, treads it in and passes by;
It can not be made fruitful till it die.

O good New Year, we clasp
This warm shut hand of thee,
Loosing forever, with half sigh, half grasp,
That which from ours falls like dead fingers' twine:
Ay, whether fierce its grasp
Has been, or gentle, having been, we know
That it was blessed: let the old year go.

Comfort our souls with love,—
Love of all human kind;
Love special, close, in which, like sheltered dove,
Each weary heart its own safe nest may find;
And love that turns above
Adoringly; contented to resign
All loves, if need be, for the love divine.

—Dinah Mulock Craik.

MEMORIES

W. C. LOWE

No; I ain't sick, and ain't a-feelin' blue,
But, somehow, don't know why, I'm kinder lonesome.
I reckon it's 'cause I've been a-thinkin' of you,
An' a-wishin' an' wishin' you'd come.

I've sorter listened, to-day, for your footsteps
And the sound of your voice in the hall.
It seemed I could see your face
In the gloaming, as the evening shadows fall.

I've been a-thinkin' of you the whole long day,
And to-night, as the bells ring, and whistles shriek,
It makes me feel sorter lonesome, and
I catch myself a-listenin' for the old gate to squeak.

Ah me! as the sounds grow fainter,
And the revelers steal home one by one,
My mind goes back to the long, long ago,
When we watched the sands of the old year run.

In those dear days of the long, long ago,
The fire of youth burned strong in our breasts
As we planned and talked of the days to come,
Ere life's sun slept adown in the west.

To-night I'm old, tho' the new year is young;
Lonesome I'd be, and sad,
But somehow I know and seem to see
The evergreen hills of dreamland, and I am glad.

I'm glad that the journey is ending,
That bitter-sweet life and its trial is o'er;
I can see, through the mists, the castles we build
On the hills of the heavenly shore.

WALDRON, Ark., Jan. 2, 1912

The Master's Touch

"He touched her hand, and the fever left her."
He touched her hand as he only can:
With the wondrous skill of the great Physician,
With the tender touch of the Son of man.
And the fever pain in the throbbing temples
Died out with the flush on snow and cheek.
And the lips that had been so parched and burning,
Trembled with thanks that she could not speak.
And the eyes where the fever light had faded
Looked up, by her grateful tears made dim,
And she rose and ministered in her household;
She rose and ministered unto him.

"He touched her hand and the fever left her."
O blessed touch of the Man divine!
So beautiful then to arise and serve him,
When the fever is gone from your life and mine;
It may be the fever of restless serving,
With hearts all thirsty for love and praise,
And eyes all aching and strained with yearning
Toward self-set goals in the future days.
Or it may be a fever of pain and anger,
When the wounded spirit is hard to bear,
And only the Lord can draw forth the arrows
Left carelessly, cruelly rankling there.

Whatever the fever, his touch can heal it;
Whatever the tempest, his voice can still it;
There is only joy as we seek his pleasure,
There is only rest as we choose his will.
And some day, after life's fitful fever,
I think we shall say in the home on high,
"If the hands that he touched but did his bidding,
How little it matters what else went by!"

Ah, Lord! thou knowest us altogether,
Each heart's sore sickness, whatever it be;
Touch our hands! Let the fever leave us,
And so shall we minister unto thee!

—Unidentified.

February

Pale is the February sky
And brief the mid-day's sunny hours.
The wind-swept forest seems to sigh
For the sweet time of leaves and flowers.

Yet has no month a prouder day,
Not even when the summer broods
O'er meadows in their fresh array
Or autumn tints the glowing woods.

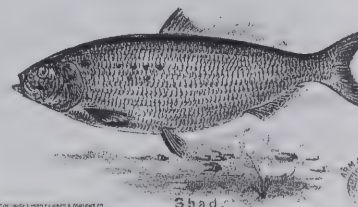
For this chill season now again
Brings in its annual round the morn
When, greatest of the sons of men,
Our glorious Washington was born.

Lo, where beneath an icy shield
Calmly the mighty Hudson flows!
By snow-clad fell and frozen field
Broadening, the lordly river goes.

The wildest storm that sweeps through space
And rends the oak with sudden force
Can raise no ripple on his face
Or slacken his majestic course.

Thus, 'mid the wreck of thrones, shall live
Unmarred, undimmed, our hero's fame,
And years succeeding years shall give
Increase of honors to his name.

—William Cullen Bryant.



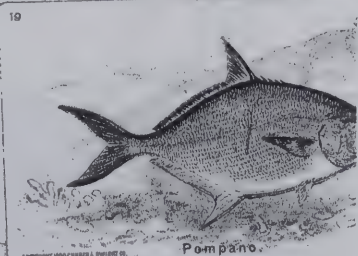
Shad.



Weak-fish or Squeteague.



Yellow Perch.



Pompano.

**FRED KNOTT WRITES POEM
"TO DAUGHTER AND MATE"**

Fred Knott of South VanBuren street, Auburn, has written and presented the following poem to his daughter and husband, Mr. and Mrs. Wayne Bowman, whose marriage last November was recently announced:

Out of your youth into wedlock,
God has prepared the way;
He, too, has provided a bedrock
To guide you from day to day.

'Tis the sense of right, He has given
That you never need go wrong;
If you follow Him, while livin'
When alone or in the throng.

Life, in itself, is music,
Even without a song,
When lived by the Golden Rulestick
Whether 'tis short or long.

Not from the grand old Masters,
Not from the bards sublime,
Will come your joys and pleasures,
Your love and peace of mind.

But out of your daily living,
With Christ as your one best friend;
And with truth to companion, giving;
Life's blessings will never end.

To you, my Daughter, 'tis falling,
As well as to you, my Son,
The task, that your lives are now
calling,
For a home, not for two, but for one.

One in your joys and your sorrows
One in your pleasures and pain
One in your plans for the morrow
One in your efforts for gain.

One in all things while living
In all things, e'en to the end;
Then you'll be one, for the giving,
And one with your Master and
Friend.

In planning, forget not protection,
Life's pathway with danger is bent;
If living, you'll sure make your
thousands,
Early death will not yield a cent.

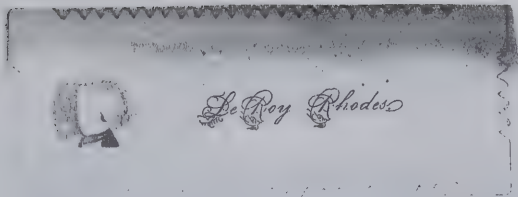
Unless you have amply provided
Protection to which you are due,
Do your best 'ere your earning's
subsided;
Your plan will then carry you
through.

Be true in all ways, through en-
deavor;
At best 'twill not be long,
Thus make life, death and the vast
forever,
One grand sweet song.

Postlude—

These thoughts are not mine I've
been giving,
They come from a source more di-
vine,
I say them, because I am living,
But they come from your mother and
mine.

—Papa.



51 Woodpecker



28.



White Owl.



Pheasant.

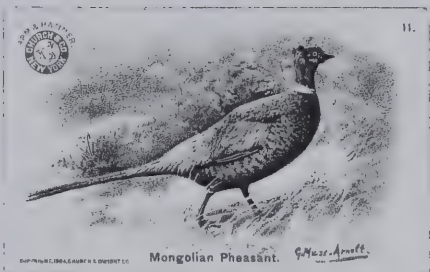
9.



**THE NEW
EARLY WHITE GRAPE
"EMPIRE STATE"**

The Empire State is a seedling of the Hartford Prolific, fertilized with the Clinton; bunches large from six to ten inches long, shouldered; berry medium to large, roundish oval, color white with very light tinge of yellow, covered with a thick white bloom; leaf thick, smooth underside; flesh tender, juicy, rich, sweet and sprightly, with a slight trace of native aroma; ripening very early and continuing a long time in use; vine very hardy, vigorous and productive.

Drawn from Nature



Mongolian Pheasant.

11.



Mongolian Pheasant.

11.



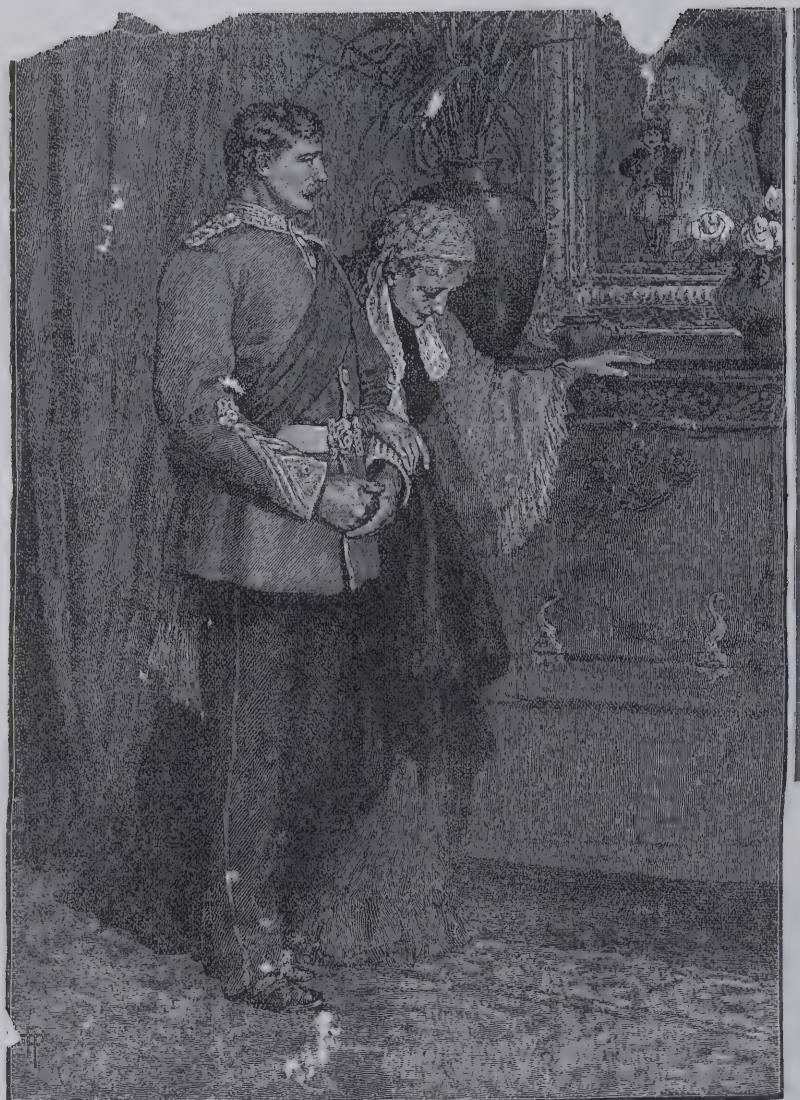
Capercaillie.

26.



Virginia Rail.

18.



A PICTURE hangs on the parlor wall,
Of a mother, young and fair,
And a tiny boy with sparkling eyes,
And waving silken hair.

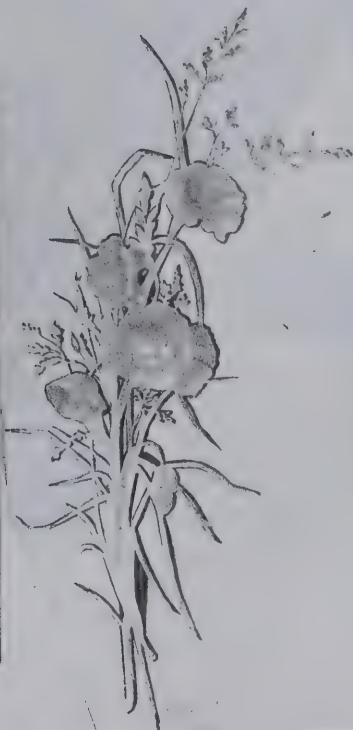
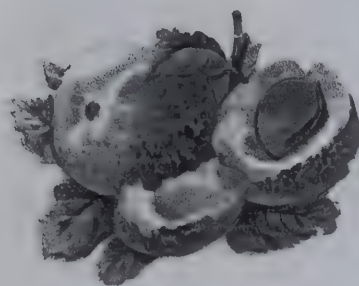
Companions they: in his childhood sports
She can bear a playful part;
But ready to fold, in grief or pain,
Her boy to her loving heart.

Ready when fierce temptations come
To point to the better way;

To be his helper, his guide, his shield,
His comforter and his stay.

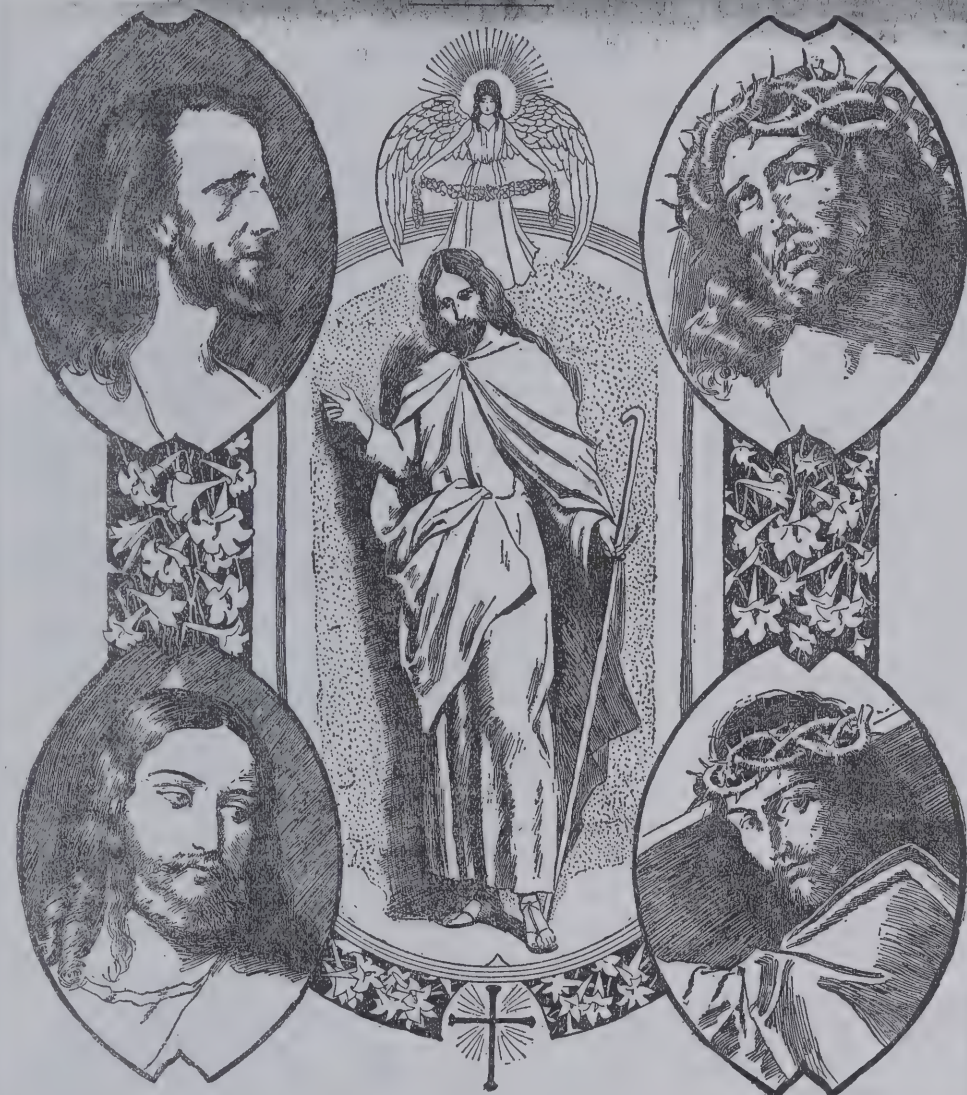
But the years go by, and the mother's hair
Is gray, and her eyes are dim;
Once she led her boy with gentle care,
But now she is led by him.

So strong, so manly, so brave and grand,
So gentle of heart and true!
Yet, soldier son, you can scarce repay
All your mother has done for you. —E. S.



NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND.

MOST FAMOUS HEADS OF CHRIST.



MUNKACSY'S "CHRIST BEFORE PILATE."

GUIDO RENI'S "ECCE HOMO."

HOFFMANN'S "CHRIST AT THE DOOR."

TITIAN'S "THE TRIBUTE MONEY."

RAPHAEL'S "CARRYING OF THE CROSS."

AMONG the many beautiful conceptions of the divine face of Christ that artists have endeavored to portray on canvas are five that are so surprisingly beautiful and so wonderfully in harmony with the ideal of the God-man that suggests itself to most people that they have been universally declared to be masterpieces of sacred art. These five famous "Heads of Christ" are here reproduced.

The picture of the Savior of mankind, shown with the face in profile, straight hair falling down to the shoulders, and a look of intense earnestness in His eyes, is taken from the world-famous painting of "Christ Before Pilate," by Munkacsy. This painting has been exhibited all over the world, and copies of it hang on the walls of countless homes. It represents Christ at one of the most trying periods of His troubled life, when brought into the presence of Pontius Pilate for declaring himself to be the Son of God.

The picture differs from almost all other famous pictures of Christ in that it depicts Him with features that are stern and set and with little trace of the compassionate sweetness that so many artists have given to the face of Christ. With the rabble howling around Him, Christ faces Pilate, and were it not for the position of the two, Pilate, on his throne, Christ standing before him, it would seem that the relations were reversed, and that Pilate was the accused, Christ the accuser.

The masterly hand of the artist has thrown into the upturned face of Christ a latent suggestiveness of supernatural power that lifts it up from those surrounding it, and marks clearly the distinction between the divine and the human in the throng.

For a picture of the beautiful, the divine, the compassionate, for all that Christians love to look for in the face of Christ, the masterpiece of the modern artist, Hoffmann, is the one to turn to. The head of Christ is taken from Hoffmann's "Christ at the Door," the familiar picture representing Christ with a shepherd's crook in hand, knocking at the portals of a home. The tender sweetness of the face which is turned full toward the spectator, is wonderful. It is a face in which gentleness is em-

not weak. The artist has ennobled the features of Christ so that the womanly attributes of gentleness and sympathy are made majestic by the strong, manly attributes that save the face from any suggestion of effeminacy. The attitude is dignified and expectant, the face calmly, seriously, solemnly impressive.

Raphael has given us the beautiful head of Christ shown with the crown of thorns on the brow. It is taken from the picture entitled "Carrying of the Cross." It is one of the most pathetic of the entire gallery, and the face is one of the most interesting studies of all pictures of Christ.

In the original Raphael depicts Christ bending beneath the weight of the heavy wooden cross. The suffering eyes look patiently out from the shadow of the platted crown of thorns, whose sharp points pierce the forehead. The genius of the artist was never more strikingly shown than in the expression of this face of Christ. Even with the suffering and pain depicted on the countenance there is plainly seen the sympathy of the divine nature that prompted the utterance, "Forgive them, Father, for they know not what they do."

There is no resentment, no trace of indignation. The artist has made the face one of heavenly beauty and tenderness, even in the dreadful hour of the cross.

Among the best known of the biblical paintings is Guido Reni's, "Ecce Homo," showing Christ in the agonies of His last hours, with the crown of thorns on His head, and dying eyes turned heavenward. It is one of the most pathetic of all the "Heads of Christ," and is a great favorite with church people. It is doubtful whether any artist has given us a more beautiful conception of Christ than has Guido Reni in his "Ecce Homo."

A picture that is unique among the conceptions of Christ is that of Titian, called "The Tribute Money." Christ is here shown with a calmly judicial face, with a tinge of the sadness that all artists impart to the Savior's features. It is the face of one who reasons convincingly, but without a shade of triumph over the successful turning of the tables on one who has laid a trap. It is a strong face, godlike in the wisdom that it reveals, and conveying with great skill

phasized by the settled melancholy of a "man of sorrows" the expression of solemn pitying rebuke that befits him and acquainted with grief." It is pleading, pathetic, but subtle.—Chicago Record-Herald.



NORWALK, HUR

THERE'S SUNSHINE AFTER RAIN.

There's sun-shine after rain, dear friends,
There's sunshine after rain;
And twilight comes when darkness comes,
To usher day again;
Spring brings to life the sleeping grain,
And varied flowers gay;
And hope, when all is grief and pain,
Shines o'er the heart's highway.

Then never let the fond despair
Enchain our troubled mind;
Nor let the clouds of bitter care
The soul's bright mission blind;
For if life's morn be dark and drear,
By gloomy ill o'ercast,
A glowing noon tide, bright and clear,
May chase our troubles past.

The meads grow richer for the storm,
And sweeter smell the flowers;
And why not man receive the charm
From o'en embittered hours?
Good with evil ever blends,
Weeds grow among the grain.
While there is love for all, dear friends,
And sunshine after rain.

An Old Time Poem.

I am sitting tonight in the twilight,
As the shadows darken my room,
My thoughts go back to the old house
That was once my childhood home.

It stood near the edge of a forest,
Where so often I used to play
With a little son of the Ellenwoods,
Who lived across the way.

Methinks I see the old well sweep,
And the orchard on the hill,
And I almost think I hear the hum
Of the old Fausstler mill.

And oh, my mind keeps running back
Till I can almost see
The old log cabin standing there,
By that old willow tree.

'T was planted by my father's hand,
And stood the storms and cold,
And many a pioneer of your town
Remembers that tree of old.

I know it has been long ago,
But tonight it seems so near,
Since I a child was sent to school
That was taught by Isaac Speer.

How fair it must be silvered o'er,
If he be living still,
But I have not forgot my friend
Or his first school on the hill.

Once more I stand in the old graveyard
While all on earth is still,
And the little stream called Cedar Creek
Runs just below the hill.

I am standing by my father's grave;
My tears unbidden flow,
For many changes have been wrought
Since years of long ago.

—Mrs. Della Fetter's, daughter of Thomas Smith, Bristol, Ind.

A BIT OF ADVICE.

Keep your troubles to yourself;
Put them on an upper shelf;
Far away as it may be,
Where no eye but God's can see.

Other people have their share
Of affliction, pain, and care;
Why should you, though sorely tried,
Burden them with yours beside?

Daily brooding o'er your grief
In no way affords relief,
But intensifies the smart,
Turns the arrow in the heart.

Think of others who have known
Greater sorrows than your own,
Keeping all their wounds concealed,
Heroes on life's battlefield!

Give of treasures you possess
Loving care and tenderness,
Cheerful smiles or sorrow pelf,
But keep your troubles to yourself.

—Josephine Pollard.



A wise old owl
Lived in an Oak;
The more he saw
The less he spoke,
The less he spoke
The more he heard;
Why can't we be
Like that old bird?

The duty of physical health and the
purity and loftiness are
two parts of one
thing of the completest
man to live.
—Phillips Brooks.

THE TRUNDLE-BED.

First rummaged through the garret,
List'ning to the falling rain
As it pattered on the shingles,
And against the window-pane,

Peeping over chests and boxes,
Which with dust were thickly spread,
Saw I in the farthest corner
What was once my trundle-bed.

And I drew it from the recess,
Where it had remained so long,
Hearing all the while the music
Of my mother's voice in song,

As she sung the sweetest accents,
What I since have often read,
"Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed."

As I listened, recollections
That I thought had been forgot,
Come with all the gush of memory,
Rushing, thronging to the spot,

As I wandered back to childhood,
To those merry days of yore,
When I knelt beside my mother,
By this bed upon the floor.

Then it was, with hands so gently
Placed upon my infant head,
That she taught my lips to utter,
Carefully the words she said.

Never can they be forgotten,
Deep are they in memory graven—
"Hallowed be thy name, O Father!
Father! Thou who art in heaven."

This she taught me, then she told me
Of its import great and deep,
After which I learned to utter,
"Now I lay me down to sleep,"

Then it was with hands uplifted,
And in accents soft and mild,
That my mother asked, "Our Father!
Father, do thou bless my child."

Years have passed, and that dear mother
Long has moldered 'neath the sod,
And I trust she'll soon awaken,
And forever praise her God.

But that scene at summer twilight,
Never has from memory fled,
And it comes in all its freshness
When I see my trundle-bed.

—Mrs. J. B. Horton.

WHEN "YOU'RE DOWN"

When your pocket's lined with money,
Then your friends are sweet as
honey,
And they'll pat you on the back and
praise you, too.

When success attends your labor, then
they want you for a neighbor—
There's no other chap on earth so nice
as you.

But when you have been exalted and it
happens you've defaulted,
On your former reputation they will
frown,

And it is enough to shock you just to
hear how they will knock you—
It's because you once were up, but now
you're "down."

Once they almost would caress you when
they'd stop to address you,
You remember how they met you with
a smile.

That was when they heard the tinkle of
the ducats you would jingle,
You were then a "royal fellow" all the
while.

Just as long as you'd a dollar, for your
colors they would holler,
They would spread your reputation over
town.

When they learned that you were
"busted," how they all got up and
dusted,
Just because you took a tumble and
were "down."

When you've got a job that's paying,
Then your friends are always saying
"That you really are a very clever chap."
They will cheer you and applaud you, to
the vaulted skies will laud you,
Till you chance to meet a serious mis-
hap.

Then they eye you with suspicion, talk
about your sad condition,
And they'll roast you to the very dark-
est brown.

And declare they thought it funny where
you always got your money—
It's because you took a tumble and
went "down."

It's a funny way to view it, but the
world will always do it.
Praise the chap who climbs to heights
of great success;
Overlook his streak of yellow—he's an
"all-around good fellow,"
Till he's mired in the quicksands of dis-
tress.

Then they'll turn around and stick him in
the back and try to kick him,
And forget the fellow ever won renown.
And they'll pass and never know you, for
they think that they must show you
What they think about the fellow who
s "down."

—S. A. Brininstool in Buffalo News.

Family Circle.

Oh, Why Should The Spirit Of Mortal Be
Proud?

(Lincoln's Favorite Poem)

Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a swift-fleeting meteor, a fast-flying
cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
Man passes from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall
fade,
Be scattered around and together be laid;
And the young and the old, and the low and
the high
Shall molder to dust and together shall lie.

The infant a mother attended and loved,
The mother that infant's affection who pro-
ved,
The husband that mother and infant who
blessed—
Each, all, are away to their dwellings of
rest.

The maid on whose cheek, on whose brow,
In whose eye
Shone beauty and pleasure—her triumphs
are by;
And the memory of those who have loved
her and praised
Are alike from the minds of the living
erased.

The hand of the king that the scepter hath
borne,
The brow of the priest that the miter hath
worn,
The eye of the sage, and the heart of the
brave,
Are hidden and lost in the depth of the grave.

The peasant whose lot was to sow and to
reap,
The herdsman who climbed with his goats up
the steep,
The beggar who wandered in search of his
bread,
Have faded away like the grass that we
tread.

The saint who enjoyed the communion of
heaven,
The sinner who dared to remain unforgiven,
The wise and the foolish, the guilty and
just,
Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.

So the multitude goes like the flower or the
weed
That withers away to let others succeed;
So the multitude comes, even those we be-
hold,
To repeat every tale that has often been told.

For we are the same that our fathers have
been;
We see the same sights that our fathers have
seen,
We drink the same stream, and we view the
same sun,
And run the same course that our fathers
have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers
would think.
From the death that we shrink from our
fathers would shrink;
To the life that we cling to they also would
cling;
But it speeds for us all, like a bird on the
wing.

They loved, but the story we can not unfold;
They scorned, but the heart of the haughty
is cold;
They grieved, but no wail from their slum-
bers will come;
They joyed, but the tongue of their gladness
is dumb.

They died, ay, they died! and we things
that are now,
Who walk on the turf that lies over their
brow,
Who make in their dwellings a transient
abode,
Meet the things that they met on their pil-
grimage road.

Yea! hope and despondency, pleasure and
pain,
We mingle together in sunshine and rain;
And the smiles and the tears, the song and
the dirge,
Still follow each other, like surge upon surge.

'Tis the wink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a
breath,
From the blossom of health to the paleness
of death,
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the
shroud—
Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be
proud?

—William Knox.

IF I WERE A FARMER.

BY SARA E. GRAVES, VERMONT.
If I'd a farm even half my own,
And owned the cows within the stable,
I'd make an effort, first of all,
To more than stock my barn and table.

I might not own each latest tool
Nor call myself "progressive farmer,"
But I'd not envy rank or wealth,
Nor deem a knave the "fortune charm-
er."

I might not dress my family
To suit the taste of fashion makers;
I would have books—in learning them
Would dare compete with "record
breakers."

I would not delve from dawn to dusk,
Trying with time to curry favor,
I know he'd reckon to the end,
And steal from life its finest flavor.

I might not make the green things
grow
To jealously outrank my neighbor;
But human plants I'd make less green,
And find a law to lighten labor.

I'd give my wife an equal chance
To smoke and "yarn" about the store,
Else I'd deny myself the boon,
And be, perchance, respected more.

I might not clean the fields of crows,
Nor haunt the woodchuck in his bur-
row;
But I would try—so help me God!
To lift my soul above the furrow!

GENTIAN TIME.

BY PHARLENA COURTWRIGHT, W. VA.
When the whippoorwills quit calling,
When there are sparkles in the morn-
ing

And the snow-boats on the sky,
And the martins homeward fly,
Then the meadows flaunt their wild
flowers

For their bath of morning dew,
And the sylest of their blossoms
Is the gentian, fringed with blue.

When the silk-weed down is sailing,
And the spider spins all day;
When the leaves, all red and golden,
Sport about the lanes at play;

And the briar limbs are naked,
And the leaves fall from the rue;
Then, in leaf and shower of blossom,
Stands the gentian, fringed with blue.

When the goldenrod is flaming,
And the cricket never still,
And the willows, lead and golden,
Dip their branches in the rill,
Then the frost has touched the wood-
land;

And the leaves, changed form and hue,
Now come floating down to mingle
With the gentians, fringed with blue.

My Bettie's Way.

My Bettie has taken to gardening
I think it only bluff,
For to keep her hands from hard-
ening,

She wants me to plant the stuff.

We have a garden ten feet square,
The sun beats on all day,
I long to be in the open air
But not exactly that way.

She thinks this great word "con-
servation"

Should govern even duty,
That if I work like all creation
Our garden would be a beauty.

She says if I get up at five
And work with might and main
At Easy street we'll soon arrive
With health and wealth our gain.

Now I don't want to be a shirk,
But hearing some one wishing
That some one else would get to
work.

Makes me want to go a fishing.
BETTIE'S HUSBAND.

EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS OPEN AT CHURCH OF CHRIST

Rev. C. M. Smithson Says Many Churches Do Not Consider Importance of Prayer

The evangelistic meeting at the Church of Christ opened last night. The meeting is being conducted by Evangelist C. M. Smithson of Springfield, Illinois, assisted by song evangelist, Miss Bertha Gray of Windsor, Illinois. There was a fair crowd for the opening service and the evangelist took as his subject, "Profit in Prayer." Miss Gray sang "Because He Loved Me So." Following the sermon she sang "Ever You Left Your Room this Morning did you Think to Pray?" She is organizing two choirs, a senior and junior to assist in the music.

Tonight the subject will be "Jonah and the Whale" and the evangelists will sing a duet, "Jonah and the Whale." The services will begin promptly at 7.30. There will be a service of just one hour on Saturday night and the subject will be "Chickens Come over to Roost."

The evangelist said in part: "In praying we should always confess our sins. Great and godly men like Isaiah, Daniel and David did this."

"The first church of Christ had its beginning on the day of Pentecost following a ten days' prayer meeting. This church continued steadfast in prayer."

"The position of the body is not important in prayer. You can pray an acceptable prayer standing, kneeling or as your head is on the pillow just so the prayer comes from the heart."

"We should pray intelligently. Some folks are still praying, 'thy kingdom come. This was proper before the day of Pentecost—the kingdom had not come but after the kingdom came on Pentecost, why pray, thy kingdom come, why not thank the Lord that the kingdom is here and that we can be citizens of it?"

"Many churches are relying on other things and do not consider the importance of prayer. They are depending on a fine building good music the gymnasium organization and highly educated ministry to carry on their work and neglect prayer. These other things are helpful but without prayer you have only a social group and little spirituality."

"If we are a new testament church, let us follow the teaching of the new testament. We are taught to pray to the Father and in the name of Christ. We are not taught to pray to Jesus, the Holy Spirit, the virgin Mary or departed saints but to the Father in Christ's name."

"God has promised to answer the prayers of the righteous. Therefore, some prayers are not answered in the cause of the life we live, a low

"If we are to have a real victory in life, we need to first take the stumbling blocks. Often we are hindered by the things we do. Sin may lose the victory."

LARGE CONGREGATION HEARS NOTED NAZARENE MINISTER

The auditorium was filled to capacity for the 7 o'clock service Thursday evening at the Church of the Nazarene, with Rev. "Bud" Robinson, Prof. Messer and J. W. Montgomery of Fort Wayne, conducting the service.

The meeting was opened with a song service led by Prof. Messer followed by prayer by Rev. H. W. Cornelius after which Prof. Messer and Rev. J. W. Montgomery sang "I Couldn't Hear Nobody Pray."

Rev. J. W. Montgomery introduced "Uncle Bud," saying he was converted when 21 years old, had been in the ministry for fifty years and has preached 24,000 sermons. He has preached to 72 different denominations in the last ten years. He has preached in every state in the United States and also in Canada. "Uncle Bud" has only two texts, "Holiness and the Herald of Holiness."

Prof. Messer sang, "Jesus Filled My Life with Sunshine" after which "Uncle Bud" read six verses of scripture for his text using the clauses "Except ye repent; except ye be converted, and except our righteousness exceed theirs, and without faith, without the blood and without holiness no man can see God."

"Some people say they do not believe in holiness but I see people all over the country that are living it, preaching it, singing it and shouting it," Rev. Robinson declared. "It is remarkable how plain some things are in the Bible and yet some people who claim a large quantity of brains and a good deal of grace deny the two works of grace. There is nothing we need more than the blood of Jesus Christ. It will wash the soul from sin and such a man will have

a clean heart. People today are not willing to get under the load and help lost humanity. Have you a burden for souls and could you prescribe a remedy for sin sick souls? God understands all your conditions in life and all the hard places in your life and will give you peace. This peace runs from here to the New Jerusalem and we do not need anything farther than that."

In closing he said: "I want to thank God that fifty years ago I met Jesus Christ and these have been the best years of my life. I am headed toward the gates of the New Jerusalem and am glad I always have time to love and pray for lost humanity."

Although afflicted "Uncle Bud" has been a great blessing to humanity. He has spent \$50,000 helping 63 young men through college of whom 30 are ministers. This is perhaps the last time he will be in Indiana as he will leave in a few days for Pasadena, Calif., his home, for a needed rest. At the close of the service Prof. Messer was requested to sing "Storm Clouds and the Rainbow."

Orrin Goodrich, 76, former trustee of Grant township, died at his home in Waterloo Wednesday night of heart disease. Surviving are the widow, Nora; two daughters, Mrs. Edna Clark of Toledo and Mrs. Elsie McClish of Coldwater, Mich.; and one grandson. The funeral will be held Friday at 1:30 at the Cedar Lake Church of Christ, of which Mr. Goodrich was a member. Burial will be made in Waterloo cemetery.

MRS. ALLEN FOOTE HEARD ANGELS SING

Wife of Former DeKalb County
Resident, a Missionary in
India, Knew She was
Going to Heaven

How Mrs. Ruth Byer Foote heard the singing of the angels before she died is related by her husband, Allen, in a letter received by Mr. and Mrs. O. M. Foote of Richland township, DeKalb county.

Mrs. Foote was a missionary in India and passed away following an illness from pneumonia. She was buried at Calcutta, India.

Her "homecoming" is described by Mr. Foote as follows:

Shortly after my return from the Central Provinces where I was visiting the Mennonite Mission, Sister Foote said, "Come, dear, I want to have a heart to heart talk with you, while I am living and have a clear mind. This is why I sent the telegram to come at once."

"My precious Allen, I don't want to frighten you, but I've been hearing such heavenly music for the past two days. I've heard it almost continuously, day and night. When I first heard it I sent one of our Indian women out to find out where this most beautiful music I've ever heard was coming from. I sent her out on the porch several times to listen. But she would return and say, 'No one is singing, Mem Sahib.' 'Aren't they singing at the other Tola?' (Our Christian village.) 'No, Mem Sahib, no one is singing down there.'"

"It was then I discovered it was the angels from heaven. Soon it began to sound so heavenly that no mortal tongue could compare with it. They put in one variation after the other. They can pitch their voices so high and then go so low. Even though they often repeat the same song, it is sung differently each time. Oh! it is wonderful, Allen; it is simply glorious. Can't you hear it, Allen? Just now they are singing, 'We Will Meet You in the Morning.' 'The Eastern Gate' is a great favorite of the angels as they sing it more than any other. Oh! how sweetly they sing it. Now it is 'What can Wash Away My Sin?' Nothing but the Blood of Jesus." Allen, can't you hear it?"

"No, my ears are too heavy."
"Surely you don't know what you are missing. Maybe the Lord will let you hear too."

"Now it is 'Rock of Ages.' With her hand uplifted, she said, 'Be of sin, the double cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.' Now a couplet from 'Nearer My God, to Thee'—'Sun, Moon and Stars forgot, as upward I fly.' Of all the many songs they sing, the three first are sung the most. While the angels seem some distance away, yet I can hear every word distinctly. The distance only mellows the singing till it sounds simply glorious. It is glorious, Allen. It is wonderful!"

She then began to weep, and said, "I've tried. I've tried to keep first things first, and tell my patients about the power of Jesus' blood to save from sin, but being so very busy, I've often come short, I fear. Oh! it makes me feel so unworthy to go to such a place as heaven."

Three days later, she called me again, saying, "I am not one bit afraid to die. Please come here, dear. I have something to tell you that is on my heart. I am going to go. Jesus told me so. I don't know just how soon but He told me He was coming for me. I am not going to get well. You'll not grieve for me much. Will you, Allen? I don't

want you to. I don't know why I should have to go at this time, when we are so weak-handed, and I require help instead of helping others. But Jesus knows best. It seems to be the will of the Lord to take me home, and you are to hurry back to California. Good-bye, Allen, my dearly loved husband, my greatest earthly treasure. You've been so kind and good to me. Good-bye dear; may God keep and protect you."

My answer through my emotion was, "Good-bye, dear. I will meet you in the morning."

It was just seven days later—almost to the hour—that my precious wife, while quietly sleeping, breathed her last and went to join the Angel-choir, and forever praise her Lord who had so gloriously redeemed her with His precious blood.

In memory of Mrs. Foote, a schoolmate has written the following poem:

A reaper has gone from the harvest field white,
A laborer earnest and true
Has ended her work on the India field,
And has left her kind co-workers too.

An active young girl, she was won to the Christ,
And soon at His feet she laid down
Her life for His service, and gladly went forth
Her Savior with glory to crown.

So faithful and eager that souls might be won,
She toiled with her hands day by day
To comfort the suffering in pain and distress,
And she taught them God's Word to obey.

When sickness increased and her duties were great,
She spared not herself but to all
Freely ministered aid that their lives might be saved;
Then she answered the heavenly call.

A life so unselfish, so steady and kind
Shall long in our memories remain;
And should we not helpfully give to the cause
She gave even life to maintain?

O, Lord, let her mantle of courage and zeal
Upon our dear young people fall;

And may they as willingly hear and respond
When the Savior to service shall call.

Memorial services were held for Mrs. Foote at Upland, Calif., former home of the missionary and at the Christian Union church, northwest of Garrett.

BRISK INDUSTRIAL ACTIVITY IN THE STATE OF INDIANA

Business Curve Above Normal During
April, Bureau at Indiana University Reports

Bloomington, Ind., May 23.—Brisk industrial activity, a marked recovery in building trades and heavy sales of new and used automobiles caused the Indiana business curve to be above normal for three of the four months of this year, the Indiana university bureau of business research reported today.

Employment and payrolls registered their third successive gains during April, continuing the gradual progress which has characterized the improvement in these items during the last three years, according to the bureau.

The heavy burden still is being carried by the federal and state governments, for public works programs and direct relief, however, and considerable gains in private employment still must be hoped for, the report said.

"The Indiana general business curve moved higher during April and was within less than a point of breaking through the recent high mark of December, 1935," the report said.

"Perhaps the most notable feature of the past month was the excellent showing in the major industrial lines of the state. Steel mills were operating at new high levels and pig iron production advanced sharply from March when a seasonal decline had been expected."

"Electricity production also was unusually high for the season. Coal production was the only industrial item of importance to fall below seasonal expectations and even in this case output was well above last year."

With the reference to agriculture, the bureau pointed out that the new soil conservation program was still in the formative stage. Crops reports indicated an Indiana winter wheat crop smaller than in 1935 while the crop in the United States will probably be larger than last year. Prices of farm products improved somewhat during the month with the important exception of wheat.

"Such measures as were available for retail trade, indicate that sales volumes were considerably higher than in March."

"Department stores in various sections of the state reported substantial gains from last month. Sales of clothing shops, furniture stores and hardware stores were likewise much improved."

"Newspaper advertising, a good general index of retail business, made a better than seasonal upturn. Bank deposits in the various important buying centers were closer to the normal figure than at any other time in recent months. In the automobile trade sales moved ahead of the previous month in a contra-seasonal gain."

"Building activity was still at a higher level, although the huge expansion which began in January appeared to have halted, at least temporarily. The valuation of building permits issued within the month was slightly under the previous month. The index of building activity, based on the floor space of contracts awarded in the state, was below normal."

DON LASH SETS A NEW RECORD AT COLUMBUS, OHIO

Ohio Stadium, Columbus, O., May 23.—Don Lash of Auburn, Ind., Indiana University's distance runner, opened the Western Conference track and field meet here today in auspicious style when he smashed through to a new conference record in the one mile run. The Hoosier ace and Charley Fenske of Wisconsin practically matched strides throughout the last half.

Fenske held a lead in the last quarter until the runners hit the head of the stretch, when Lash sprinted and nosed out his Badger opponent by a scant step.

Jesse Owens, Ohio State's negro sprinter, got off to an excellent start in an attempt to score his third quadruple triumph in a major meet. He won the 100-yard dash in 9.5 seconds, one tenth of a second slower than the world's record which he tied a year ago in the Western Conference meet at Ann Arbor.

In the race today, Owens took the lead at the half way mark and led his old rival, Sammy Stoller of Michigan, to the tape by a yard.

GIRL, AGE 5, LOSES BALANCE AND FALLS INTO CISTERN

Chicago, May 25. — Josephine Fini, 5, had never seen a cistern.

Yesterday she took her journey into the world of curiosity and it cost her life.

Playing with other children in the yard of Sam Anselmo, whom her parents were visiting at 2038 Ridge road, Homewood, Josephine toddled away and peered into what to her was a new world.

She lost her balance, drowned and, oddly enough, the cistern lid fell back in place. When her frantic parents could not locate her they notified police and an investigation revealed the body in the well.

LICENSED TO WED

Hugh H. Fawley, 21, bookkeeper, Fort Wayne, and Martha Bevington, 19, Butler.

Jas. Muzzillo, 47, merchant and Nellie Muzzillo, 43, Garrett. This couple was divorced recently.

Cecil Oberlin, 22, Butler, and Glenna Hammond, 18, Battle Creek, Mich.

We buy large, clean, cotton rags. 4 cents a pound. Auburn Printing Co.

Unveiling of Bryan Memorial



Master David Hargreaves, grandson of Josephus Daniels, shown as he unveiled the memorial monument to William Jennings Bryan, "The Great Commoner," on the banks of the Potomac river, Washington. Insert, President Roosevelt as he delivered the dedication address.

amount. ... the altered

AUBURN COUPLE MARRIED IN CHURCH OF GOD CEREMONY

In a simple single-ring ceremony performed at high noon Sunday by Rev. Alva Klopenstein at the First Church of God in Auburn, Mrs. Ruth Widdicombe of 243 Center street became the bride of Lawrence Anderson of 205 East Ninth street, Auburn.

The couple's attendants were the bride's brother, Jesse Musser of 114 McClellan street, Auburn, and his wife.

Mr. and Mrs. Anderson are remodeling the Ora Shreve home at 213 South Center street, which they recently purchased, and plan to move there in a couple of weeks. Mrs. Anderson is secretary to Capt. W. D. Stump, Auburn attorney who is now in service at Fort Benjamin Harrison near Indianapolis. Mr. Anderson is associated with his father in a lunch room on East Ninth street.

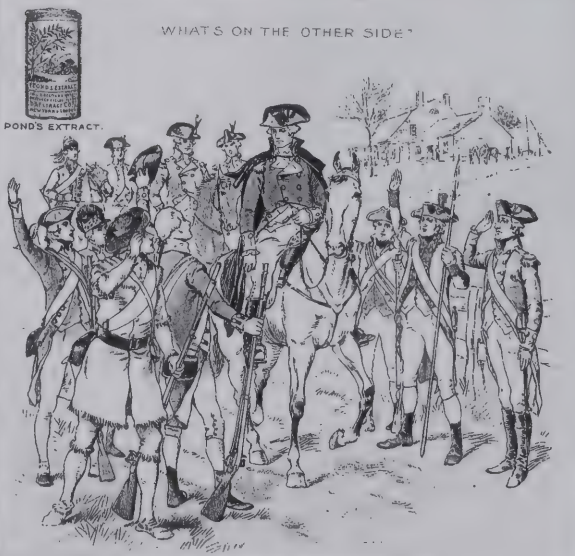
The Progressive Women's club of Fairfield township met in an all-day meeting Friday, January 30. Reports were made by Martha Deetz and Lulu Mertz, who attended the round-up week at Purdue university. The club voted not to take the nutrition work offered by Purdue university the coming year. The club also voted to send two delegates to Purdue to the round-up the coming year. A question box was conducted by the president which was greatly enjoyed. A program was given by the following ladies: Myrtle Wallace, Evelyn Sebert and Mae Morr. The club will meet again February 27 in an all-day meeting. This will be a musical program and the entire membership should hear it.



PAUL BEGINS HIS FIRST MISSIONARY
JOURNEY.
ACTS 13:1-13.
GOLDEN TEXT.
"Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every
creature."



April 18.—1 Cor. 15: 18-20.
GOLDEN TEXT.—Now is Christ risen from the
dead, and become the firstfruits of
them that slept.—1 Cor. 15: 20.
TRUTH.—Our faith is in a risen Lord.



Miss Agnes Metzger.



Castle Seings.



CLEMATIS—JACKMANII.
A hardy, rapid climbing plant; blooming constantly.



God's Covenant with Abram
Gen. xv. 1-15.

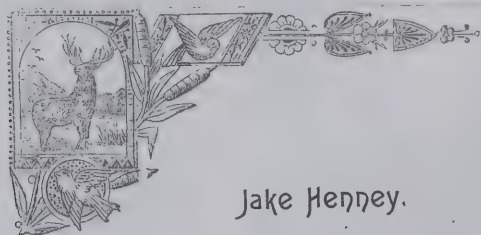
Golden Text.—He believed in Jehovah; and he reckoned it to him for righteousness.
—Gen. xv. 6.





INDUSTRY GOOSEBERRY.

A vigorous grower and very productive. So far entirely free from Mildew. Fruit of the finest quality.



Jake Henney.



Arthur A. Bateman.



Roscoe C. Farrington



Larrin H. Shellhouse



Ollie M. Metzger



Ricka Rosser



Eddie W. Schweitzer



Dennis C. Farrington



Roscoe C. Farrington



BRIGDON OR GARFIELD.

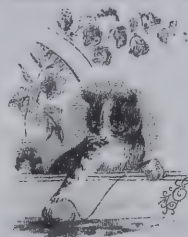
Fruit large and handsome ; quality good ; tree hardy and productive. September.



Ralph E. Bateman.



Dennis E. Farrington



Eddie H. Schweitzer



Jake Henney.



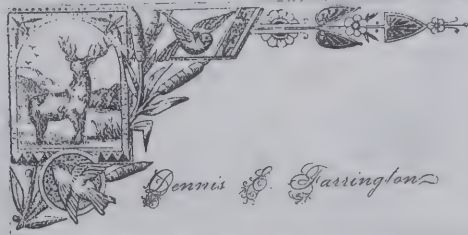
Dennis E. Farrington



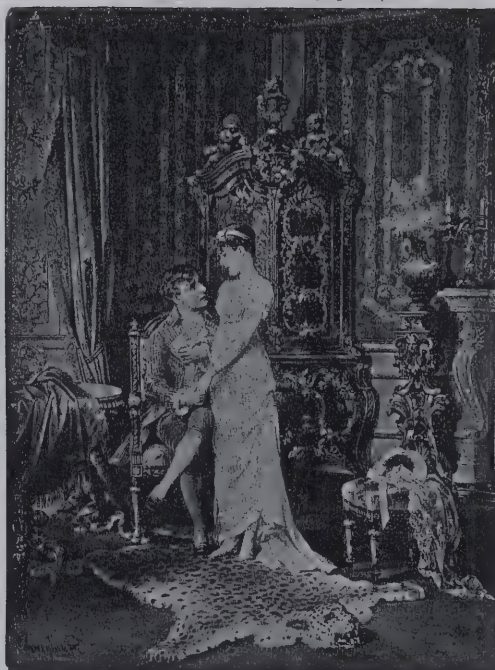
Eliya Haiman



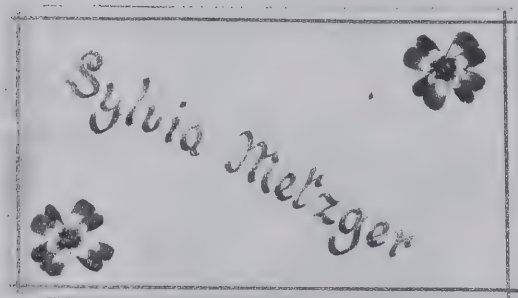
Charley Shellhouse.



Dennis E. Farrington



By permission of the Berlin Photo. Co., 14 E. 23d St., N. Y.

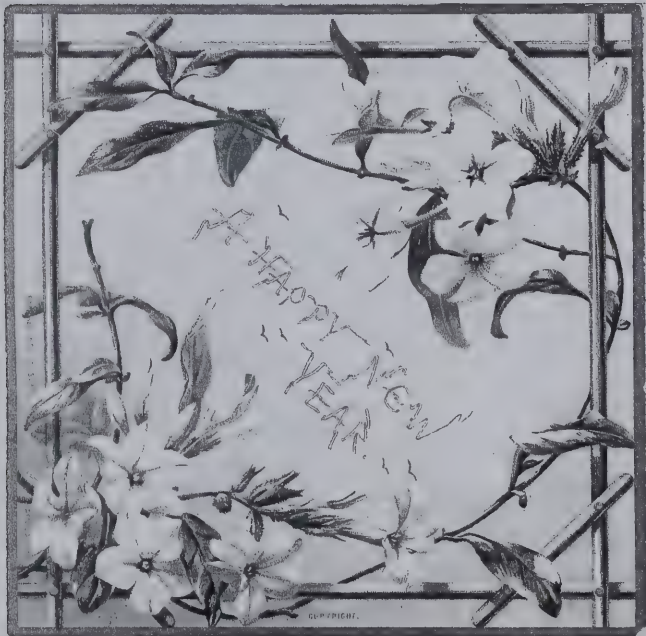


COQUETTE DES ALPS.

A constant and remarkably free bloomer; one of the best; flowering in clusters; hybrid perpetual. 18 to 24 inches.



A SUMMER DAY



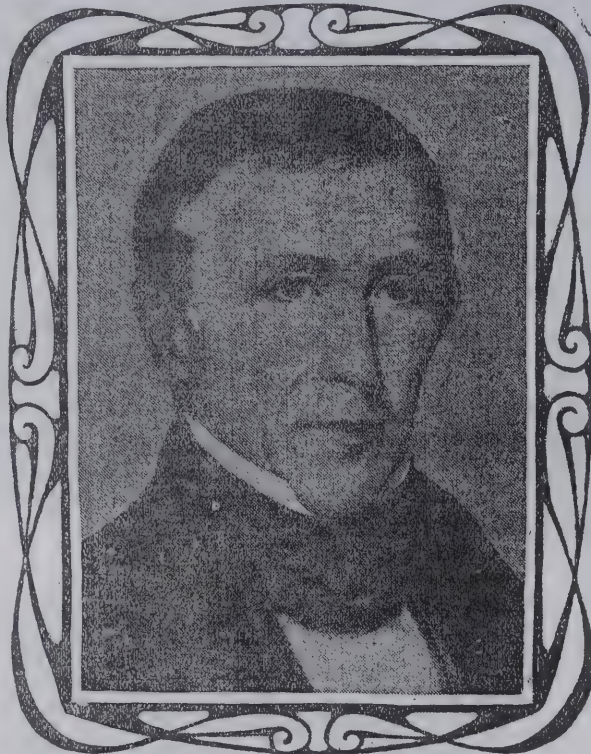
Miss May A. Bush



Miss May A. Bush



GOVERNORS OF INDIANA



RATLIFF BOONE—1822.

Ratliff Boone was a cousin of Daniel Boone. He was born in Georgia in 1780. On the resignation of Governor Jennings in 1822, Boone, who was lieutenant governor, became acting governor and served from Sept. 12, 1822, to Dec. 5 of the same year. He took up his residence in Indiana Territory in 1814, settling near what is now the town of Boonville. He was twice elected lieutenant governor and represented the state in congress for sixteen years. In 1839 he went to Missouri, locating in Pike county.

GOVERNORS OF INDIANA



JAMES B. RAY—1825-1831.

James B. Ray acted as governor of Indiana for ten months—viz, from Feb. 12, 1825, to Dec. 11 of the same year—and regularly by election until 1831. He was born in Jefferson county, Ky., Feb. 10, 1794, and began the practice of law at Brookville, Ind., and in 1822 was elected to the state senate. In 1824, when Ratliff Boone, lieutenant governor, resigned, Mr. Ray was elected president pro tempore of the senate. He was serving in that capacity by re-election in 1825 when Governor Hendricks resigned to accept the office of United States senator and thus became acting governor. Subsequently Mr. Ray was twice elected governor and held the office until 1831.



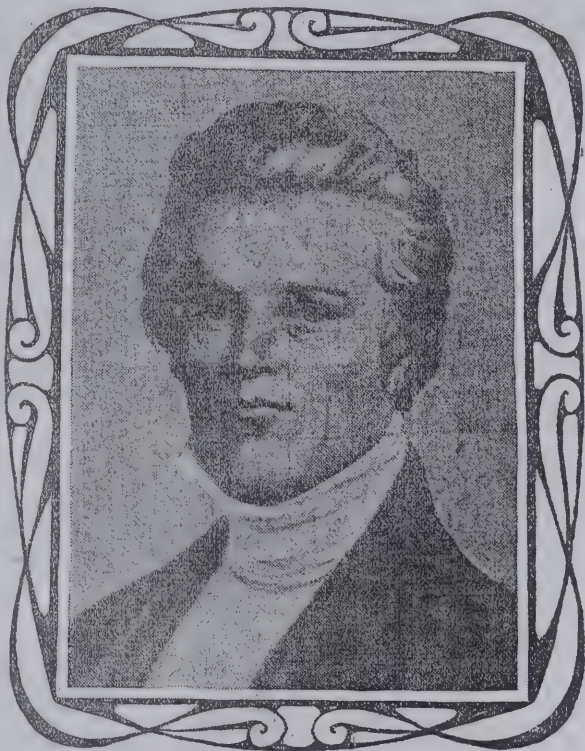
Murray Hill Hotel, NEW YORK.

WORLD'S FAIR SOUVENIR
SPECIMEN
OF COLOR PRINTING,
J. Ottmann Lith. Co.
PUCK BUILDING,
NEW YORK.



OVER

GOVERNORS OF INDIANA



NOAH NOBLE—1831-1837.

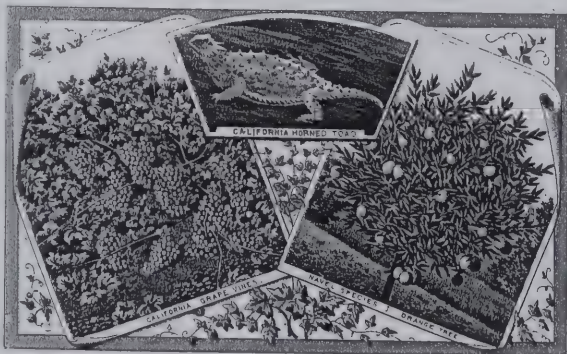
Noah Noble was born Jan. 15, 1794, in Clarke county, Va. He came to Indiana soon after the state was admitted to the Union and located at Brookville. In 1831 he was elected governor as a Whig and was re-elected in 1834. From the time of coming into the state until his death, Feb. 8, 1844, he almost continuously held public place.

RECENT ERUPTION OF VESUVIUS.



Striking
phase of the
latest eruption
of Vesuvius.
The Central Crater.
(From the European Edition
of the N.Y. Herald.)

The recent eruption of Vesuvius was more spectacular than any witnessed in the last ten years. About the middle of September it became apparent at the observatory on the mountain that the volcano was in a high state of activity. Gradually the outthrow became more violent. Immense columns of red hot ashes and fire rose to a height of seven hundred feet, while there were loud detonations and slight earthquakes. A great stream of lava was discharged on the night of September 23, the spectacle being witnessed by thousands of awe-stricken people. The aspect of the volcano has altered considerably for sightseers, inasmuch as the crust around the crater has broken away and the rim of the huge bowl has consequently changed its form.



CALIFORNIA VEGETATION.

Ward Bros. Lith. Cal.O.

15



White Fish.

Obituary.

Special to the REFLECTOR.

LEONARD.—Mrs. Elizabeth Leonard was born in Trummasburg, N. Y., and came to C. in 1834. She died with heart disease on Friday evening, July 17, in her 79th year.

Her funeral was held Monday afternoon at 2 o'clock from her late residence in Bronson, and was largely attended by relatives and sympathizing friends and neighbors. Services were conducted by Rev. Mr. Hall, of Olney, who spoke in beautiful terms of the life of the deceased, and hope and comfort to the living. The casket was borne away by a loving and loving hands, and the face of the dying one looked sweet and beautiful even in the quiet stillness of death. The remains were taken to the cemetery near Hester's.

Her only child, Mrs. Abbie Cowles, of Carle, Arkansas, came home last spring to take care of her mother in her old age. Her son Lloyd came with her, leaving Johnny to take care of the farm. Her husband, Milton Cowles, died last February, with consumption, aged 47 years. He was a member of the 55th. Mrs. Cowles has the heartfelt sympathy of all our people in the great loss she has sustained in her double bereavement.

Mrs. Leonard was domestic in her life, loved and cherished her home, and in her last disposition, she made friends, and formed her acquaintance. A member of the Baptist church, she in her last painful illness no words of mourning or comfort escaped her lips. She was ready, as it were, when the angels came and whispered in her ears, she placed her hands in theirs, bidding her friends a loving and affectionate farewell, she closed her eyes that sleep from whose awakening she will find herself in heaven. J. P.

OBITUARY.

ET.—Died at Olivet, Dakota, January 28, at 4:30 p. m. Mary E. Andrews, wife of J. N. Andrews, aged 37 years, 1 month and 2 days.

Deceased was born in Noble county, Indiana, in 1849. In 1865 she was married to Urrin Andrews, her maiden name being Mary E. Herrick. She united with the Church of Christ at Kendallville, Indiana, in 1866, remaining there till she came to Dakota in August last November. She united with the Church of Christ at Olivet in June last, and had been a very active member up to the day of her death, which was so sudden as to cast a gloom over the entire community.

On the evening before her death she was quite well and spent the evening with a number of friends at the church, where they had repaired to rehearse music with the aid of the new organ which had been put into the church that afternoon. During the evening she complained of a pain in her head, and went over to the home of her brother-in-law, Mr. Frank Andrews, which was near by. She meditated conscious of approaching death in the first, and selected hymns and other requests for her funeral. Her family friends and the neighbors still clung to the hope that she would recover; but a severe case of agerostion of the lungs carried her away in less than twenty-four hours after the appearance of the first symptoms.

The selection of hymns made by the deceased to be sung at her funeral were, "4 of the Christian Hymnal," "Yes, and By," and No. 218 of Gospel Hymns, "There's a Beautiful Land on

There's a beautiful land on high,
Its glories fair would I fly,
On by sorrows pressed down, I long for a crown
In that beautiful land on high.

There's a beautiful land I'll be,
From the earth and its cares set free;
My Jesus is there; he's gone to prepare
A place in that land for me.

There's a beautiful land on high,
Where we never shall say "good bye!"
When over the river we're happy forever,
In that beautiful land on high.

The family friends of the deceased have the heartfelt sympathies of a sorrowing community. May we all live to meet the departed in "That Beautiful Land on High."

OBITUARY.

Emily Farrington was born in Chautauque Co., N. Y., Jan. 17, 1827; died Aug. 23, 1891; aged 64 yrs., 7 mos. and 6 days.

She was united in marriage with Simon Guthrie, Dec. 12, 1845, in Huron, O. To this union was born 9 children, 5 sons and 4 daughters. In 1849 she removed to DeKalb Co., where she lived till death took her from us to dwell with her Saviour whom she trusted. She was a kind and loving mother and companion; always trying to make home pleasant and happy. She united with the church when 12 years of age, giving her life to the service of her master. She leaves an affectionate husband, 7 children, and 25 grandchildren to mourn her departure to a home that she lived to gain eternal in the heavens. She belonged to the Evangelical Lutheran church for the past eight years. The funeral was preached at Sedan, Wednesday, at 10 a. m., to a large audience; Rev. S. P. Klotz, officiating. The remains were interred in the Cedar Lake cemetery to await the resurrection morn.

joined in the prospect of all surrounding the Lord's table the next day. On Saturday afternoon our organ came and she had been over and swept the church and tilled and trimmed the lamps (which she loved to do), and had eaten supper in apparent good health. She returned to the church, where a number had met to practice pieces for the services on Lord's day. About 8 o'clock she spoke to her husband to help her home, for she was sick. She grew worse, and about midnight bade the friends goodby, after selecting the following hymns to be sung at her funeral: "Yet by and by," No. 84 of Sunday-school Hymnal, and "There's a Beautiful Land on High," No. 218 of Gospel Hymns. During her terrible suffering she would repeat, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil, for thou art with me," "Sweet rest," and other expressions. She lingered until the setting of the sun on Lord's day when, opening her eyes for a moment to take one last look at the weeping relatives and friends, she fell asleep in Jesus. In the death of Sister Mary, the church sustains a great loss. Her unselfish labors in caring for the distressed we all had learned to value. Funeral services were by the Rev. J. N. Andrews. The texts of scripture used were, "xiv. 13 and 1. Thess. iv. 16-18." She leaves a husband to mourn, and her two children having died in infancy.

Dear as thou wert, and justly dear,
We would not weep for thee, dear,
One thought will check the star,
It is that thou art free.

And thus shall faith's consoling power
The tears of love restrain.
Oh, who that saw thy parting hour,
Could wish thee here again?

The friends of Mrs. Anna Griffen, nee Southwick, who formerly lived at Jamestown N. Y., now of New York, living at 223 W. 106th St., will be pained to learn of the instant death of her husband, Mr. Walter H. Griffen, secretary of the United States Fire Insurance Co. Mr. G. and several others were descending in an elevator, and when nearly to the ground floor, something gave away above and several of the counterbalance weights became loose and fell to the elevator, one of them striking Mr. Griffen on the head, causing his death. Several others were injured.

ANDREWS.

William Andrews, of Scotland, S. D., on May 17, 1895, after a severe illness. He was born in Seneca County, N. Y., in 1818. He moved to Kendallville, Ind., where he resided for thirty-seven years. In 1883 he moved to Olivet, S. D., where he identified himself with the Christian Church, of which he was an earnest, faithful member until the summons came. He became a Christian in early life. He leaves a companion and three sons to mourn his death. The writer assisted in the funeral services.

OBITUARY.

Wellington Farrington was born in Chattanooga county, N. Y., Dec. 10, 1899, and died at his residence in Waterloo, Ind., Dec. 7th. 1899, aged 76 years, 11 months and 27 days. He was united in marriage to Eliza A. Andrews September 13, 1845, with whom he lived for over 45 years—till called from labor to reward. To them were born five children, two of whom survive to mourn the loss of a father. Over fifty years ago he came to DeKalb county, which was then a wilderness, and purchased a piece of wild land in Smithfield, upon which he settled, clearing it up and residing there for forty years. Here his children were born. Together, with his companion, he met and endured the hardships and privations incident to the pioneer life of the early settlers of this county. Some fifteen years ago, resigning the care of the farm to his son Almon, he moved to Waterloo, where he continued to reside until his death.

About thirty years ago he obeyed the gospel and united with the church of Christ at Cedar Lake, of which he continued a faithful member, contributing cheerfully and liberally of his means for the erection of a house of worship and the support of the gospel, his house being one of the homes of the ministers laboring for the little band of worshippers. After his removal to Waterloo, he placed his membership with the church at that place, and by his unswerving loyalty to Christ and faithfulness to his cause, was an inspiration and encouragement to his brethren and an example to others, striving daily to live so as to influence others for good. He was a grand and noble character. A kind and loving husband and father. A good neighbor, a loyal citizen, he goes to his last long sleep respected by all. Having lived a life of cheerful and unflinching loyalty to Christ he laid down the burdens of this life in confident hope of a mansion in the Father's house on high. Funeral was held the following Sunday at Cedar Lake, conducted by Rev. J. N. Wilson.

OBITUARY.

Charles Bassett was born in Brownhelm, Lorain Co., Ohio, Jan. 8, 1838; died Jan. 31, 1895, aged 57 years and 23 days.

He was a son of Thomas and Nancy Bassett, who died while he was yet a child, leaving him to battle life for himself. When eight years of age, he went to Erie Co., O., where he remained four years. He then went to Union City, Mich. and from there to Coldwater, where he began to learn the jeweler's trade, serving as an apprentice four years. Mr. Bassett was married to Caroline Maxson, (sister of Jno. F. Maxson) on Jan. 1, 1859, at Jackson, Mich. and came to Waterloo the same year and in partnership with J. F. Maxson engaged in the jewelry business. Mrs. Bassett departed this life July 20, 1889, since which time Mr. Bassett has never remarried. To this union was born four children: Carrie, Charles Lewis, Bessie and William; all married except the latter. Mr. Bassett has held several offices of trust in the township, was a member of the Masonic lodge and was an earnest member and supporter of the Christian church. The funeral was held on Sunday forenoon, at 10:30, in the Christian church, Prof. L. W. Fairfield of Angola, officiating. The Masons attended in a body and he was buried under the auspices of the fraternity. The funeral was one of the largest attended in Waterloo, for several years.

COWLES.

Sister Abbie Leonard Cowles, widow of Milton M. Cowles, only living daughter of Jonas Leonard—who was while living a member of the Church of Christ at North Fairfield, O.—died of consumption at Carlsie, Ark., July 15, 1893. She was born Sept. 28, 1842, and at her death was 50 years, 9 months, and 18 days old. She was a kind, affectionate mother, an earnest, cultured follower of Christ, and a respected and cherished member of the community in which she lived. J. B. MARSHALL.

OBITUARY.

The community and particularly the church of Christ has been called upon to part with one of its most influential and useful members in the death of Mrs. Mary E., wife of Irwin Andrews, of this place. Her decease was sudden and was a great shock to the wide circle of her friends. From apparently perfect health to the repose of death was a swift transition of less than twenty-four hours. The deceased was seized with sickness in the church on Saturday evening during a choir rehearsal, and the malady soon assumed a malignancy that baffled the skill of physicians and forbade hope. With a presentiment of approaching death she bade farewell to husband and friends and so passed away on Sabbath evening to her eternal home. Mary E. Herrick was born in Noble county, Indiana, Nov. 26th, 1849, married to her bereaved husband, Irwin Andrews, April 1st, 1865, joined the church of Christ at Kendallville in the winter of 1866 of which she was a member till her removal to Olivet where she became a leading and most active member until her sudden translation to the church triumphant.

OBITUARY.

The following beautiful original lines in memory of Mrs. Mary E. Andrews whose sudden death was chronicled last week were handed us for publication in THE REFLECTOR, which are inserted with pleasure:

Dear as thou art and pretty dear,
We would not weep for thee,
One thought will check the parting tear,
It is that thou art free.

And thus shall faith's consoling power,
The tears of love restrain.
Oh, who that saw thy parting hour,
Could wish thee here again?

She brought me a bouquet of flowers when I was sick of the battle and discouraged, but how the aroma of those flowers, and the humble offering cheered my inmost soul, and I rejoiced and took courage. B.

OBITUARY.

Magdalena Saurer was born in Canton, Bern, Switzerland, Oct. 17, 1828, and was married to Daniel Amstutz on Feb. 3, 1854. There were given to this union three children. She was left a widow in March 1858, and was married to Christian Amstutz in December, 1858. To this union were given two children. She was again left a widow Nov. 27, 1874, and she departed this life Jan. 21, 1893, aged 63 years, 3 months and 4 days. Only one of the five children yet survives her. She and her first husband emigrated to this country in 1855. She was a member of the German Reform Church for about forty-six years, and has been afflicted for nearly twenty years, but she was patient and never murmured or complained with her lot in life. May the dear Lord bless and comfort the only child and the many friends she has left. Her funeral was held at the Presbyterian church in Auburn, conducted by Rev. McMillan, pastor of the U. B. Church.

566, L.O.O.W., and wine retailer. Mrs. Clara A. Brown, 84, died Thursday at her home five miles southwest of Butler. Surviving are five daughters, Mrs. W. W. Ayers of Waterloo, Mrs. Jacob Riggs of Taconah, Mich., Mrs. P. A. Rower of Lima, O., Mrs. Gordon Skipper of Ft. Jennings, O., and Miss Emma Brown, Indianapolis and five sons, D. W. of Lima, John, Philip and Remus of Butler and W. S. of Fort Wayne. The body was removed to the Phelps funeral home in Butler where funeral services will be conducted at 2 p. m. Saturday. Burial will be in Mt. Pleasant cemetery.

Another Metayer Prayer

Translated in English from German

O God and Saviour,

How great and heavy,

How it bears me down,

Load and yoke,

Where can I find my help,

Fly to me from fear,

To keep me from harm,

Until the last end of the world,

O Christ Jesus Will, Amen.

MILO THOMAS DIED SUNDAY

Well Known Corunna Banker Passed
Away at Battle Creek Sanitarium Early Sunday Morning

FUNERAL HELD ON TUESDAY

Engaged in Business in Corunna in 1888 and Had Been Active in Business and Civic Affairs Up to the Time of His Death

1927
Hon. Milo J. Thomas, the Corunna banker, died at the Battle Creek Sanitarium at about 2:45 o'clock Sunday morning at the age of 66 years.

Mr. Thomas had been in poor health the past few weeks, and two weeks ago went to the sanitarium for treatment, but it was not thought that his condition was serious. He had suffered from heart trouble and an obstruction of blood vessels, which was the cause of his death, which followed a minor operation on Saturday, when it became known that his condition was critical.

The funeral services were held from the Church of Christ in Corunna Tuesday afternoon, with the Rev. J. E. Poer, of Lowell, Ind., a former pastor of the church, officiating, and interment in the Corunna cemetery. There was a very large crowd at the funeral services, and many were unable to get into the church. The floral tributes were very elaborate and the many messages of condolence that were received at the home, both by telegrams, telephone messages and letters, was but an indication of the regard held for the most distinguished citizen of Corunna.

Mr. Thomas was born in DeKalb county, Aug. 15, 1861, and was the only son of the late Daniel and Elizabeth Thomas. An older sister died in infancy. Mr. Thomas was educated in the common schools of the county and later took a course at the Valparaiso Normal school and then spent eight years in teaching school, and during the summer vacations he clerked in stores for his mercantile experience, at one time clerking in the hardware store in Waterloo. After gaining a considerable experience in business lines he located in Corunna and engaged in the hardware, lumber and implement business in 1888, and in this business he built up one of the most successful mercantile establishments in the county, enjoying a trade from a wide territory. Mr. Thomas retired from this business about two years ago when he sold out to Arnold Bros.

During his business career in Corunna he twice suffered from heavy fire loss, on May 9, 1889, and again on July 22, 1895. Undaunted by apparent disaster he rebuilt his business larger and better each time.

During the time that he was engaged in the hardware business in Corunna, in partnership with his

Continued to page eight

HON. MILO J. THOMAS
Banker, Merchant Legislator,
An Honored Citizen of Corunna



MILO THOMAS DIED SUNDAY

(Continued from first page)

Harry Thomas, they at one time conducted a hardware store in Waterloo and later in Churubusco. Mr. Thomas was at one time president of the Indiana Retail Hardware Dealers' Association, and also held an executive position and treasurer of the National Hardware Dealers association, and he became widely known over the state and nation as a successful hardware merchant.

Realizing the need of his community for a bank, Mr. Thomas organized the Thomas Exchange Bank and began business on Nov. 15, 1907, and since that time the business of the bank has grown and the institution has become one of the solid banks of the county, and by careful management the surplus and undivided profits of the bank increased until it was greater than the capital stock of the bank. Mr. Thomas served as president of the DeKalb County Bankers' association in 1914.

Mr. Thomas was always eager to help his town keep pace with the outside world and in 1893 secured a telephone station in his store whereby people could communicate by telephone to other towns and cities where telephone lines reached. Three years later, Mr. Thomas saw the need in his community and established a telephone exchange, which he operated for a number of years and after making it a paying venture he disposed of his interest in the telephone exchange, of which he was the founder. Mr. Thomas assisted in many other business enterprises in his home town and aided in many ways in building for his town a place where its people have enjoyed his labors.

Mr. Thomas was elected a member of the lower house of the Indiana General Assembly on the democratic ticket in 1922 and served one term of two years, during which time he represented his county with fidelity.

Mr. Thomas was united in marriage on Sept. 17, 1885 to Miss Vesta Kline, daughter of Henry J. and Elmira Kline, then residents of Richland township in this county. Five children were born to them, Harry K., of Churubusco, Bertha M., wife of Lawrence Zonker of Santa Monica, Cal., Charles A., of Pico, Cal., Hugh A., who was accidentally shot and killed on Feb. 26, 1911 and Wilma, wife of Victor Deihl, of Pico, Cal. The two daughters were at the home of their parents on a visit at the time of their father's death.

Charles Thomas wired home Saturday morning that he would leave Los Angeles at 10 a. m. via airplane, and

would arrive home some time Monday. At the time he left he had not received the word of his father's death but when he reached Salt Lake City, Utah, a message received by radio gave him the intelligence of his father's death. He arrived at Bryan, Ohio at 11:30 Monday forenoon where he was met by his brother Harry and taken to the home in Corunna, arriving there about noon.

The passing of Mr. Thomas at the age of 66 years, 2 months and 1 day, removed from his home town a citizen that will be greatly missed, a man who has stood for the advancement of his community and whose civic pride often times caused him to overwork in order that he might do something that would be of greater benefit to his community. In his home he was a mighty factor and his unselfish ambitions to do for his family that which would bring them happiness, and his ever kind and devoted manner made him a husband and father who was deserving of love and respect. As a member of the Church of Christ he was ardent in his labors and earnest in his efforts to help the cause. As a member of the Masonic fraternities, belonging to the Kendallville Blue Lodge and the Mizpah Shrine at Fort Wayne and also of the Knights of Pythias of Corunna, his membership will be remembered as one of the true characters represented in these orders.

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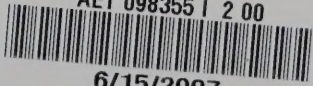
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